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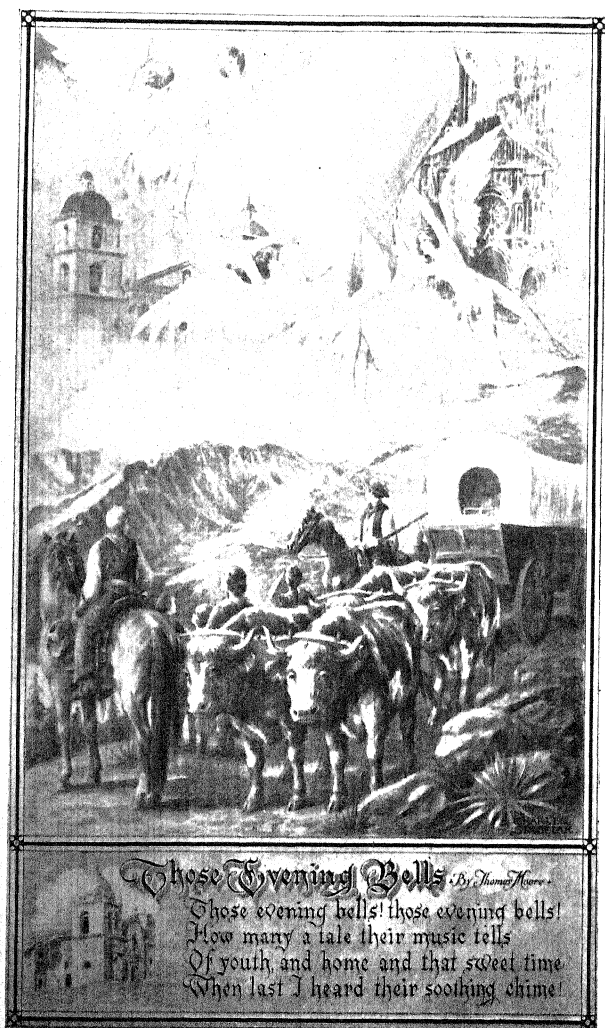
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Bells: Their History and Romance



Those Evening Bells *By Thomas Moore*

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Bells: Their History and Romance

Edited by
GOUVERNEUR MORRISON

Illustrated by
CHARLES SINDELAR
AND
GEORGE KEEN



Published by
J. F. ROWNY PRESS
SANTA BARBARA
1932

Copyright, 1932

By

GOUVERNEUR MORRISON

Santa Barbara, Cal.

*To my Wife
who has been my inspiration,
I dedicate this book.*

6103153

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As author, *The Old Mission Bells Will Ring Tonight*, and writer for many years, I have found the subject of Bells of enduring interest; I have been moved to make a compilation from various sources, and send this book forth with the hope that it may bring others something of the pleasure that this work has brought me.

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I wish to give special credit to the Santa Barbara (California) Library for their unfailing kindness and helpfulness in my research work.

I also pay recognition to the artists whose names are herein inscribed, who have given their time and talent to illustrate the pages of this volume.

The frontispiece, *Echoes of Yesterday*, by Charles Sindelar, is a faithful transcript of a most picturesque scene portraying the the pilgrim's vision of their church and home and "*Those Evening Bells.*" The toilers coming through the desert; history receives them in her faithful keeping, and memory engraves them in changeless letters.

GOUVERNEUR MORRISON.

Santa Barbara, California,
December 20, 1932.

PREFACE

WHEN one browses through the pages of this book of bells, he will have turned back the pages of yesterday and lived them over again today. He turns and looks again at the bend in the road when his days were young and fair. He gazes at the morning sun, then at the florid tint of an evening sky; the old church stands alone at the fountain of his youth; the old church bell rings again. Yesterday they were silver; today they are golden, for there is a spark of elixir in every chime.

In fancy he hears them over again—those wedding bells of yesterday. In every chime of the bell there is a sermon; some great event in our life. There is something about them, unseen, but felt, a strain of music that binds us strongly together, that links us with our childhood—binds us to home and church, where ties are stronger and songs are sweeter.

Then again, in fancy, I hear the call of a life-boat from over the deep—ringing, ringing, ringing, where sea-foam and drift-wood ride, where, surges roll and, beneath a rocking sea, tolls the ship's buoy bells.

The chime of a church bell is the last sad, sweet song, as we cross over the meridian of the sunset of life.

Bells! They echo back along life's pathway; they toll in the solemn tread to the churchyard, and with the muffled drum, in the requiem at the tomb of a hero. They ring from the hallowed field of the battle ground; their low, soft chimes roll with the song of the dying soldier.

Bells ring for freedom, for victory and liberty. May the soft, sweet chime ever keep our memory green—Lest we forget. Bells are immortal.

GOUVERNEUR MORRISON.

THOSE EVENING BELLS*

By THOMAS MOORE

*Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!*

*Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.*

*And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.*

*The bells referred to were those of Ashbourne Parish Church, Derbyshire.



GOUVERNEUR MORRISON

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THE SPANISH MISSIONS

By ROSE TRUMBULL

Dear fortresses of faith, where memories cling
And brood upon the mystic years of yore,
Thine altars blossom at the touch of Spring
No more, no more.

Thine ancient walls in protestations fling
From cell to cell the locomotive's roar;
Thy bells are silent: shall the Vesper ring
No more, no more?

Here desert tribes no more their children bring,
Where once for holy rites their dead they bore,
The incense rises, and the censers swing
No more, no more.

Yet loved art thou of every wilding thing.
Above thy crumbling walls the choral linnets wing,
But dusky choirs the Benedictus sing
No more, no more.

—*Overland Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 62, p. 459.

CHAPTER I.

ECHOES OF YESTERDAY

By GOUVERNEUR MORRISON

The ringing of the early morning church bell has a distinct influence on those who are religiously inclined. The solemn pealing of the morning bell seems to imbue the awakening of the subconscious mind with a religious awe and reverence. The reverberation of the bell will ever and forever linger at the twilight of our earthly home in the green field of our memory, but soon the flight of time will have left no trace of the once magnificent temple. Today the old mission is still beautiful in its ruins, though having outlived its usefulness a long time ago.

Memories will stay as long as yonder rocky mountain, and the shadows that stride across the mission's green valley. The old mission, though in its ruins, I should regard as the proudest monument that could have been erected to the glory of a state. It is a cornerstone laid upon an everlasting foundation.

Today the once beautiful old adobe church is no longer white. Its roof has fallen in and the mountain wind murmurs through the broken windows. Close to the ruins is the old church-yard and cloisters. The grave-yard is entangled with weeds, mingled here and there with a few golden poppies. The stone slabs are covered with herbage. Time has discolored the grave stone until the inscriptions can barely be discerned.

There were the old stairs with their broken walls; the worn steps and their rail-work of time worn oaken

beams. As the evening came on, the cricket chirped its doleful sound from its adobe home. A strong wind had blown foreign seeds into the crevices of the adobe and herbage sprang out in profusion. Spring rains had softened the earth and kept green the ivy that clung to the side of the wall near a neglected cloister. The night owls pleaded their right of tenantry in the columns of masonry, where they mingled their screams with the night storms and flapped their wings against the casement of the old rafters. As one leaves the sweet sacred old place, he cannot help looking back at the charming old belfry and the bells that have hung aloft on oaken beams—echoes of the old Spanish Mission.

Their loveliness grows more golden as the shadows lengthen and fall across the chancel arch. When the last pages of the life-work of the good padres had closed, and the child-like and simple hearted Indians had gone, the sun went down behind sagging doors, and the tide of the bonny days ebbed as the years went by.

Sunbeams fall on broken corners and a bright ray of light streams through their sagging roofs. Some of them are gone now, but still, there is a sheen of twilight left. The Indian's earthenware lies at his cabin door, and in the spirit of the play we see them there. Here is where one likes to look back o'er the narrow foot-path and drift-way and see them as they were. Today Castilian roses nod within the garth at the churchyard and wild mustard hides the sandalled furrows at the cloister.

One can see the signs of the past. The sun looks down upon the fragments of a once aboriginal race—and, in some places, bits of charcoal and pieces of stag-horn whitened by the sun, lie at the edge of the tarn; broken pieces of pottery lie half buried in the earth.

In the reverie of that hour, in fancy I hear the old bells ring again. I recall having heard similar peals of music that once rang out from that country church in my Illinois prairie-land. The music of those bells bring back romantic incidents that were budded in my tender years and flowered in the garden of my dreams. Those musical strains have never ceased to harp the sweet melodies of my boyhood that muse along the silver strands of today.

I will never forget the peace that surrounded those crumbling grey walls. The florid tints of the evening sky fell against the distant mountain like the flame from a burning forest, blending into a purple hue, and closed themselves in sleep, it seemed. In that still small hour there was no sound except my own footsteps, and the gentle wind that murmured through the oaten grass and wild mustard that had grown through the broken floor of the chapel. A night owl flitted across the ruins, the light of a closing day softened into darkness and the shades of night closed round the time-scarred old belfry, and a belated bird found his lodgment among the broken rafters.

YOUTH AND HOME

Give me the spot that is nearest to my childhood, my playmates, the barn-yard where I would "hide and seek," and the old apple-orchard back of the house. Give me back the meadowbrook, the old water-mill and the moss-covered-wheel, that I may not lose sight of the ripples of youth that danced through the sunshine of my years, to the still, deep waters that run smooth; to mingle where memories cluster around the grapevine swing, and fancies of her. May I forget that part of my life that was rocky, and void of roses, but remember the flowery path, the spring well, the bucket filled with clear water, the sunshine and the song birds by

the way, that I may abide in the springtime of my years, and never grow old; that at the sunset of life to hear "*Those Evening Bells*" ring back the morning chimes of yesterday at the country churchyard, for then I am nearer home.

May I not forget the home fireside, for there the early impressions are deepest and dearest. I want to live my life to help my fellow-man to see others as they see me.

And as the years roll along, and ripen, may I gather them up, one by one, as they fall, and fold them in my arms, treasure them, press them to my bosom, for they are youth and manhood, bordering on the quiet margin of yonder river. Life is an emblem of the sturdy tree. Our years are the golden leaves that shatter and fall in autumn's lap.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH BELL

By GEORGE L. CATLIN

A song for the bell, the dear old bell
That has hung in the belfry high,
And as rung the fleeting hours so well
For a hundred years gone by.
In summer's heat and in winter's cold,
By night, and by livelong day,
Its warning strokes have faithfully told
How time was passing away.

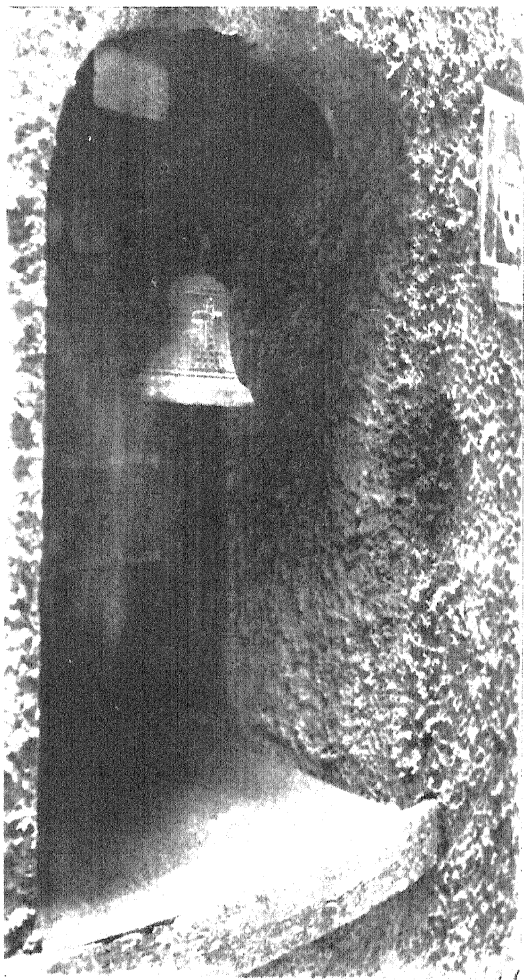
A smile for the bell, the merry old bell;
Were it gifted with speech, I ween
Its brazen monotonous tongue could tell
Of many a joyous scene.
It has greeted many a blushing bride
On her happy wedding-morn;
It has rung in many a Christmas-tide
That has long since passed and gone.

A sigh for the bell, the sad old bell,
And its record of sorrow and tears;
It has tolled full many a funeral knell
Through all of these bygone years.
They are gone, all gone, the beloved of yore;
In the churchyard they long have slept,
While the bell rang on as it rang before,
All careless who smiled or wept.

A tear for the bell, the worn old bell;
Its labors at length are o'er.
Its cheery and comforting tones will swell
On the passing breeze no more.
Methinks when the mid-day hour comes round
I shall hear its voice again,
And I listen to catch the wonted sound,
But listen, alas! in vain.

Yet, blessings upon that brave old bell,
It was faithful unto the end.
Like a sentry true at its post it fell,
'Twas a fast, unswerving friend.
For, of all true friendships under the sun,
In every age and clime,
The truest, indeed, is that of one
Who giveth tongue to time.

—*Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. 10, p. 70.



BRONZE CHURCH BELL FROM SAN BLAS, MEXICO.

Decorated with Calvary cross in relief. About 200 years old. This is one of the identical bells of which Longfellow wrote in his "Bells of San Blas," his last poem. Frank A. Miller, Mission Inn collection, Riverside, California.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(Mad River, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, was the last poem that we received directly from Mr. Longfellow's hand. Shortly after his death several unprinted poems were found among his papers. Two of these lyrics were placed at our disposal. The first, *Decoration Day*, appeared in the June number of this magazine; the second, to which a sad interest attaches itself as being the last verse he penned, is now laid before the reader. The manuscript bears the date of March 15, 1882.—Editor *Atlantic Monthly*.)

What say the bells at San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
 From the harbor of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore—
 Nothing to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
 Are often one and the same,—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
 And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
 The hearts of young and old;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
 And the meaning is manifold.

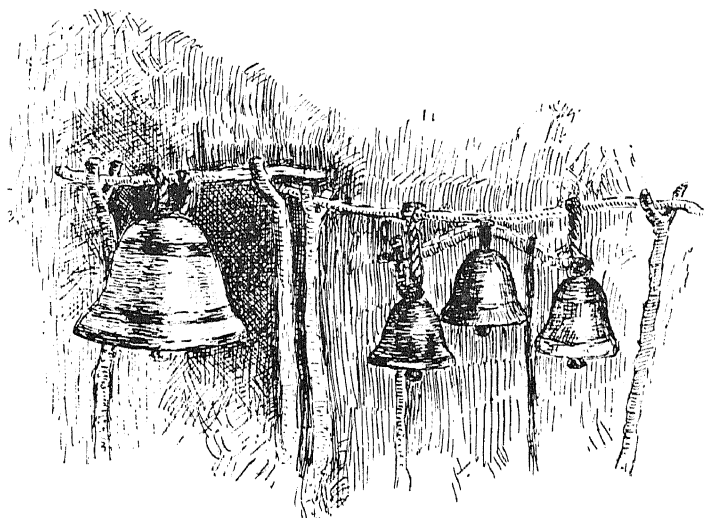
They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand,
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the Priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled in the dust;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"
They say, "and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed?"

"Once, in our tower aloof,
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and complaints;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?"



Geo H. Keen

BELLS: "TOWER OF SAN BLAS"

“Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled ;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

“Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their throne, and the people can learn
That the Priest is lord of the land !”

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again ;
The Past is deaf to your prayer !
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light ;
It is daybreak everywhere.

—*Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 50, p. 42. July 1882.

THE TOWER OF SAN BLAS

“San Blas, Mexico, still hardly more than an extensive thatched village has, on the bluff beside it, the ruins of a once more substantial San Blas. Old bronze bells brought down from it have been mounted in rude frames a few feet high, to serve the purpose of the present poor church, which is without a belfry, and this is called, in irony, “The Tower of San Blas.”

—*Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 64, p. 552.

MONTEREY

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

(Bells of San Carlos)

The bugles of the present never wake the town ;
It hears only the chant of priests,
The cries of fighting
And the voice of lovers
Of long ago.

The 'dobe houses, bullied by the winds, give up their beauty
But cling jealously to their memories ;
The crumbling tiles are mindful of the past.

The Mission bell calls to them all, Remember !

The four winds sojourn here
And murmur of the past ;
In the sea sleep many memories
Drowned by the years.

The winds bring back soft snatches of old songs—
And who can say that at twilight no ghosts of Spanish lovers
walk the sands?

The still town lies
Dreaming of those whose strong hands made its dreams :

The fishing boats fly like white moths around the candle of the
sun,
The ocean sleeps upon the sand and dreams.

Town with your memories,
I, too, dream and remember.

—*Overland Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 66, p. 208.

MISSION SAN GABRIEL

By SYLVIA LAWSON COREY

Groves, gardens, vineyards, Mission fathers holy,
Have gone the way of earth,—alone it stands,
The time worn church, with aspect quaint and lowly,
The work of mouldered hands!

Hark! 'tis the chime of that melodious ringing,
From the high niches in the crumbling tower;—
From the old gallery hark to that sweet singing,
In this hushed worship hour.

And, did they sigh for lands across the billows,
While mountain looked on sea, and girt them round?
While crept the flashing streams through drooping willows,
Where was fleet fancy bound?

Back to fair, sunny Spain. Above them bending
A sky unequalled,—liquid depths of blue,—
Still backward, recreant Thought, swift footsteps wending,
Turned from the strange and new!

Still sentinels they stand, the solemn mountains,
And to the Edens in the vale below,
Send down the rills from those enchanted fountains,
To bid the landscape glow.

Still flashes Ocean past the lovely valley,
With that one gem upon her heaving breast;
Still rolling up, the mists of morning rally
To storm the rocky crest.

Still seems to brood above that structure olden,
The spirit of a past long laid in dust:—
Blow winds of balm,—shine sunrays warm and golden,
Keep these quaint walls in trust!

SANTA BARBARA

By CAROLINE HAZARD

Sweet saint, we know thee as thou art
By Raphael's genius given us;
Thou standest on the clouds apart
While Heaven opens glorious,
And Seraph heads with eager gaze,
Break through the sky with songs of praise,
Around the Virgin and the Child.
And still thou dost not dare to raise
Thy prayerful eyes, but meek and mild,
Those holy maidens undefiled,
While Heaven's glories are unfurled
Dost bring the adoration of the world.

—*Overland Monthly*, Vol. 20, p. 78.

BY THE GUADALUPE

By CLARENCE URMY

From happy haunts in hills afar,
The sparkling water dances,
Attuned to song and gay guitar
Of olden-day romances.

A caballero's serenade,
A senorita's laughter,
With gleams of chillies fair arrayed
On smoky wall and rafter.

Beneath these turquoise-tinted skies,
Here in this green pavilion,
At peace with all the world I lie
Enwrapped in dreams Castilian;

Blue lie the hills of Santa Cruz;
Low in the sky hangs Hesper;
And Santa Clara's bells diffuse
The holy balm of vespers.

It falls on dreamful eye and ear,
Bids care depart and bliss come;
A ghostly padre passes near—
How sweet his "Pax vobiscum!"

—*Munsey's Magazine*, Vol. 32, p. 770.

MISSION SAN JOSE

By JANIE F. BASKIN

Majestic, silent, crumbling slow with time,
The gray old walls stand out against the sky
In sharp relief, a lesson wrought in stone
That speaks sublimely to the souls of men.
For who that gazes on the sculptured strength
Of arch and tower, rising from a past
Of toil and sacrifice, can fail to read
In every line the builders' patient thought?
Each stone is eloquent of weary years,
When brave hearts of the ages long gone by
Labored upon the prairie's broad expanse
And reared amid its early solitude
This monument of human faith and love.

* * * *

The broad-arched cloisters, strangely silent now,
Are peopled with the thoughts of long ago,
Dim figures of the past, in robe and cowl,
Move through the shadowed courts with noiseless tread;
And peaceful benediction hovers still
About the quiet cells where once they toiled.
The belfry rears aloft its towered height
To shield from harm the deep-toned messenger
That once rang out across the vibrant air
And startled sleeping echoes on the plain;
While in the chapel with its lowly shrine,
Abides the mystic hush of other days.

Deserted are the cloistered courts and cells,
The great bell silent and the Mass unsung.
Yet strange sweet memories haunt the gray old pile
And breathe a message from the voiceless past,
Of men who wrought for higher things than gold,
And dying, have bequeathed to future years
A heritage of noble thoughts and deeds.

—*The Kadelphian Review*, p. 163. January 1929.

SANTA CLARA'S MISSION BELLS

By ARCH PERRIN

Across the vale of glowing green
The setting sun displays its power,
Each tree appears a radiant queen
As softly chimes the vesper hour.

The evening zephyr softly moans,
And to the trees some secret tells,
While faintly sound the trembling tones
Of Santa Clara's Mission bells.

—*Overland Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 44, p. 567.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

By J. TORREY CONNOR

A hundred years ago, O Friar gray,
The bells sang in your tower at dawn of day
A hundred years ago—and now as then,
Their song is PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL
TO MEN.

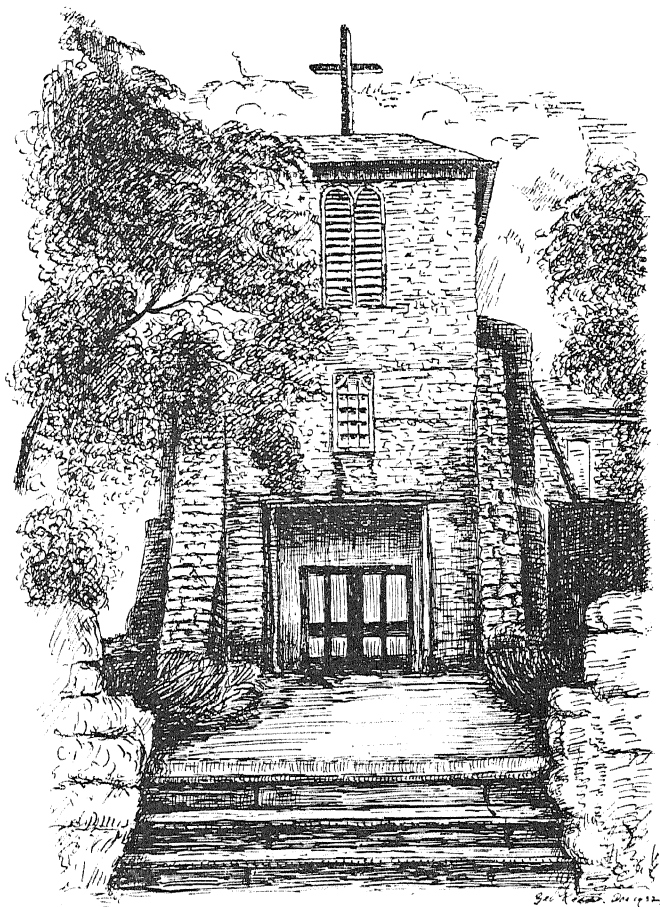
THE ANCIENT BELL OF SAN MIGUEL

By L. BRADFORD PRINCE, LL.D.

The old bell in the San Miguel Chapel is one of the greatest objects of interest and the particular delight of Brother David. It weighs seven hundred and eighty pounds, but being four inches thick, its size is not so great as its weight would indicate. It bears the inscription "San José ruega por nosotros" (St. Joseph pray for us). There has been a great deal of discussion as to its age and history. Brother David has no doubt that it was cast in Spain in 1356, and brought to America by Nicolas Ortiz Niño Ladron de Guevara, who was with De Vargas in the reconquest and became the head of the Ortiz family, and was used in the Ortiz Chapel on lower San Francisco Street until it was abandoned; and others think it has been in the San Miguel Chapel from the days of the conquest; and others that it is a more modern creation. We do not pretend to decide so delicate a question, but insert the story as it appears in the *Life of Bishop Machebeuf*, by Rev. W. J. Howlett, which ought to be correct, if it is not. At all events the bell looks old enough to have been used by Noah in the Ark, and of the sweetness of its tone, all visitors can judge.

"In a little room at the base of the tower of San Miguel is the sweetest-toned bell in America, and perhaps the richest. It, too, has its history, filled with poetry and romance of the ages of the faith.

"In 1356, so the legend runs, the Spaniards were fighting the Moors. Battle after battle was fought and lost by the Christians, until the people vowed a bell to St. Joseph as a gage of their confidence in his assistance. They brought their gold and



ANCIENT SAN MIGUEL CHURCH
SANTA FE, N. M.

silver plate, their rings and their bracelets, their brooches and ear-rings, and cast them into the melting-pot with the other metal. The bell was cast, and in its tone were the richness of gold and the sweetness of sacrifice. It sounded the defeat of Moslemism in Spain, and then came to ring in the birth of Christianity in Mexico, and with the Padres it found its way up the Rio Grande to rest and ring out its sweet notes over the city of the Holy Faith.

“In the old adobe church stands the bell—
From the ancient tower its notes have ceased to swell
O’er the houses, quaint and low,
Whence it summoned long ago
Spanish conqueror, Indian slave,
All to gather ’neath this nave.
Pealed it many a bygone day
O’er the roofs of Santa Fe.
And before that, century long,
Had sent its sacred song
O’er the hills and dales of distant sunny Spain.
Six long centuries have passed
Since the ancient bell was cast,
And sounded forth its first long sweet refrain.
Strike it now and you shall hear
Sweet and soft, and silver clear,
Such a note as thrills your heart
With its tender, magic art,
Echoing softly through the gloom
Of that ancient, stories room,
Dying softly, far away,
In the church at Santa Fe.”

THE BELLS OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

In mediaeval days beyond the seas,
Where storied Guadalquiver darkly flows
'Neath many a bright Sevillian jasmine-close,
Blue Spanish skies first heard your melodies!
From marble domes above the olive trees,
At golden dawns, and evenings robed in rose,
You heralded the joyance and the woes
Of king and slave in those far centuries!
Reft of your home within sky-kissing spires,
For years you rang, like sad souls that implore,
Your mighty yearnings and supreme desires
O'er Arizonian deserts, void of shores:
Now, grimly silent, only angel choirs
Catch from your tongues the mellow peals of yore!

—*Overland Monthly*, Vol. 5, p. 163.

"San Xavier del Bac was given its apostolic name by that wonderful Franciscan missionary Fray Eusebius Kino (Kuehue), who first visited the spot in 1692. It was then a rancheria of the Sobaipuri Indians, and known as Bac—which in their tongue means 'a house.' In 1697, when he was there again, the population was 830. May 5, 1700, Father Kino founded the Mission of San Xavier del Bac, 'laying the foundations of a new, large church, so big that it would suffice for many people,' (Ortega, Apostolicos Afanes). The present noble building is not the one built by the Apostle of Arizona two centuries ago, but occupies nearly the same site. It was begun in 1783 and finished in 1797. It is beyond cavil the finest Mission edifice in the United States. It had a long line of heroic missionaries. Among them was Father Francisco Garces, who served there from 1769 to 1778, and whose diary of a tramp over Sonora, Arizona and California in 1775 is included in the last volume of the late Dr. Elliott Coues."—Ed.

—*Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 13-14, p. 73.

THE BELLS OF LYNN

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Heard at Nahant (1859)

O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud—cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming
signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of
Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of
Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incanta-
tions,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

—*Atlantic Monthly*, p. 494.

MISSION BELLS

By CLARENCE URMY

I.

Standing in an orchard-skirted lane,
Willow-bordered by branches gnarled and old
Here at dawn I watch the darkness wane,—
Yonder swings a gate on hinge of gold!

Hark!

Matin bells in rose-wreathed San Jose
Calling to their western sister-chime;
“Peal, O peal for birth of crimson day;
Peal for morn in all its dewy prime!”

II.

Once again I walk the ancient path,
Willow-bordered by branches gnarled and old,
Here at eve I watch the aftermath,
All its glory suddenly outrolled!

Hark!

Vesper bells in Santa Clara's towers
Calling to the bells of San Jose:
“Toll, O toll for sunset's dying hours,
Toll for purple passing of the day!”

—*Overland Monthly*, Vol. 33, p. 44

CHAPTER II.

MISSION BELLS

By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

FATHER Junipero, as the old chronicles tell us, was accompanied on his journeys of spiritual conquest by several converts carrying one of the consecrated bells of the Catholic Church. A little over a hundred years ago, the brave apostle marched south and east from Monterey with a few companions and Indian workmen. They traveled along the Salinas, and at a place named by them the Canada de los Robles, by the Indians called Texhaya, they hung the bell from the branches of a massive oak. The stories of the time further tell how the famous Franciscan saint rang the bell with his own hands, and shouted, "Come to the Holy Church, come and receive the faith." A few days later two tall saplings were hewn down, and a rude cross was constructed and planted on a hill. Before many weeks had passed a mission, that of San Antonio de Padua, was duly established in the wilderness, and the bell moved to its proper place.

Clavijero's history of Lower California, (Mexico 1852,) contains also a life of Father Junipero, which relates the incident with especial care. "The venerable priest," says the account, "ordered the mules to be unloaded, and the bells to be hung to a branch of a tree; then the servant of God shouted vehemently." After a little, the narrative continues, the priest Miguel Pie-ros said to the missionary: "Why do you tire yourself when this is not the place where the church is to be built, neither are there any heathen about this region;

it is wholly useless to ring the bells." "Son," replied Padre Junipero, the true-hearted, "I desire that the holy bells may be heard by all the world, and in every desert, as was said of old by the ancient mother Maria de Jesus de Agreda. At the least, I desire that all the people in these mountains shall hear them."

There was nothing new in the incident, and yet it fits the subject matter because of its simple homeliness. The bells that such priests as the apostles of Alta California carried with them upon many of their expeditions into the savage countries were really Mission bells long before they were hung in belfries under red-tiled roofs. I confess that I get a better idea of that most earnest and eloquent Christian missionary, Father Junipero, from the loud-ringing harmonies of the oak-hung bell, sounded at sunrise, noon and sunset, in the Monterey wilderness, than from the stately eulogies of his numerous biographers. There the Mission stands to-day,—all that is left of it,—a waste, a ruin, a disgrace to modern, neglectful, money-loving California. A friend of mine was there last summer, and found that tramp sheep-herders and boys from neighboring villages, and stray relic-hunting tourists were gradually tearing it down and undermining its noble arches and massive walls. If we could only find where Father Junipero hung the sacred bell that sunlit morning in July, 1771, that would be the real shrine of the region, for the rest is rapidly becoming a forgotten desolation.

One cannot understand the place in our early history that rightfully belongs to the bells of the Missions unless he realizes their peculiar sacredness to all true Catholics. The bells that are to be used in the work of the Church are cast of consecrated metal, and a multitude of precious gifts from rich and poor are poured into the molten mass before it leaps forth into the mould. Today as in times of old, the same beautiful ceremony takes place when bells are cast for the uses of the sanc-

tuary. The literature of France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, glows with the splendor of the legends that cling about the casting of the consecrated bells of convent, monastery and cathedral. One of our own California writers, Mrs. Volney Howard, tells about the making of some of the bells used in California:—

When the red, molten metals hotly glowed,
Ready those ancient Mission Bells to cast,
Matrons and maids of old Castile stood by
And threw therein the relics of the past,—
Vases of silver—whence their Spanish sires
Quaffed the red wine—and chains and rings
of gold;
And thus, with gifts and prayers, the Mission Bells
Were cast, and christened all for saints of old.

The quotation is taken secondhand from the late Miss Mary Graham's little book "Historical Reminiscences of a Hundred Years Ago." Though published in 1876, it is already rare, and is a remarkably accurate and interesting volume, which well deserves another edition.

One of the most fascinating facts connected with the Mission is the genius displayed by the builders in finding places in which to hang their bells. Almost every conceivable place where a bell could by any manner of means be utilized has been chosen in one or another instance. The bells were so much a part of the daily life of the community that no place seemed improper, and so each Mission had its own charming way of producing architectural results with its bells. At the Mission San Jose the side wall was shortened into a deep, large alcove, and there the bells hung under the eaves, with the brilliant red tiles overhead. At grand old Carmelo, the bells were placed in square, wide-arched, Moorish towers. At no less grand Santa Barbara, the Moorish towers are two stories high above

the roof. San Luis Rey has the same kind of towers, with the corners cut off, making them octagonal. San Fernando has a small but dignified belfry arch on the corner of the gable. Sometimes the whole front of a Mission church rises above the roof, and is cut into great arches in each of which, in the old times, a bell was hung. These arches may be equal and on the same range, or they may be different sizes, arranged in stairs or on various levels.

The gable end of the San Antonio Mission building, cut out for one large bell, is much of the same order. Two of the finest fronts in Mission architecture were those of San Francisco de la Espada and San Juan Capistrano, both in Texas near the Rio Grande. Each had three superb, triumphal arches for bells in the front wall rising far above the roof; two arches side by side, and one above them. Other Texas Missions, as San Jose and Concepcion, show the Moorish towers for belfries, but with less dignity and purity of style than in the California examples.

But arches, towers, and alcoves, are far from exhausting the cleverness of the painstaking priests. Sometimes a bell was hung in a broad, square window; or it was clamped with rawhide to a rough-hewn rafter, above the tiled porch; or posts were planted and a cross-bar supported it; or perhaps it was even separated from the main building. One of the greatest charms of the Missions is in the frank simplicity everywhere visible in the work of the builders. They seem to have remembered enough of the architecture of Spain and Mexico to give them suggestions of value, and to have forgotten or ignored enough to have made their work original and fascinating. They built a while, and then waited for another season and built again, yet with regard to the fitness of the plan. Carmelo remained Carmelo; San Juan Capistrano never in the least resembled its neighbors. San Gabriel was as far removed in type

from Santa Clara and San Jose as if they had been a continent apart.

It has been too much the habit of writers to allude to the Missions of America, whether Arizonian, Mexican, Texan or Californian, or of Sonora or of the peninsula, as very similar in general plan and scope, similar in situation, and similar in history. On the contrary, these interesting structures often represent different ecclesiastical ideas, working under dissimilar conditions. Some Missions in rich valleys became horticultural, while others were chiefly pastoral; the priests differed greatly in education and fitness for the work of supervision; the Indian tribes with which the Mission founders had to do were by no means alike in character. The evolution of each separate Mission was therefore as individual as the evolution of the different towns of the periods of Spanish settlement.

As I have already hinted, there is a land of legend and romance to which the bells of the Missions seem to belong. The Spanish nature is especially gifted in the myth-making faculties, and so it happens that there is hardly a Mexican hut in the region of the Missions where one cannot hear stories of the past, many of them woven about the old bells,—those of the last century brought from other Spanish countries. The newer bells, of the first quarter of a century, some of which were cast in Boston or New York, bought from a hide-drogher, rechristened and baptized with stately ceremonials into the sisterhood of Mission chimes, were never so dear to the hearts of the Spanish pioneers as were the bells of the olden time.

The amount of the precious metals that is contained in some of the old bells is surprisingly great. Now and then one is found that belongs more distinctly to the smelting furnace than to the bell-metal heap. Mr Horace Wilson, Librarian of the Mechanics' Library in this city, showed me a triangular piece from one of the

Mission bells in which both silver and gold can be plainly seen. It covers about twelve square inches of surface, and is half an inch thick. A skilled metallurgist has said that it contains twenty or thirty dollars' worth of precious metals. The fragment, which came originally from Garratt's foundry where a number of old bells were being broken up years ago, is from near the rim, and is crossed by a border of simple but effective ornamentation consisting of knops and scroll-work, with two plain bands below.

Longfellow, in the prologue to the "Golden Legend," gives impressively the thought of a mystic and sacred power against evil that lingers about consecrated church bells. Lucifer with his spirits in a night of storm is trying to tear down the cross. The bells ring out, and Lucifer cries:—

"Lower! Lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud vociferous bells
Clashing, clanging, to the windy pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!"

His spirits reply:—

"All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been annointed
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power."

Again and again Lucifer attempts to rally his legions to tear down the oaken doors, break the illuminated windows, and scatter wide the ashes of the holy dead, but the bells ring their "Laus Deo," and Lucifer at last cries, "Baffled! baffled! inefficient, craven spirits!" and they sweep away with the night wind, while the organ and Gregorian chant are heard from within the cathedral.

The consecration and baptism of the church bells,

as practiced in the Middle Ages, had the highest authority of the Church. The Council of Cologne, for instance, ordained: "Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day and his truth in their nocturnal vigils; that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers and the spirit of devotion increased."

Historically speaking, all that is known about the Mission bells of California could be put into a very few paragraphs. The subject has not seemed of sufficient interest or importance for the writers of large books, and the Mission records seldom more than allude to the bells that were their pride. The older and more famous bells were here a century ago, sent from different Spanish-American countries, and each bore its own legend, its text, or dedication. San Juan Bautista, for instance, had in its best days a chime of nine bells, from the treble of about one hundred pounds to the deep bass of many tons. They were all cast in Peru, it is said, and the tones were remarkably rich and full. Some were afterwards recast in San Francisco, but so lost sweetness and mellowness that they were considered of little or no value. Three long remained at the old Mission. One, I have heard, was stolen by a rancher, and now, fastened to a post, serves to call his hired men to meals.

Nor is this sort of barbarism uncommon. A Catholic lady of keen observation, long acquainted with the Mission districts, informs me that one of the consecrated Mission bells of the first Mission period—a bell brought from Mexico before the beginning of the century—is to be seen beside the farm kitchen of a rich land-owner in Los Angeles County, degraded to base uses. Fully half of the bells of the last century have disappeared from sight, stolen or destroyed at the time of the sequestration of the Missions. Yet in the

eyes of a Catholic no use, however common, can ever destroy their special sanctity. They once rang in the offices of the Church, they ordered the duties of the day, they called to matins and vespers, they ushered in each hour of praise and prayer, and governed the whole religious colony that gathered about the ancient Missions. They were, in fact, the embodied voices of the Mother Church, speaking to her pious children. The laborer in the fields, the herdsmen in the mountains, knew the sweet sound of the bells as they rang together on the day of the Mission's patron saint, or at Easter, or Christmas. There are many native Californians still living who remember the Mission chimes, and who cannot but think it was a sacrilege for anyone to pervert the once consecrated voices to secular ends.

Nothing has been sacred to the spoilers. In many an old Mission, archway and belfry are vacant, with tangled ropes, rotting beams, and broken doors over which the wild grape clammers, and within whose portals the slippery squirrel-grass covers the earthen floor with its yellow needles. High in the bell tower the owls and hawks nest. Year after year everything portable has been carried away from the ruins, and foolish treasure-seekers have torn down the corners and cross-walls of adobe or stone. In some alien's house, if one knew where to look, are hewn timbers, or the mantel-piece of a forgotten priest's room, or something that belonged to the altar, or records and letters of the pastoral age of California. Since these things were so, how should the bells escape in the utter neglect and loneliness that has fallen upon many of the missions? They have had no care-takers and few defenders. Robbed, despoiled on every hand, used as cattle-sheds and quarries, neglected even beyond the wont of republics,—always unmindful of their heirlooms,—some of the Missions are already as far past repair, as some of their bells are past discovery.

The folk-lore of the bell in Spanish-speaking countries is marvelous, and California has had its full share. For instance, the consecrated bells are said to insure against shipwreck the vessel that carries them from port to port. When the bells of Ventura were shipped from Acapulco, the joy of the captain was extreme, and although his ship ran on a rock on the coast, it slid off into deep water without damage, and reached San Diego in safety. The presence of a church bell was likewise held to be productive of success in land journeys, and exploration parties were always anxious to have a priest and one of the holy bells of the Missionaries with them on their wanderings.

Again, there could be no more satisfactory sign in the old days than the cracking of a church bell while ringing during a ceremony, such as a wedding, a christening, or a burial.

This holds in Spain, Mexico, and the California of the padres. One of the favorite sayings of Spanish families is to the effect that "For us the bells crack when they ring." A bell that has cracked has thereafter peculiar excellences; old wills are extant that dedicate sums of money and estates to the church "on condition that the cracked bell be rung at the funeral." The cause of the wide-spread belief in the efficacy of broken bells is difficult to imagine, but it is certain that several of the most famous chimes of the Missions contain cracked bells.

Still another curious bit of folk lore is connected with the bell-clappers. The usual way of ringing the bells was to swing the clapper by a braided and heavy rope, instead of swinging the entire bell, after the modern method. This rope sometimes, in great storms, began to swing, and so moved the clapper as to strike a loud note, reverberating, through the midst of the tempest. When such a note was heard at night the priests and all good Catholics within its sound

crossed themselves, but the sceptics and sinners were guilty of loud laughter. They said: "Ah! some priest, or some one who has taken vows, is breaking them; that is what the stroke means." From this vein one can easily understand the force of the legend that a neophyte of Santa Clara said to the priest one morning: "Father, the bells rang last night," and was sent to a cell to live on bread and water until he could learn to bridle his unruly member.

Traditions more than one still linger about the Mission San Jose, of which nothing visible except the old baptismal font and the bells remain. It was so rich and prosperous a Mission and so easy of access from San Francisco, that almost every book of early travels has something to say about it. Robinson was there several times. He notes the custom, common elsewhere also, of ringing all the bells when the brother priests came to visit the place, and says that one of the Mexican Governors, probably Echeandia, observing the custom, issued an order that the same ceremony should be performed whenever he himself visited the Mission.

I am indebted to a descendant of the Alviso family for a story of the Mission San Jose bells, about 1840, at the time when the Mission was falling into decay, its Indians were being scattered, and its revenues wasted by government officials. It seems that among the herdsmen of the Alviso family, then one of the rich and representative families of the valley, there was a Mexican boy from Sonora, called Juan, a reckless and insubordinate fellow, who was with difficulty forced to go to mass and confession. He was one of the best riders in the region, and when in the foothills would often chase a steer at full gallop down a steep slope. In fact he became noted even in that age of magnificent horsemanship for his daring and good

fortune. One day the elder Alviso rebuked him most severely for neglect of his duties to the church.

Juan made no reply, but the next day being a feast day at the Mission San Jose, he rode thither with several companions, and galloped up and down the street in the usual vaquero manner. Presently the bells began to ring the hour of mass, and the people to go into the church. To the horror of many witnesses, Juan turned his horse, galloped up the street, turned, and came shouting back past the Mission.

"He is possessed of a devil," said the padre's assistant as he stood at the door. "But punishment may fall upon him before the bells cease ringing."

Hardly had the words been uttered before Juan's horse fell dead on the level roadway. The hitherto invincible horseman fell partly under him, had a leg broken, and when released was told by every good Catholic present that he was very fortunate to have escaped with his life.

The skeptic might hint "heart disease" as the cause of the sudden collapse of Juan's horse, but the old Spaniards reply: "Senor, how comes it that such a vaquero could be caught under his falling horse: No, Senor. It was a judgment, and he knew very well that the next time he disregarded the call to church he might meet the fate of his horse. He was a very foolish fellow, one not to be governed before his accident, always telling the Indians that they worked too hard, and had too little pay; but afterwards he became one of the most faithful of servants."

Pre-eminent in beauty are the two palm trees of San Buenaventura; a third that once completed the group was blown down many years ago. Immense olive and fig trees still remain, and the massive church is still well preserved. Four bells hang in the lower arches of the tower, strapped with rawhide to the

crossbeams. Two bear dates of 1781; the others were cast in 1812 and 1825. At the time the last of the four was hung, the records of the church show that the Mission owned 37,000 head of cattle, 30,000 sheep, \$25,000 in coin, \$61,000 in church ornaments and clothing, and much other property.

The survivors of the Saticoy Indians told the early American settlers of several attempts made by wild Indians to destroy the Mission. In 1834, while the men were in the fields, an assault was made by a large number of savages. One of the servants of the priest being in the bell-tower mending a frayed rope, saw them rise from the shelter of the willows by the bank of the river, and rang the alarm. The priest gave orders to fire only blank cartridges from the cannon, but the effect was extremely bad; it gave the medicine man a chance to claim that his spells had bewitched the weapons of the Spaniards. The workmen came from the fields, armed with clubs, and so outnumbered the assailants that the latter were driven off.

Later, in 1840, while the Mission folks were at church a renegade who had escaped from the Mission discipline, attacked the place, but was killed in the assault, and his followers defeated. In this case, as in several similar affairs at other Missions, the inspiring cause was the hope of carrying off some of the Indian girls from their separate dormitories.

A similar insurrection occurred at Santa Ynez in 1822, and more than a thousand Indians attacked the place, killing and wounding several of the defenders. They could easily have captured the place if it had not been for the contagious fears of many escaped converts, who were overwhelmed with dread at the sound of chanting, the solemn ringing of the bells, and the sight of the priests armed with carnal weapons. La Purisima Concepcion Mission was also attacked about

the same time as Santa Ynez, and Santa Barbara had somewhat of a scare.

San Miguel, the famous Mission of the upper Salinas, celebrated by Ross Browne in his "Dangerous Journey" is full of legends about its bells, one of which remains, swung from a mighty pine tree beam that caps the pillars of the porch. It has been there for at least fifty or sixty years, but the tradition is that three bells once hung in arches close to the eaves of red tiles.

But among all the stories of the bells of San Miguel, none is more interesting than the following, which I heard fifteen years ago in the neighborhood. Soon after the establishment of the Missions, Satan himself revisited California,—then, as now, a favorite resort—and, happening to light upon the San Miguel country he was much disturbed in mind over what he saw and heard. There were two priests at the Mission both devoted to their religious duties. Every matin or vesper, every mass or churchly office sent shivers down his spine, while the ringing of consecrated bells was a thousand times worse.

The eldest priest, he soon decided, was a Saint Anthony, but the younger one offered better material to work upon, so one afternoon as the priest wandered beside the river, Satan tempted him farther and farther towards the Santa Ysabel woods, by the vision of a beautiful girl,—tempted him until, as the old Spanish folk tell the story, night came, and the lost priest never returned. Then a host of demons poured down on the Mission roof and began tearing off the tiles. The lonely, beleaguered padre shouted paternosters at the top of his voice, and the Mission bells suddenly began to ring. The demons rose howling from the roof, while a mighty storm of wind, rain, and hail, swept across the valley, though it was June. Still he continued to pray, and the bells still rang, though less loudly, till sunrise.

The next day the good padre went forth clasping his crucifix, and looked for the lost one, but in vain, until he found a trail through the forest marked by fallen trees and lightning-plowed furrows. It ended in an open glade near the famous Santa Ysabel spring. There, to his surprise, lay a huge rock that no one had ever seen before, a rock that bore a strong resemblance in shape to the lost priest. Not many rods away stood a bifurcated oak in whose shapely trunk it needed little imagination to distinguish the features of a handsome young woman. Every herdsman in the region can point them out to the curious stranger, and the old Indians who live at San Miguel know the very corner of the mission at which the demons began operations.

Olive trees stand on the slope of the hill and on the rich black bottoms of the Mission of 1770, the first mission of Alta California, San Diego the beautiful. In the sides of the gnarled trunks of the olive trees are deep scars and wounds,—the careless conquerors of California camped here, built fires against the venerable trees, hacked them with ax and sword. Of the bells of San Diego, the only legend that seems worth telling here is distinctly connected with Father Jaime and the Indian battle of 1775. I heard it long ago from a priest whom I met in the Santa Maria valley, living in a lonely adobe casa, with an Indian lad for his only companion.

At San Diego, he said, several of the Indian converts were like young children or monkeys, hard to render docile, and that they had long hated the ringing of the bells, because at regular hours they were called to labor in the fields and gardens. So, one morning, soon after the Mission was established, the bells did not ring, and when the much-scandalized priest looked, behold! they were stuffed full with thorny weeds, the dry "tumble-weed" of the mesa.

A simple and effective method was adopted for the

discovery and punishment of the culprits. Padre Jaime, as the legend goes on to tell, called the Indians together, and told them that a serious sin had been committed, but not without a witness—the witness of the bells themselves. He would name over the Indians in order, from oldest to youngest, and as soon as he reached one of the culprits the bell would ring. Solemn silence prevailed among the half incredulous, half frightened Indians, as the padre began. He had his suspicions fixed, and justly, too, upon one of the same Indians that probably afterwards conspired with the savage tribes to destroy the Mission. After a little time the name of the suspect was called, and the bells gave forth a most mournful and accusing sound. The Indian and several others fell on their knees, pleaded guilty, and threw themselves on the mercy of the court.

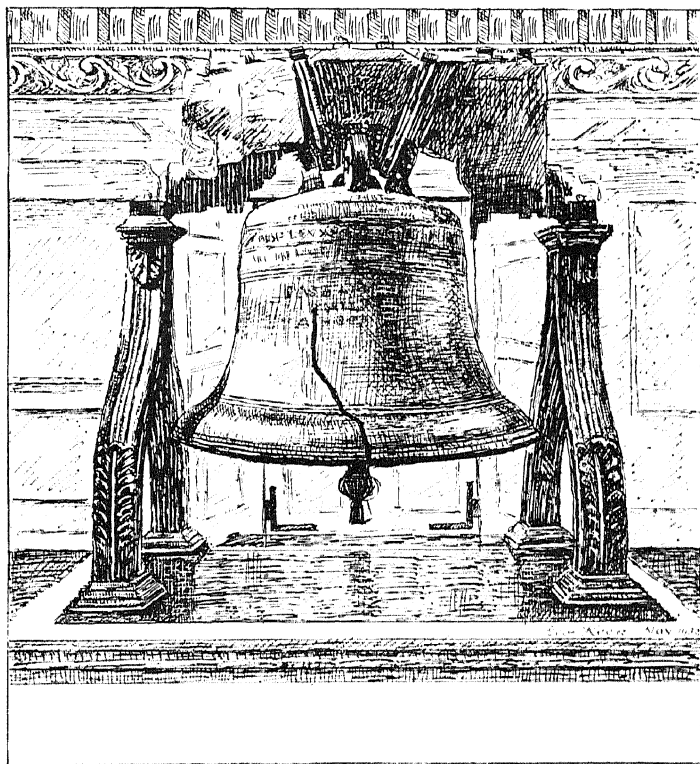
None of the Missions presented finer architectural details on a grander scale than San Luis Rey, whose superb arches, even in ruins, are the admiration of every visitor. John T. Doyle, in his edition of Padre Palou's "Noticias de la Nueva California" presents a view of the ground plan and elevation, and says: "At the time of the American occupancy in 1846, I am informed that there was around it an Indian population of about 6,000 souls. It is now (1875) entirely deserted, and has been for many years. I visited it in 1862, and after clambering in through a window, spent some hours rambling through its spacious interior. The walls, roof and floors of the main building were sound, and they seemed to have been but recently deserted, but the garden was overgrown with tangled vines, unpruned fruit trees, and masses of weeds; the fountain had fallen to decay, its moss-covered stones giving proof of years of disintegration.

THE MISSION BELLS OF
MONTEREY*By* BRET HARTE

O bells that rang, O bells that sang
Above the martyr's wilderness,
Till from that reddened coast-line sprang
The Gospel seed to cheer and bless,
What are your garnered sheaves to-day?
O Mission bells! Eleison bells!
O Mission bells of Monterey!

O Bells that crash, O bells that clash
Above the chimney-crowded plain,
On wall and tower your voices dash,
But never with the old refrain;
In mart and temple gone astray!
Ye dangle bells! Ye jangle bells!
Ye wrangle bells of Monterey!

O Bells that die, so far, so nigh,
Come back once more across the sea;
Not with the zealot's furious cry,
Not with the creed's authority;
Come with His love alone to stay,
O Mission bells! Eleison bells!
O Mission bells of Monterey!



LIBERTY BELL

CHAPTER III.

RINGING 'ROUND THE WORLD

By KATHERINE AMES TAYLOR

FOR all its holly wreaths, spicy plum-puddings, and fir trees, gleaming and glittering with ornaments, the true spirit of Christmas still lies in the bells. England may have her Yule log and brandy pudding; France her candles for Noel; in Holland wooden shoes may wait outside the door sill for the coming of Kris Kringle; but from one end of the world to the other, wherever Christmas is celebrated, the bells will be ringing. Large bells and small bells, bells from massive cathedral towers and bells from humble parish churches, from the frozen wastes of the Aleutian Islands to the sunny slopes of Italy, they will be ringing, singing the old, old Christmas carols.

There has always been something stirring about bells, particularly those Christmas bells, expressing an exultation which can be expressed in no other way, sounding out above city and hamlet the inarticulate praises of all peoples of all lands, generation after generation.

Long ago in England it was believed that when Christ was born the devil died, and on Christmas Eve, for an hour before midnight, the bells were muffled and solemnly tolled the "The Old Lad's" passing. On the stroke of twelve the tolling changed to caroling. The King was dead! Long Live the King!

* * * *

Bells have shared and shaped a lot of human history. From the sixth century A.D. they have been ringing

down through the ages, summoning, commanding, rejoicing, consoling. In the Middle Ages they combined various functions of clocks, newspapers, telegraph, and radio, calling the people to arise and open their shops, telling them when the lord of the manor's oven was ready for them to bake their bread, warning the traveler on the outskirts of the village when the gates of the town were closing for the night, sounding alarms in time of danger. From childhood to old age their ringing became associated with every event, trivial and important, which filled people's days.

Suspended there, between heaven and earth, partaking, at times, a little of each, it is not surprising that a credulous people should soon have invested their ringing with almost supernatural powers. So the custom arose of blessing the more important bells, to cleanse them of evil spirits. . . .

* * * *

This devotion to bells was demonstrated in Belgium on that fateful day in August, 1914, the bell-ringer of Antwerp sat in his tower with a breaking heart and played the national airs of Belgium to the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers' feet in the street below, going out in such pitiful numbers to meet the incoming hordes. When the city was taken and sacked, he was still in his tower, playing. He escaped, and five years later, when President Woodrow Wilson visited Belgium, he was back in his tower. And how he made the carillons ring as they swelled into the Star Spangled Banner!

For a time, bell-ringing was the privilege of the aristocracy. He who commanded the bell commanded the town, in that day, for by its ringing he could assemble forces either for defense or for insurrection. So the job of chief bell-ringer of the town was once a political plum, handed down from generation to generation.

Fearing this power of bells, lest they be used as a signal for popular revolt, an edict was passed in Con-

stantinople forbidding their use. This practice was followed throughout the entire Moslem realm, and so it is that the Moors are one of the few peoples who have not fallen under the spell of bells.

As poetic justice comes the story of one of the most priceless and historical bells here in the west—a bell which hangs in the San Miguel Chapel at Santa Fe, New Mexico. It was cast in Spain in 1356, when the Spanish people were fighting an apparently losing battle against the Moors. In desperation the clergy ordered the casting of a bell to Saint Joseph, as a plea and supplication for aid. From all portions of the kingdom came peasants and nobility, bearing gold and silver offerings to cast into the crucible, that they might be personally represented in the prayer for victory. Picture the scene! Ecclesiasts in fine robes blessing the metal as it lay a molten mass in the caldron; an excited populace crowding about to toss their trinkets, coins, and ornaments into the boiling, seething metal; and the nervous bell-maker fussing anxiously about lest something go wrong with the casting.

In order to use all the precious alloy, the bell had to be cast three inches thick, and when it was cooled, it was found to possess a tone of surpassing sweetness—a tone which improved in the ears of the Spaniard as each successive ringing recorded defeat after defeat of the Moors, until finally the infidels were driven from Spain. In the sixteenth century this sacred bell was brought to Mexico City by missionaries, and later it was laboriously hauled by ox-cart over the mountains and burning sands to the oldest city in the West, Santa Fe, where it will ring again this Christmas.

The stories about bells are legion, stories of how Napoleon, greatest conqueror of them all, so loved and revered bells that he forbade their destruction, breaking off conversations, even stopping a march, once, to listen to the ringing of the Angelus, the bell he loved

most of all. Henry the Eighth, on the other hand, was as fickle about bells as about wives, and once wagered and lost a chime of twelve bells over a game of cards. Alfred the Great originated the curfew, but it was William the Conqueror, years later, who first enforced its observance, ordering the bells to be rung throughout all of England at eight o'clock each night, as a signal to extinguish lights and to cover fires. Hence the name, *couvre feu*, to prevent nocturnal gatherings of rebellious subjects. In America, one of the early bell-makers was none other than Paul Revere, of the spectacular ride, who established a foundry in Boston in which were cast more than two hundred sweet-toned bells.

But it is in the myths and legends and quaint beliefs that we find most graphically the importance which has always been attached to bells. The Spaniards of the West, for example, had a curious belief that it was an omen of great good if a bell cracked during a significant ceremony. They had a boast of splendid arrogance, "For us the bells crack when they ring," and a bell so cracked became infinitely more precious in their eyes. There seems to be evidence enough that the good padres of Mission Days occasionally played up the supernatural power of bells to impress and awe the more incorrigible Indians.

One of the best places in the world to sense the age-old love of bells, to feel something of their fascination, is the Court of the Bells in the Mission Inn, Riverside, California. Out in a court under the open sky they hang, hundreds and hundreds of bells gathered from the dusty corners of the earth. From the Gypsy Market in Rome they have come—from the Thieves' Market in Mexico, from great cities and forgotten hamlets, from pagodas of the Far East, and from the cobblestones of New England. There are monastery bells and mission bells, temple bells and altar bells, hand bells and house bells, and bells from everywhere. Go there, perhaps

in the twilight, just as the sweet-toned mission bells of the Inn have sounded the evening Angelus, and as you listen in the presence of those silent bells, in imagination you can hear them ringing high above some embattled mediæval city, chiming through the long summer days to peasant women in gay kerchiefs, selling their fruit and flowers in the Piazza, or flirting with the Constabulary. From Alaska you can hear them ringing out crisp and clear in the biting air, playing Christmas chimes to a handful of fur-wrapped natives inside a little Russian church. From Rangoon and Mandalay you can hear the tinkling of hundreds of smaller bells, casual, delicate, wayward, swinging languorously from the turned-up corners of pagoda roofs. From Russia comes a distant rumbling thunder as her mighty bells boom out, and from France and Switzerland and England, church and town bells chime. From the Orient, tones of the temple bells rise with the drifting fragrance of incense, and from Holland and Belgium, the exquisite music of the carillons soars, while here in the West, our own bronze mission bells take up the world refrain of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

In all the tintinnabulation of bells there is none the world over that in its symbolism has had a greater effect upon civilization than the bell which rings out the tidings of great joy. The ringing of the great bell of Moscow, the Czar Kolokol, had it ever sounded forth with all the stentorian tones of its 440,000 pounds of metal would have been, in its significance, as a tinkling cymbal compared to the still small voice of the first bell to proclaim the birth of "The Child in a manger."

Somewhere on Christmas Day there will be bells tolling at the passing of some great soul; alarm bells, clanging and banging out their message of a conflagration; insistent bells, warning mariners from the rocks of destruction; but everywhere in Christendom, bells

will be ringing out a joyful reminder that on this day, a Child was born who, in manhood, gave a far reaching philosophy to the peoples of the earth. Love one another. Let the bells ring out. Love one another! Peace on earth, good will toward men.

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CHAPTER IV.
THE OLD CLOAK

By MAXIME DU CAMP

(Translated from the French by A. B.)

I

AT the top of the church steeple the bells were talking together. The two youngest were cross, and said to each other,—

“Is it not time to sleep? Midnight is near at hand, and twice we have been shaken; we have been forced to raise our voices in the darkness, just as if it were broad daylight, and as if we had to ring for Sunday mass. There are men fussing in the church down there; are they going to worry us again? Cannot we be left in peace?”

The oldest of the bells grunted angrily, and in a deep though cracked voice, said to the others,—

“Be silent, children! You are talking nonsense. When you went to Rome to be blessed, you were consecrated to do your duty; do you know that the first minute of Christmas day is going to strike, and that you must now celebrate the birth of Him for whose resurrection you have rung?”

A young bell then said piteously,—

“It is so cold!”

The old one replied sternly,—

“Do you think that He was not cold when He came into this world, frail, naked, and crying? Did He not suffer on the heights of Bethlehem, when the ox and the ass warmed his poor frozen limbs with their breath? Instead of grumbling and complaining,

put forth your sweetest tones in memory of the hymn which His mother sang to put him to sleep. Make ready, I see they are lighting the candles; near the altar of the Lady Chapel they have made a crib; the banner has been taken out of its sheath; the beadle is hurrying about; he has a bad cold and is sneezing; oh, fie! now he is snuffing a candle with his fingers. Monsieur le Cure has put on his best embroidered ald; I hear a clatter of wooden shoes, the peasants are coming to pray; now the clock is going to strike—the hour is come! Yule, Yule! ring now, ring a full peal, then no one may say we have not summoned Christians to the midnight mass!”

II

It had been snowing heavily for three days; the sky was dark almost to blackness, the earth was white, the north wind moaned in the trees, the large pond was frozen, and the little birds were very hungry. Women, folded in large brown cloaks, edged in black velvet, and men well wrapped in their warm outer garments, slowly entered the church. Kneeling with bent heads, they repeated the responses to the Scripture words of good tidings uttered by the priest. The incense burned; before the altar, lighted up with candles, were a few “Christmas roses.”

At the entrance to the church, behind a column bearing the holy water-font, a child was kneeling, bare-footed, for he had taken off his wooden shoes to avoid making a noise. He was dressed in a thin blouse of blue cotton stuff, notwithstanding the cold; his cap lay before him on the pavement of the church, and with clasped hands he prayed,—

“For the soul of my father who is gone, for the life of my mother who is ill, and also for me, for thy poor little Jacques, who loves thee so much—oh, my Father in Heaven, I pray to thee!”

The child wept as he prayed, he seemed lost in the fervor of his supplication; he remained kneeling during the whole mass, and only raised his bent head when the priest uttered the final words, *Ite, missa est* (Go, you are dismissed).

The crowd gathered under the porch of the church; each worshipper lit a lantern; the women drew their mantles round them, the men raised the collars of their cloaks, and all shivered.

"How cold it is!" a boy said to Jacques. "Are you coming with us?"

But he answered, "No, I have no time," and began to run.

From afar he heard the villagers singing, as they went on their way home, the old French hymn, *Il est ne le divin Enfant* (For unto us a Child is born).

III

Jacques reached his mother's cottage, which nestled in a hollow at the foot of the hill at the end of the village. He gently opened the door, and felt his way through the room, where there was no fire or light.

"Is that you, little one?"

"Yes, mother."

"I have prayed while you were praying, as I could not go to church. You must be sleepy; go to bed, my child. Do not worry about me, I want nothing; if I get thirsty, there is a jug of water within reach."

In the corner of the room near Marguerite's bed, Jacques shook up a heap of dried grasses and ferns; he then lay down, drew a rag of a counterpane over him, laid his head on his arm, and went to sleep. But Marguerite remained awake; she was thinking deeply, and weeping, though trying hard to make no sound, lest she should rouse the child. She clasped her hands despairingly, and thought to herself, "What will

become of us? Here am I, unable to leave this bed; I cannot even go out charing to earn a few sous. We have not paid this year's taxes; the baker's tally is covered with notches, and credit will be refused to us. Jacques is willing, but he is too young and too weak to earn much. Oh, what will become of us? Oh, if my poor good man were not dead! He took all our happiness away with him!" Then hiding her face in her poor pillow, as she felt the tears run down her cheeks, emaciated and burning with fever, she thought of the happy days gone by, and cried still more.

Her husband had been a steady, hard-working man, who had won the good-will of all, except the landlords of public-houses, where he never went. When he was called for the conscription, he was employed to drive the military baggage-wagons, for he drove well, and was kind to his horses, never going to his own rest till he had made them comfortable. He was proud of the time when he had "gone to war with the army," and said laughingly, "I have carted the glory of the wars in the Crimea and Italy." When he returned to his native village he found Marguerite still free; he had known her from childhood and loved her. They married without any provision but their industry; Marguerite's only adornment on her wedding-day was a new cap, costing three francs. The house they lived in was their own; it was very small, very shabby, and out of repair; but they were very happy there, for they were hard-working and honest, and they loved each other. So the neighbors said,—

"La Marguerite was, after all, not so silly when she married Grand-Pierre; he is a good strong workman who is at his work early and late, who is thrifty, and does not drink."

Yes, Grand-Pierre was a good workman—active, punctual, talking little, but toiling hard. He was em-

ployed in a stone quarry, and drove a cart loaded with large blocks of stone, dragged by four powerful horses. Pierre excelled in the management of the crane; he knew well how to load and balance the huge stones, and how to bring them safely down the steepest declivities leading to the plain. When his day's task was done, Pierre came home; his bowl of soup was ready for him, with his jug of cyder; he then hung up his homespun carter's cloak on a nail, put his whip down in a corner, and taking off his woolen cap, said to Marguerite,—

“Come, mistress, sit down and let us have supper, for it is time to feel very hungry.”

All seemed bright and cheerful in the young couple's humble home, where soon was seen a wicker cradle, made by Pierre in the evenings, for little Jacques was just born.

But happiness is not lasting in this world; an Arabian proverb says: “When thou hast painted thy house rose-color, then Fate comes, to turn it black.” For eleven years Pierre and Marguerite had lived joyfully, without anxiety for the future, when misfortune crossed the threshold, took up its abode in the house, and would not leave it. One dark, dreary, winter day Grand-Pierre set out, early in the morning, for the mountain-quarry. After having loaded his cart carefully, and brought his horses, holding them by the bridle, through the most difficult defiles, he felt tired, and sat down on the cart, leaning against a huge block of granite. Unconsciously his eyes closed, and, lulled by the motion of the vehicle and the monotonous tinkle of the bells, he fell asleep, and woke no more in this world. One of the wheels passed over a thick bough which lay across the road; there was a sharp shock, and Pierre was thrown down. Before he could move or rise, the wheel of the heavy cart had crushed his chest.

The horses went on their way, unconscious that their driver, their old friend, lay dead behind them. They came to where lived the master of the quarry, and stopped before his door. "Where is Grand-Pierre?" Search was made; they went to his house; he was not there, and Marguerite was getting anxious. Night had come. They took lanterns, they lighted torches, they followed the mountain road, calling out, "Ho, Grand-Pierre!" No one answered. At last they found him, poor fellow! lying across the road, with outstretched arms, his chest crushed in. The wheels had torn his carter's cloak, which was stained with blood.

All the villagers followed the funeral to the church and to the graveyard; all came to press Marguerite's hand as she stood, white as wax, only her lips moving, for she prayed; but she could only say,—

"Lord, have mercy upon me! Oh! Lord have mercy upon me!"

Jacques had just reached his tenth year. He did not, he could not, understand the extent of the calamity which had fallen upon them; but he cried when he saw his mother shed tears, and so he often cried. Since the day when Grand-Pierre had been so suddenly overtaken by death, misfortune had marked that cottage which had been so happy; now it witnessed more than poverty,—sheer wretchedness and misery. So this is why Marguerite sobbed so bitterly on Christmas night.

IV

When the first struggling rays of the winter dawn awakened him, Jacques rose; he shook off the bits of dry grass which had got into his hair, and looked at his mother. She was lying with half-shut eyes, pale lips, and the red fever-spots on her cheeks. Still she smiled and nodded to her son.

"Have you slept well, mother?"

"Oh, yes, little one, well enough! I feel better, but I am rather cold; you had better light the fire."

Jacques looked in all the corners of the room, opened a cupboard, went into the little cellar where formerly provisions were kept, and then said ruefully,—

"There is no more wood."

Marguerite looked up to heaven.

"What is to be done?" Then trying to smile, she said: "Never mind, little one, I don't feel so cold now."

Jacques had sat down on a large stone, which served him for a seat; with a pebble, used as a hammer, he was driving a nail to fasten the strap of his wooden shoe. He slipped it on, drew his cap over his ears, and said to his mother: "I will go on the mountains and look for dry sticks."

"But it is Christmas day."

"This is needful work; and Monsieur le Cure will not be angry."

"Little one, but you will be transgressing rules; the sticks are only allowed to be gathered on Saturdays."

"Never mind, mother; the *garde-campetre* won't see me; I will be back directly. Meanwhile draw your blanket over your shoulders, and try to keep warm."

Marguerite still hesitated; but at last she said: "Go then, dear child! God will bless you because you take care of your mother."

Little Jacques put a knife in his pocket, threw a piece of rope over his shoulder to tie the faggots that he hoped to gather, and opened the door. A tremendous gust of wind and snow pushed him back and filled the room. "What weather!" said Jacques.

"Oh! *mon Dieu!*" cried Marguerite, "it is like a white flood! Listen, little one; you are only thinly clad, and you are not fit to meet the blast. Open yonder chest, in which I put away the clothes of my poor good

man till you should be tall enough to wear them, give me his cloak—the cloak in which they brought him back to me that dreadful day—you will wrap it around you, and the cold will not hurt you. We must have no more sick people in the house.”

Jacques took the cloak, which was carefully folded in the chest; on the top lay a sprig of evergreen, which had lain upon the coffin. The cloak was one of those large wraps in thick woollen stuff striped black and white, used by shepherds and drivers; it had a black velvet collar, and was fastened with a brass clasp. It was torn, and the rent had dark stains of red. Jacques drew the cloak around him, but it was too long, and trailed on the ground behind him. Marguerite made a large fold inside, and looked everywhere for pins to fasten it; but they were so poor that no pins could be found. Jacques, who was ingenious, picked up some long thorns, which had belonged to a burned faggot; the thorns were used instead of pins, and then Jacques put on the cloak. Just as he was going out with his hand on the door-latch, Marguerite called him back,—

“If you see the crucifix of Treves, don’t forget to say a prayer.”

V

Jacques trudged on the road, no human being could be seen far or near; all was sad and desolate; the snow fell fast, and seemed to fall horizontally, being driven so violently by a north wind; a crow, perched on the highest branch of a poplar, croaked as he passed. From time to time little Jacques was obliged to stop and stamp his feet, for the snow had gathered under his wooden shoes. He was not cold, but the cloak seemed very heavy; nevertheless he trudged on bravely through the storm; for he was a good little fellow, with plenty of spirit and a firm will to do his duty. He had walked a long way, and was just reaching the first

shoulder of the mountain where the forest began, when he stopped short, greatly frightened, for there was the garde-champetre, with his cocked hat and his sword, smoking his pipe.

He was greatly feared by all the youngsters, gruff *Pere Monhache*, who before being raised to the dignity of garde-champetre, had been in the army, as *sapeur* to a regiment of grenadiers, and who so often talked of his axe, which he ungrammatically called *mon hache*, that the surname stuck to him, and he was known as *Pere Monhache*. Woe to the urchins who were caught trespassing or stealing apples, or shaking plum-trees! he caught them by the ear, growling terrifically; and dragged them straight to Monsieur le Maire, who, after a solemn reprimand, had them taken to their fathers, with the announcement that personal chastisement was expected by the authorities.

Jacques was consequently extremely frightened when he found himself suddenly face to face with the merciless arm of the law.

"Where are you going, Jacques, my boy, in the devil's own weather?"

Jacques was tempted to seek some excuse or equivocation; but he remembered that his father had told him that he must always speak the truth, and though his heart throbbed fast he answered bravely,

"I am going to the mountain, Father Monhache, to gather dry sticks, because we have none, and mother is ill and very cold."

The garde-champetre uttered an expletive that he would have done better to keep to himself; his moustache quivered, then he rubbed his eyes, and said gruffly: "This north wind hurts one's eyes and makes them water."

Then looking at Jacques, not at all crossly, he added,—

"So, little Jacques, you are going on the mountain? Well, we must part company, for I am going towards the plain—so we shan't meet; and when you come back, if I come across you—well, I won't look that way. I was a friend of Grand-Pierre; he was a good honest fellow, who never did anybody any harm, and I am sorry to find that his widow is in trouble. To-day, on account of Christmas, we have some nice soup at home; never fear, Marguerite shall have some, and I will take it to her. These are bad times to go through, Jacques, boy—but I have seen worse, when I used to carry *mon hache* at the head of the regiment. Keep a good heart, and say nothing about what I have just told you, or I will pull your ears."

The garde-champetre walked off, shrugging his shoulders, half sorrowfully, half crossly. A few paces further, he suddenly turned round, and called out: "Ho! Jacques, boy, go to the underwood of La Prevote; you will find more dry sticks there than anywhere else."

VI

"Well, after all, he is not so cross as they say, Pere Monhache," thought little Jacques, as he went on his way. The mountain path was very steep for his little legs and the snow made it worse. He stopped to take breath, and notwithstanding the cold and biting wind, he wiped the drops off his forehead, before he went on. Every now and then, in the dreary silence, a sort of groaning silence, a sort of groaning sound was heard; it was some branch giving way under its load of snow. No birds flew about the trees, but a few sparrows speckled the snow, seeking their food, and looked like dark stains on the white ground. As if to help his steps and to gain spirit as he went on, Jacques began to sing the Christmas hymn, "Il est ne le divin Enfant!"

He walked, bending forward, struggling, slipping,

sinking up to his knees in snow, but yet keeping up a brave heart, and even laughing, when his foot caught in some impediment, and he rolled over in the snow. Come, one effort more. There is Le Prevote's wood, where Father Monhache said there would be dry sticks. And in truth, they were plentiful.

Above the withered heather, above the half-buried thorns, the snow traced furrows where the ends of the sticks could be seen. Little Jacques set to work; oh, how hard it was! He had taken off his cloak because it prevented him from moving his arms freely; his legs were buried in the snow, his hands, his arms were numb with cold, and yet the hot drops rolled down his face.

He raised himself up to look proudly at the big faggots, now gathered together, thinking joyfully of the bright blaze that would warm his mother when he got home. He wished very much to gather a few ferns to make his bed softer, but he was afraid that it might be wrong to take them; then, too, it was time to go home; mother was shivering under her thin blanket, whilst the stormy wind howled round the cottage.

Jacques had gathered up as many dry sticks as he had strength to carry, but still he could not resist adding two or three more nice crisp branches; with the rope he tied his bundle carefully, lest he should lose a twig on the way; then he threw his cloak round him, and leaning on a stick, he took the shortest cut that led to the village. His legs shook a little as he trudged on, for the load was heavy and the snow deep; often he was obliged to stop and take breath, leaning against a tree.

VII

Walking on bravely, though wearily, he came to an open place where several cross-roads met; it was Treves. Formerly, in the days of the Romans, it had been called *Trivium*, for there were three roads branching off; the Latin word had been corrupted into the

French *Le Treves*. Formerly there had been an altar dedicated to Mercury, the protector of the roadside, the god and friend of pedlars and thieves. The Christians threw down the pagan altar, and erected in its stead a large crucifix of granite; on the basement, worn away by creeping plants, may still be read the date: An. Dom. 1314. During the Hundred Years' War, the image of Christ was broken, and its remains strewn the ground; but when the victories of Joan of Arc had restored the kingdom of France to "the little king of Bourges," the statue had been put back in its original place, and was much treasured in the neighborhood.

On the pedestal, with extended arms nailed to the cross, the figure of Christ seemed to summon all sinners to take refuge in his embrace. The image was of large size, and in the folds of the girdle birds had made their nests, which had not been disturbed. The face was turned towards the east; the eyes, opened wide by intensity of suffering, were raised towards heaven, as if they sought for the star which guided the wise men, and appeared to the shepherds of Bethlehem. By the side of the great crucifix had been planted mountain-ash trees, whose red berries recalled the memory of the drops of blood which fell from the Saviour's brow.

Marguerite loved to pray at the foot of the great crucifix of Treves, because the men who had brought back her husband's body, sad and weary, had rested there, and had prayed for the soul which had so suddenly been taken by death. This is why she had said to her boy, "When you pass before the crucifix of Treves, stop and say a prayer."

VIII

Jacques had not forgotten his mother's desire; he put down his load of wood, and began to say his prayers, while the wind moaned drearily around him.

He repeated the prayers which he had been taught at the village catechism, held by Monsieur le Cure, and other words also which came naturally to his lips, for they sprang from his heart. As he prayed, he looked at the face of the Saviour, on which the driven snow was falling; he gazed at the parted lips, the upturned eyes with their expression of infinite suffering, the limbs convulsed by the last death-struggle.

Jacques had been well taught; he knew that what he saw was only a representation of that terrible scene on Mount Calvary which had been related to him; but the memories it recalled were so vivid, that he could not bear to look at it; he seemed to be witnessing the death of the Redeemer, and he was miserable; he longed to do something to comfort the divine sufferer. When he had finished his prayers, he took up his load of wood and moved away. But after walking a few paces, he turned and again gazed at the image of the Saviour. A gust of wind covered the figure with snow; Jacques thought of Calvary, and the cold suffered there, in addition to all the other tortures, and stopped. "Ah, poor *bon Dieu!* how cold you were!" and he came back to the crucifix, unwittingly standing on the very spot where his dead father had been laid.

He took off his cloak, and, by clinging to the stone girdle, he managed, after climbing the pedestal, to reach the shoulders of the figure so as to throw his cloak over them; he took out the thorns which had looped it up, and spread it in such wise as to cover the figure. He got down, stepped back to judge the result of his efforts, and was pleased, saying in his childish simplicity, "Now, at least, he does not look so cold."

Jacques ran off, whilst the biting wind blew round him and through his poor little cotton blouse. He flew down the hill like a young colt, feeling meanwhile the hard wood shaking up and down and bruising his shoulders. Breathless he stopped at the foot of the

hill near a ravine sheltered by fir-trees from the snow and wind. Oh, how tired he was!

He got down into the ravine and thought he would rest—only for a minute—before going home to his mother. He pushed the wood under his head, and stretched his limbs, saying meanwhile, "I must not go to sleep! I must not go to sleep!" But as he spoke, he fell asleep.

IX

When little Jacques awoke he looked around, and was greatly astonished. Where was the ravine, the snow, the forest, the mountain, the dark sky, the icy wind? All gone; and where was his precious faggot of wood, That was gone too; he thought he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes. He had never seen the place where he was, nor had it ever been described to him, In vain he looked; he could understand nothing; but all was inconceivably beautiful. The air he breathed was soft and warm, and seemed to vibrate with delicious music.

Jacques rose, but he could not feel the hard ground under his feet; he seemed to float on something soft which bore him up, and all his weariness had disappeared. A bright halo of light seemed to surround him. But what a beautiful cloak was thrown over his shoulders. Who could have given him such a cloak, he had never seen one like it; the stuff seemed all luminous, yet blue like the sky, and as if spangled with stars. His hands—his poor little hands—cracked with cold, swollen with chilblains, hardened by rough work—why they were as white and soft as the tips of swans' wings! Jacques was astonished, but he was not frightened; he felt no fear or anxiety; not only was he peaceful and happy, but there was a wonderful sense of relief, as if he had got rid of a heavy burthen which had weighed him down hitherto, and of which he

thought no more, being now as if imbued with wonderful joy and delight.

"Where can I be?" he asked.

A voice, softer and sweeter than any music, answered,—

"In my Father's house, the home of the righteous and of men of good-will."

Jacques then saw before him, in a blaze of glorious light, a being like the Christ of the crucifix of Treves, but radiant and transfigured. He was clothed in shining raiment, but it looked like the cloak which Jacques had thrown over the image of the suffering Saviour, only glorified, with the thorns, sparkling like jewels, scattered at his feet. Sounds of heavenly music rose and filled the space around.

Jacques fell on his knees.

The voice spoke again.

"Fear not, dear child, to come to me. Thou hast loved me much; thy love was shown with the simplicity of a little child—but of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Enter now into the joy of thy Lord."

Jacques extended his hands in supplication towards that divine vision, and murmured,—

"Mother!"

But as he spoke he heard a great fluttering of wings, and in the distance there was Marguerite, born by angels, coming towards them. Jacques prayed, but his prayer was not like those he had said on earth; it was a song of ecstasy, more beautiful than anything which he had ever heard, and as he prayed, he felt happiness such as he had never imagined.

Marguerite drew nearer, no longer pale, sad, and emaciated, but gloriously beautiful, with that spiritual light which is the imperishable beauty of the souls of the just.

The angels laid her at the feet of the Redeemer, and she worshipped him in whom she had believed, him whom she had trusted, and who now rewarded her faith and trust. When she looked up, two souls of the blessed were beside her; she was between Grand-Pierre and little Jacques.

Oh! the joy of that meeting—and to part no more!

X

At the top of the church steeple the bells were talking together. The two youngest were cross as ever, and said to each other,—

“The people of this village must be crazy! They cannot keep quiet! Do they suppose that we are not tired with yesterday’s hard work? The midnight mass, then matins, then the mass of dawn, then the third mass, then the high mass, and vespers, and the Angelus, and ever so much supplementary ringing—there was no end to it. And now we must begin again to-day, and we must be pulled and shaken, and worried; there’s the death knell, then the mass for the departed, then the funeral. Will they never let us rest in peace? We are quite exhausted, and our sides are bruised by the much clanging. What is the matter with all those country people, that they are hastening to church in their Sunday clothes? Pere Monhache looks more cross than ever, his moustache is quite fierce, and he keeps rubbing the back of his hand over his eyes; his cocked hat looks ready for a fight, and the boys had better take care of themselves, or they will have a hard time of it. Over there we see two coffins, a large and a small one; they are going to be put on the cart drawn by oxen; what is that to us, and why must we be forced to toll so loudly for those people.

The old bell, being wise and full of experience, scolded them.

"Be silent, ignorant children! you have not even a proper feeling of your own high position. You are blessed bells, you are church bells, your voice rings through the country, and springs towards heaven; to men you say, 'Take care of your immortal soul!' to God you say 'O Father have mercy on human frailty!' Instead of being proud of your mission, of being steady and prudent as you ought to be, you tinkle foolishly, like the silly little bells of a tambourine. Do not be vain of your bright complexion and your clear voice; in my young days I was just like you, and you will be just like me; age will darken your complexion, and hard work will make your voice hoarse. When, during years and years, and still more years, you have rung for the festivals of the Church, for weddings, for baptisms, for funerals; when you have tolled for floods and fires, or pealed forth the call to arms at the approach of a conquering foe, then you will not complain of your fate; you will understand the things of earth, you will divine the secrets of Heaven; you will learn that from the tears shed here below, springs the joys up above.

"Ring then sweetly, gently, without sadness and without fear. Let your voices be soft as that of a dove; in your most plaintive peal let the song of hope be heard, for a poor torn cloak may be changed into the glorious mantle worn by the blessed in Heaven."

— *Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 65, p. 275, 1889.

BELLS BY NIGHT

By J. W. MONTCLAIR

'Tis Sabbath-eve: from the old kirk tower
Merrily chime the bells by night;
The organ peals with thrilling power,
And the windows glow with holy light—
Merrily chime the bells by night.

Year by year to the pilgrim throng,
Warningly speak the bells by night;
"Life is short, eternity's long;
Children of darkness waken to light"—
Warningly say the bells by night.

Over the grave of the patriot slain
Solemnly rolls a dirge by night:
"The good are gathered like ripened grain—
Why should we weep when angels delight?"
Solemnly echo the bells by night.

Lone do I list to a curfew-bell
What woefully throbs within me tonight!
Of waning life its pulsations tell;
And many a legend does memory recite,
That *mournfully* wrings my heart to-night!

—*Eclectic Magazine*, Vol. 1-2, p. 266.

CHAPTER V.

BELLS AND BELFRIES

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M. A.

IN my study hangs, beneath a Belgian canopy of the sixteenth century, supported by twisted columns profusely carved in the taste of that period, my Belgian bell. Full and shapely, and glowing with silver sheen it weighs six-hundred-weight, and yields multitudinous tones, recalling at times, when touched tenderly, the whisper of the trees in the night-wind, or when struck loudly the melodious thunder of the ocean. In that bell indeed seems to sleep all wails of pain and all shouts of joy. A vast cauldron of potential sound and each sound a fitting voice for some soul-secret else inexpressible, is that bell. I cannot speak or move but what it will answer me, while so sensitive and complex is its nervous system that not a vibration in the room escapes it. I have but to attend, and any noises, like the shutting of a door, the clapping of hands, a sneeze, a laugh, the inflections of the voice, the tread of the foot, all are analyzed in the hollow vibrations of the bell, and each is found to be composed of infinite varieties and combination-hums, tones and over-tones. If I strike a chord on the piano or take my violin, the mysterious bell-life wakes up with spontaneous clamor, and re-echoes exultingly the clear notes in metallic timbre. A very microcosm of sound is this bell,

“Full of the ringing voices,
Full of the tidal pulses,
Songs of the golden sea.”

And then people wonder what there is to be said

about bells! When they have quoted Schiller and re-cited Edgar Allen Poe and made a few indispensable allusions to funeral and marriage bells, they seem glad to have done with this unexhausted world of bell sound, bell fabric, bell history and bell association. But in reality the civilized life of the world, past and present, has been chronicled by, and may be still summed up by the "Paeon of the bells, or the throbbing of the bells, or the sobbing of the bells, or the rolling, or the tolling of the bells! bells! bells! or the moaning and the groaning of the bells!"

We need not vex ourselves as to whether the bells of Exodus XXVIII. 33-35, worn by the High Priest were bells at all; nor need we bother Sir H. Layard about his Assyrian bells; nor is it vital to our purpose to know whether oriental bells were invented in India and imported into China or *vice versa*. It is enough to know that small bells preceded large ones, although large bells are generally held to have been used in India and China long before they reached Europe, but if, as Cardinal Manning has recently reminded us, the history of civilization is the history of the Church, it is equally true that the history of the Church—I might almost add the State—is inseparably bound up with the history of bells.

Time would have been as dull in the old monasteries without bells, as it would be at Bruges, Mechlin, or Louvain, without the Carillons.

At the boom of the tower bell or *Signum*, in the early morn, the drowsy monk tumbled out of bed. The *Squilla* reminded him of breakfast, the *Campanella* recalled him from the cloisters. The Abbot's *Codon*, or hand bell, must be instantly obeyed, whilst the large *Petasius* would be clanged if he failed to hear the *Codon*. The *Tiniolum* meant bed-time, the *Noctula* or *Dupla* called from sleep to prayer; the *Corrigiuncula* or scourging bell, summoned the ascetic to his flagella-

tory devotions or his prescribed penance—the *Nola* or choir bell rang at the consecration of the elements—the *Sanctus* bell at the “Holy! Holy!” I found a curious relic, a sanctus bell, still hanging on the old rood screen in Dr. Jessopp’s church at Scarning, East Dereham, the other day; it dates from before the Reformation but looks as new as though put up last year. Dr. Jessopp asked me if I could account for this in a bell certainly more than 400 years old. This explanation occurred to me on examining the bell, which is not even worn by its clapper. “This bell,” I said, “must have been put up new in Mary’s reign during the Catholic reaction, then when the tide of Reformation returned again with Elizabeth the bell was of course disused along with all other distinctive parts of the Roman ritual, still the sanctus bell was left there and has been there ever since.” Dr. Jessopp approved of the explanation.

Well we have given up announcing the miracle of transubstantiation or putting to flight storms and demons or managing exorcism by bell, book, and candle, but bells as sweet as the Angelus still ring over our English fields and woodlands on Sunday. The passing-bell in a country churchyard is full of pathos and memory, breaking the stillness and arresting for a moment the busy haymakers as they pause to listen and remember some old comrade who will no more be seen in their ranks. The solemn bell at our midnight services, now so customary on the last evening in each year throughout the land, is also charged with hallowed thoughts, indeed I know few things more thrilling than that watch-night bell, which seems as the crowd kneels within to beat away on its waves of sound the hopes and fears and tumultuous passions of the dead year; when its echoes have ceased those kneeling crowds feel that one more chapter in the book of life has been written, that ringing voice has sealed the

troubled Past and heralded in with its iron, inexorable, though trembling lips the unknown Future.

But many of the altogether secular uses of bells which I have been at pains to point out in my article on bells in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* are equally suggestive in their way—some, like the dustman's bell, have vanished within our own time; others like the town-crier's bell ("Oh, yes! Oh, yes! —Oyez! Oyez! hear ye—") are banished to the provinces. In some towns the muffin man seems extinct, but the tricycle bell is a new invention, the omnibus bell is recent, and time would fail me to tell of the railway bells, the dock bells, the half-hour bells at sea, the sheep bell, and the stage bell. House bells worked with wires are scarcely one hundred years old, but ropes are now almost superseded and the old bell-pulls, still found in country houses, have yielded to spring handles, which are in their turn disappearing in favor of electric button bells; indeed it is plain that the whole of our secular life is somehow set to bells, even as the religious life of our ancestors was. What with the dinner-bell, the yard-bell, school, factory, and jail-bells, small cupola spring-bells, safety electric bells, not to forget baby's coral and bells, bell-rattles, last reminiscence of the extinct fool's cap and bells, and fool's wand with its crown of jingling baubles, we seem never to hear the last of bells. Indeed the most impressive uses, the most seductive qualities, the most musical aspects of bells remain to be still noticed. Bells are the landmarks of history as well as the daily ministers to our religious and secular life.

The bell's tongue is impartial and passionless as fate. It tolls for the king's death, "*Le roi est mort!*" it rings in his successor, "*Vive le roi!*" The cynical bells rang out as Henry VIII led wife after wife to the altar, the loyal bells rang for the birth of Charles I., and the disloyal ones tolled again for his execution. The bells of Chester rang a peal for Trafalgar, alternated with

a deep toll for the death of Nelson, and some of us can remember the tolling of St. Paul's bell as the Iron Duke's funeral passed up Ludgate Hill.

The long green bell which announced to the Pisans that the wretched Ugolino starved to death in the bottom dungeon, had at length ceased to breathe, still hangs in the famous leaning tower of Pisa. At the ringing of the Sicilian Vespers in the Easter of 1282, eight thousand French were massacred in cold blood by John of Procida. The midnight bells of Paris gave the sign of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, 24th August, 1471, when one hundred thousand persons are said to have perished.

The bells which rang in the return of Charles II rang a few years later for the coronation of his brother, and a few years after that for the removal of a rotten Orange. The curfew bell, which reminds us of William the Conqueror's primitive legislation, still survives in the low fen districts about Ely and the Cambridge flats, and is even now most useful for the traveller as he trudges through the marshy mists, which, while obscuring the lights of the distant city, act as favorable conductors, according to Professor Tyndall, to the sound of bells.

The great towers of Christendom have all their eloquent bell tongues, and as we pass in imagination from one to the other we not only catch the mingled refrains of life and death as it floats upwards from the fleeting generations of men, but we may literally from those lofty summits contemplate all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them.

From the top of St. Paul's the boom of great Tom rolls over the crowded city on either side of the glimmering river, away to the distant undulations of the Hampstead Hills. From the summit of the Capitol at Rome may still be seen fragments of the Rome of the Republic and the Cæsars. Beyond the purple Campagna

loom the Sabine and the Latium Hills, and taking a nearer survey the eye follows the Tiber until the ear is arrested by the distant bell in St Peter's clock tower, answered by the brazen tongue of the Capitol. Eternal *Aves* forever wafted from the sepulchres of the Caesars to the mausoleum of the Popes!

But nowhere in the world will you find the history, the music, the poetry of bells so concentrated and so irresistibly attractive as in Belgium. Even the casual tourist is fascinated as he crosses the great square at Mechlin by the tuneful floods of aerial sound which floats at intervals from the superb tower of St. Rhombaud, whilst all through the night it never occurs to him to quarrel with the bell-broken silence which seems almost more silent but less lonely as the sweet melodies mingle with his dreams, so

"The night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

[Belgium is indeed the classic land of bells, and it is a picturesque fact that most of the great Belgian towers (except Bruges, which lies in a hollow), Antwerp, Louvain, Malines, Ghent, and St. Gudules at Brussels, are within sight of each other. From the summit of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, which has two carillons, one in each tower, numbering over three-score bells, one hundred and twenty-six steeples can be counted in clear weather, far and near. All those towers have bells, and most of them carillons, that is, suites of bells from several tons weight to a few pounds, tuned in semi-tones, and played both by the clock-barrel and from the key-board. Antwerp has most bells, but a good many are out of tune. Mechlin has the best bells and the best in tune, and Bruges boasts of the heaviest metal. The belfry at Tournay which groups itself im-

posingly with the unique five towers of the cathedral, has some good bells. The Ghent carillon has been ruined by the substitution of an iron belfry in place of the grand old beams and rafters which in the others act as admirable sound-boards. Since the ill-advised reconstruction the Ghent bells sound poor and tinkly.

In the Louvain tower there still hangs a bell pierced by a cannon fired by Philip of Spain, and this accidental war-mark seems to strike the historic key-note of the Belgian bells and reveals the secret of their importance and their romantic interest. They are in fact intimately associated with war and with civic life as well as with popular religion. In the prolonged struggle of the Low Countries with Spain the bells, which send their voices far out over the grassy flats and long, regular roads, thronged with transports and armed men, assumed an importance and a power unknown elsewhere. The bells warned the city of the enemies' approach and signalled to the watchmen to close the gates, and to the captain in command to marshal the troops in the market-place, or to concentrate on this or that rampart or square or breach. These brazen alarums were thus frequently the saviours and protectors of the people. In the sixteenth century the Belgian citizens began to multiply the bells, to increase their weight. They loved them for their associations, they treasured them for their uses. He who held the bells practically held the city. The conqueror knew this; it was his habitual aim to capture the belfry, and either melt down the bells for cannon, or use them as signals against the town. Under these circumstances it is truly surprising that such towers as St. Rhombaud and Antwerp should have survived, but many belfries and some bells still bear the 'old scars and it is here that we have the unlooked-for point of contact between Belgian bells and the art of music.

The wars of the Low Countries occurred chiefly in

the sixteenth and seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that is to say, they were contemporary with the rise of the great singing schools in Italy. The Cremona violins and the development of the musical art in Germany. The multiplication of bells suggested naturally that they should be tuned in the newly discovered octave, the perfect cadence of which the rising art was just then so proud.

The strong and varied emotions which the bells excited in the breasts of the citizens soon converted the bells into play-things in time of peace, and thus the clang which had up to that time been merely a war signal or a call to prayer, got naturally turned into music.

We thus arrive at the three leading characteristics, or *sine qua non*, of the Belgian carillons, namely that each bell should be a note, secondly that it shall therefore have its fundamental and leading harmonics, third, fifth and octave in tune together, thirdly that the bells shall be numerous enough to accomplish something worthy of the name of music instead of the ding dong of our City belfries or the wearisome and purgatorial sequences of your famous peal of eight or twelve bells which is usually the beginning and the end of the English founders, and the English ringers' ambition.

I do not wish to be hard on English bell ringing. It is a healthy and ingenious exercise, and distance certainly lends enchantment to the sound. Its popularity seems reviving, and even ladies, who now shoot and play cricket and the violin are, I am told, taking to bell ringing, but *music* it is *not*, nor does your true bell-ringer care twopence for the sound or the tune; all he thinks of is whether the bell swings easily and whether he can dodge it in time, snap it, triple bob major it and so on in time.

About 1657 the ingenious Fabian Steadman invented the present purgatorial system of change ringing *ad infinitum*. The affair is simple; it requires a little arith-

metic and a strong arm—no fine musical ear and certainly no love of music. Take three bells and begin 1 2 3, 1 3 2, 2 1 3, 2 3 1, 3 1 2, 3 2 1. This is much simpler than writing a tune and you can go on forever. The full changes on twenty-four bells would occupy, so the mathematicians assure me, at the rate of two strokes a second, 171,000 billions of years.

That would be Steadman's heaven. But the bell-ringer's Paradise is the musician's inferno. I may here add that the deterioration of English bells is also largely due to the bell ringing. The best form of bell not being the easiest to ring.

I have no doubt that the best English bells were inspired by the Belgian bell founders in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This statement always makes our English bell founders angry, but one has only to set down a few dates side by side and the thing is next to proved.

Peter van den Gheyn, of Louvain, 1560, is contemporary with the Braziers and Brends of Norwich. Hemony, of Amsterdam (the most prolific of all the founders), 1658, with Myles Gray, of 1625-59, of Colchester. Between 1679 and 1755 flourished Richard Chandler, of Buckingham, Ruddell of Gloucester (who cast the Fulham bells), and the same period is marked by P. van den Gheyn, by Dumery, de Haze, and Declerk, &c., in Belgium. Now at this day there is a P. van den Gheyn bell hanging in a tower of St. Peter's, Cambridge, and a Dutchman named Waghaven had a foundry as far west as Glamorganshire. I drew out this argument to demonstration in my lecture on bells, 1870, before the Royal Institution. Now the true bell model comes no doubt from Belgium, where it has never been departed from. The bells of Severin van Aerschodt in the nineteenth century are as the bells of Hemony in the seventeenth century, but the English bells of the last century departed from the

Belgian model—(to which, since my writings on Belgian bells, some of our founders have thought fit to return). The truth is, that instead of giving the bell its right proportional length, our English founders fell to shortening it. Why? Because the squat bell was easier to ring and pleased the ringers better than the longer bell. Of course the founder worked to please those whose condemnation meant his loss!

I am glad to notice a great revival of interest in bells since the appearance of *Music and Morals*, which contains two chapters on "Bells" and "Carillons." Deans and Chapters have applied to me about their bells from all parts of England. Many of them have for the first time been moved to go up into their towers; they have swept and repaired their belfries, retuning, and, in some cases, recasting their bells, whilst a few efforts have been made to introduce into England some Belgian bells, and to attempt a little carillon music.

The Duke of Westminster has a fine carillon cast, at my suggestion, for Eaton Hall, by Severin van Aerschodt (unhappily since dead), but great pressure having been brought to bear upon the illustrious founder to supply the bells to time it proved beyond his powers to tune them accurately.

The suite cast for Cattistock Rectory, also under my direction, by Severin van Aerschodt, are in this respect much more satisfactory. The bells at Beeding were lying in Severin van Aerschodt's factory waiting to be tuned when poor Severin was actually on his deathbed, but they are fairly correct and in quality of course exquisite. Still the English public have not yet grasped the conception of the Belgian carillon, which is nothing short of a vast aerial instrument, not only capable of being ground by a clock-barrel to tunes in unison, but fitted with a keyboard at which may be seated a skilled musician with a pianoforte score of Handel, Bach, or even Mendelssohn before him. The

carillonneur treats the pegs as keys, just as you treat organ and pianoforte keys; instead of pipes or strings he operates on a suite of bells ranging from several tons to a few pounds and forty or fifty semi-tones; had we such a carillonneur and such a carillon, grand music might be rolled over London and Salisbury Plain like the strains of melody and harmony which for an hour every Sunday and feast day are heard from Mechlin or Utrecht or Bruges towers when a skillful executant like Denyn is seated and makes melody and harmony for the town and country six miles around. Here in England at best, even when we have got a dozen or two Belgian bells we grind or hammer out a tune in unison and call it a Belgian carillon. Belgian fiddle-sticks! Indeed this thing will never be done until our organists take it up, the organists and none others should be the carillonneurs. Let them go to Belgium and learn how to play the carillon-clavecin, or keyboard, and then we shall have real carillon music, such as sets all time to music in the Netherlands, not till then.

The largest bell in the world is the big bell at Moscow, it weighs 193·8 (?) tons. It is cracked and has been converted into a chapel. Some say it was never hung but cracked in the casting; others declare it was hung and fell down and cracked. I have in my hands good authority for both statements. Little bells as old as the sixth century are still preserved in Ireland and Scotland. The oldest are quadrangular and made of thin iron plates hammered and welded. Such is the four-sided bell of St. Gall, of the sixth century, still preserved at Gall in Switzerland. Such is St. Patrick's bell.¹

Queen Mary's silver handbell is much more recent and more shapely.

St. Patrick's little bell, richly jewelled and inscribed,

¹*Vide* Catalogue Archaeological Museum, Edinburgh, 1856.

1091, is still preserved at Belfast. It is supposed to be much more ancient, and is said to be alluded to in the *Ulster Annals*, 552 A. D.

The *Carolus* at Antwerp is a favorite bell, having a fine, rich tone. It is said to be worth £20,000 on account of the amount of silver and gold in it (neither metal is good for bell sound, tin or copper being the proper ingredients). The *Carolus* was given to Antwerp by Carl V. It is not often allowed to be rung now, but as I wanted to hear the sound some years ago I managed to get into the belfry. I then crept under the bell and swung myself upon its clapper till I sounded it; the experiment was perilous, deafening but satisfactory. It weighs seven and a half tons. There are very few bells extant earlier than 1400 A. D., but the *Horrida* or *Tocsin* in Strasburg Cathedral dates from 1316.

Bells have been famous for their inscriptions. Here is an inscription on a famous bell at Ghent, which is also repeated in many other places—

“Mynem naem is Roelant;
Als ich clippe dan ist brandt
Als ich luyde dan is storm in Vlaenderland.”

As Strasburg the “Holy Ghost” bell dated 1375, 3 nonas Augusti, weighs about eight tons and bears the beautiful inscription, “O Rex Gloriae Christae veni com pace.” It is only rung when two fires are seen at the same time by the watchman on the tower. The gate bell in the Strasburg tower has been recast; it originally bore this celebrated inscription—

“Dieses Thor Glocke das erst mal schalt.
Als man 1618 sahl.
Dass Jahr regnet man.
Nach doctor Luther Jubal jahr.
Das Bos hinaus das Gut hinein.
Zu lauten soll ihr Arbeit seyn.”

Notre Dame at Paris has a good bell of 1680, weighing seventeen tons. Erfurt one of thirteen tons of finest bell metal.

The bells of Hemony and the van den Gheyns, which abound in the Belgian towers are all of the finest quality. The Italian and French bells are as a rule poor. There are a few celebrated bells in England—Great Peter, York Minster, cast in 1845, ten tons, costing £2,000; Great Tom of Lincoln, five tons, and Big Ben, the pride of London, thirteen tons! Nothing more exasperating to a bell connoisseur than Big Ben has perhaps ever been hung or left unhung. Did I require any proof of my much-abused dictum, *Music and Morals*, "the English are not a musical people," I have only to point to Big Ben. Did I seek confirmation of my statement that the English know nothing of bells, Big Ben and his four discordant quarters, which are actually teaching generation after generation of London schoolboys to whistle out of tune, Big Ben is again my justifier. To think that the Lords and Commons should have sat for thirty years under the hoarse, gong-like roar of that brazen fiend and listened to the quarters timing the dreary periods of Parliamentary oratory, without any sense of shame or annoyance, and still dare to call themselves representatives of musical people!. The thing is absurd! But I feel, nevertheless, in deference to public opinion, that however I may dismiss the Westminster quarters and the new St. Paul's peal—with its big bell by Taylor of Loughborough, all of which are far superior to Big Ben—yet this article in the eyes of the majority of my readers would be most defective without some account of Big Ben. Well, there he hangs in the tall Westminster campanile, whose walls are of a uniform thickness of between five and six feet—what a noble and saintly carillon they might enshrine, instead of this Dagon and his

four discordant satellites. The great clock disks measure seventy feet in circumference, they are illuminated by a blazing wall of light composed of perforated gas tubes, ranged in tiers and measuring 340 feet. The large clock hand swings around at a foot a minute. Telegraph wires from Greenwich regulate the time. I am glad to dwell on these imposing accessories, I must come at last to Big Ben. The original bell was cast by Warner of Clerkenwell, who is also the founder of the present four quarters. Warner's bell cracked as Mere's present bell has cracked. Cracked Ben bears the following inscription—"This bell weighing thirteen tons, three quarters, fifteen pounds, was cast by George Mears, at Whitechapel, for the clock of the Houses of Parliament, under the direction of Edmund Becket Denison, Q. C., in the twenty-first year of the reign of Queen Victoria and in the year of our Lord MDCCC-LVIII." A hard Gothic pattern runs around the top; the only other decorations are the usual heraldic grating and the arms of England. The lettering is of the worst kind of narrow Gothic type, intended evidently to conceal all information from the reader. A couple of hundred years' of dust will make it quite illegible. I hope Big Ben will be hauled down long before that. Much is unhappily heard of Big Ben, but nothing much more need be said. He was cracked from his birth. He is a disgrace to the nation. But so ignorant and insensible are the Londoners to these little characteristics that few have ever discovered them, and so absolute is British apathy in all such matters that you could not get a single M. P. to rise in his place and ask for the removal of this hideous Westminster gong. How should it be otherwise when throughout the length and breadth of the land our countrymen, the M. P.'s themselves, delight to go into dinner to the sound of gongs. And we are still told that "the English are a musical

people!" They dine to the roar of one gong, and legislate to the roar of another.

Before bell music can ever be introduced into England two things have to take place. The people must be more generally musical and more particularly instructed in the true nature of bell music and bell tone. We must so improve in our musical organization that we shall be glad to *hear music constantly in the air*, we must so understand bells as to *know what to listen for and how to hear*. The same accuracy of tune which we require in the voice can no more be got from bells than you can get from the pianoforte the accuracy of tune expected from the violin. A few bells—church quarters for instance—may, and ought to be in fair tune, but a carillon of more than an octave and a half will never realize even the pianoforte standard. The difficulty of tuning bells together increases with the number; what must be aimed at is that each bell should represent an intelligible fundamental note floating upon an ocean of harmonics, the dense atmosphere of confused and mingled sound is like a mist, to transfer the idea from the acoustic to the visual plane. You see lights of all colours, surrounded with dim haloes—the mist marries and interweaves their radiations—but still the dim, vaporous globes of emerald, ruby, amethyst and sapphyr flames are sufficiently pronounced, and the charm of the distinctive properties. It is so with carillon sound, the bell notes float upon a sound-ocean, the sounds intermingle through the combination-hums of an infinite variety of radiating harmonics. Yet the fundamental notes of the scale retain their individuality. The audition of bell-sound is an education—as the eye has to be educated for colour, so the ear has to be educated for sound, and specially trained and accustomed to the peculiarities of bell-sound, musically employed in carillon playing. The Belgians have been training—we never shall begin till we have real

carillons of fifty and sixty bells, and real carilloneurs to play them as lovingly and knowingly as our great cathedral organists play our great cathedral organs. The big towers are there—the bells can be got. When will the hour strike? When will the man appear? When shall we have a big London carillon and a great London carillonneur?

—*English Illustrated Magazine*, p. 380, 1890.
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CHAPTER VI.
THE CHRISTENING OF THE BELL
(BATTLE FIELDS OF FRANCE)

By BELLE SKINNER

ON the thirteenth of September, 1920, the bell was christened.

It was a perfect day—not a cloud in the blue sky, not a breath of wind, not too warm, not too cool, brilliant sunshine—a perfect day.

The village on the hill, the gray ruins of the Gothic church, the bell-tower, the classic lines of the old market, the red-tiled roofs of the few rebuilt cottages—all these, with the French and American flags and garlands of laurel leaves, made an incomparable setting for the ceremony.

The idea came about through a conversation with my host, the curé of Hattonchâtel, in which he told me of the ancient glories of the village, of its long ecclesiastical history dating back to the tenth century. In those early days Hattonchâtel was famous as a place of retreat for the bishops of Verdun, Metz, and Toul, from one of whom, Bishop Hatton, it took its name, chatel, of course, being the old form of chateau; and for several succeeding centuries it belonged to the church—a fortress village enclosed by high, thick walls.

It was during its ecclesiastical existence that Hattonchâtel acquired most of its glory. The present church was built then, pure Gothic in style, as were the cloisters connecting the church with the bishop's palace at the end of the street; for bishops in those days did not walk exposed to the elements. Houses for the priests

who came in the bishop's train were built then, also, and the famous old Market, now one of the *Monuments Historiques* of France. But though Hattonchâtel was, first of all, an ecclesiastical village, it was not unknown to the Court; its forest was one of the hunting preserves of Louis XIV; and during the season for chasing the wild boar, Hattonchâtel heard more than the mass.

Time passed.

Wars were fought around the village, for Hattonchâtel has always been the heart's desire of conquerors. Lying as it does, on the crest of a high hill, which juts out like a promontory into the valley of the Meuse six hundred feet below, it dominates the countryside, and in the days of milder warfare was practically unsailable.

The Swedish bombardment of the fourteenth century, however, did its work well. The walls of the fortress were broken down, the strong gates demolished, and its entrance being no longer barred, peasant-life appeared in Hattonchâtel.

Out of the stones of the almost deserted church property the newcomers built their homes; and as the centuries passed, the fame of Hattonchâtel was no longer in the splendor of the Roman Church or in the brilliance of the French Court; rather, its glory lay in the courage of those spirits whose descendants, undaunted, are to-day resurrecting their devastated provinces—the peasants of France.

Monsieur le curé sadly called my attention to the empty bell-tower, and told me what the church bell means to a rural community in France: how the villagers love and listen for it and sing songs about it, and how they speak of it affectionately as of a person, for bells have names in France. It is the bell that wakens them early in the morning and sends them to the fields to work; it tells them the noon hour; and again, the day's work done, it sounds the Angelus, bidding all the

faithful to prayer. It announces all the fêtes, it rings for marriages, the births, the deaths.

Then the curé went on to tell me how, during the German occupation of the village, their church bell had been taken away and melted for military purposes, and they had heard no bell in Hattonchâtel for five long years.

The story was so simple, so appealing, that I could only say, 'Oh, monsieur le cure, let me replace the stolen bell.'

He replied, 'Ah, mademoiselle, Germany must pay for the wanton destruction she worked in our villages, but, of course, we do not know when we can collect the money—and in the meantime—perhaps—'

So the bell was ordered, of bronze, a metre in height.

It is beautifully embossed with the symbols of the Roman Church, to which was added, according to custom, its name.

I fell in with the cure's suggestion that the bell should have my name; but my name is Belle, and the curé with a rueful shake of his head objected that no saint had ever been named Belle, and church bells must bear the names of saints. I admitted that I had been christened Isabel. Smiling approval, and with a splendid disregard of the English spelling, the curé wrote out, 'Isabelle.'

But that was not all. A bell, it seems, must have two Christian names.

The curé looked at me inquiringly. I suggested Ruth, my other name. With a deprecating gesture he replied testily, 'No, no, we cannot have Ruth.' As I had no other name to offer, the curé, inscrutable as the Sphinx, impatiently tapped his pencil on the tablet and said, 'Then choose a name.'

Almost with fear and trembling I gave my mother's, 'Sarah.'

'Ah, Sarah has been sainted,' he replied softly, and wrote in full, 'Sarah Isabella.'

It piqued my disposition to inquire—Isabelle a saint in perfectly good standing; Ruth without the fold. Why, I wondered? But I did not ask the curé. I rarely bother him with questions. When I am a part of his household, I feel that I am living Balzac, and I would not venture to show an indiscreet curiosity that might break the charm.

In that war-torn house the spell of the eighteenth century is everywhere—in the irregular flag-stones of the corridors, in the bits of faded wall-paper still hanging here and there, even in the cheap oak centre table about which we sat for our many conferences—a strange company: the curé alert, resourceful, always the dominant figure; the mayor shy, silent, determined; the notary looking like a sketch by Thackeray, and talking grandiloquently—these three children of Hattonchâtel breathing forth the atmosphere of old France, and I of another age and world, yet feeling through them the antiquity, the splendor, and the genius of their country, their ideal of patriotism; seeing through their eyes the changeless character and fearless courage of the men and women of Northern France, who, in the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties and hardships, are already beginning life anew amid the ruins.

Hattonchâtel on the Costes-de-Meuse, in all its quaint beauty, has been quite unknown to tourists. Before the war the only way of visiting the village was on foot. Now there is a good motor-road to the top of the hill; but the village itself remains the France of two hundred years ago, unchanged. Generation after generation of French peasants have lived as their fathers lived, and died as their fathers died, within the village walls, knowing nothing and desiring nothing but Hattonchâtel.

This village, then, gave the setting for the mediæval ceremony of the christening of the bell. We had chosen the date—September the thirteenth, the second anniversary of the liberation of the village by French and American troops, the two armies having come together at the foot of the hill. The exact point of meeting is marked by a stone shaft erected about a year ago, by the Salvation Army, to the memory of the First Division, the first of our troops to engage with the French in the battle for Hattonchâtel.

Perhaps the hill was of such military importance during the Great War, perhaps because it was wrested from the Germans by the help of America, perhaps, too, a little because the new church bell would so soon and for always speak of America's love for France—perhaps for these reasons the authorities decided to add to the christening ceremony exercises by the State in celebration of the partial reconstruction of the village, especially the installation of the water system. General Berthélot, Governor-General of Metz, was chosen to represent the Army, and the Sous Préfect of the Meuse, to represent the Department.

When I looked out of my window in the curé's house at eight o'clock on the morning of the great day, the hill was already black with people coming to the fête. Some of them had walked half the night, so eager were they to be present. Up the hill they came, in families, in pairs, in groups of eight or ten, old and young, weak strong, many of them wearing the costumes of Alsace and Lorraine, all in holiday attire—their worn faces aglow with pleasure and excitement—coming to the Christening.

The exercises began with mass at ten o'clock, at which a tablet dedicated to the memory of the soldier dead of Hattonchâtel was unveiled. This ceremony, conducted by Monseigneur Génistry, the Bishop of Verdun,

took place in the ruins of the church. There was no cover over our heads. Not a vestige of roof remains. During the five years that the interior of the church has been exposed to the weather, shrubs, four or five feet high have grown up in the nave; and it was against this lovely background of green that we built a temporary altar. On one side of the altar was improvised a throne for the bishop; on the other the peasant choir was grouped about a little portable organ.

The scene amid the ruins: the bishop in his purple robes, the acolytes in crimson slowly swinging the golden censers, the low chanting of the attendant priests and the youthful voices of the choir in response—this, with the sun's rays glinting on fragments of precious old glass still hanging in the battered window frames making them flash like jewels, and every available nook and corner packed with peasants, their heads bowed in reverence, made an unforgettable picture. As the services proceeded and the prayers were read, a fanfare of trumpets from the *chasseurs-a-pied* stationed in the cloister, thrilled us with the thought of what the French army had meant to civilization, as it saddened us with the remembrance of France's terrible losses in the war, the while the smoke of the burning incense rising through the roofless church to heaven made us feel that every prayer for the soldier dead was mounting straight to the Throne of God.

The mass ended, we went outside for the principal event of the day—the Christening of the Bell.

This ceremony of mediæval origin, performed with all the pomp and dignity of the Roman Church, was full of picturesque details. Above us was the cloudless blue, around us were the wrecks of war—heaps and heaps of stones piled high, the tottering walls of the church, its bell-tower strangely upright; beyond, on all sides, the peasants, the black Alsatian bows, and the white caps of Lorraine mingled with the dull gray garments of

every day, all eagerly crowding in. Against these sombre colors the brilliant uniforms of the general and his staff stood out in vivid contrast; while stretching up the village street and fading away into the sky were masses of horizon blue, the uniform of the poilu of France.

The bell was placed on a low platform near the entrance to the cloisters. It was hung in a wooden frame entwined with green garlands and pink roses, and surmounted by a golden cross. At the right of the platform stood the godfather and godmother of the bell. On the other side were the priests and the choir. Opposite, and facing the bell, we built a tribune for the speaker and the invited guests, and decorated it with the flags of France and America.

But the bell did not hang in the frame in its naked bronze: it was draped in a white lace robe, veiled from curious eyes as is a bride, and at a given point in the ceremony, the veil was laid back just as a bride is unveiled at the altar, and the bishop, amid the low chanting of the priests and the burning of incense, touched it with holy water and pronounced its name.

'Je m'appelle Sarah Isabelle. J'ai pour parrain Monseigneur Jules Haldrech, Maire. J' ai pour marraine Miss Skinner. J'ai été baptisée par Monseigneur Génisty, l'Evêque de Verdun, le 13 Septembre, 1920, l'Abbé Thierry étant curé â Hattonchâtel.'

The tongue was then placed in the bell, for, as yet, remember, no one had heard its voice; a long blue ribbon was attached to it, which the bishop pulled three times, announcing in loud tones to Hattonchâtel and the whole countryside the advent, let us hope, of happier days for those stricken villages. His Grace then passed the ribbons to me, and I too sent the rich tones ringing out across the valley; in turn, the mayor and the curé followed.

Then to the music of the *Marche Lorraine* we crossed over to the tribune, where the civil exercises were

opened by General Berthélot. The general paid a graceful tribute to America's help in the St. Mihiel Salient, with particular reference to Hattonchâtel; after which Monseigneur le Sous-Préfet spoke eloquently of the work of reconstruction in the Department of the Meuse, and of what had already been accomplished there. He was followed by Major Cotchett, representing the American Embassy at Paris.

The speeches ended, the *marraine* of the bell, as a part of the christening ceremony and in keeping with its mediæval character, stepped out from the tribune and, amid acclaims and huzzas, quite in the manner of a feudal lord giving largesse, scattered *dragées* to the crowds.

So ended the Christening.

Immediately afterward luncheon was served. It was like the feeding of the five thousand, with the miracle left out. The peasants of the village were served in their own homes; the principal guests were seated at a long table in the open square; the crowds found places for themselves among the ruins; but all were served. While we were engaged in eating, the newly christened bell was hoisted into the belfry, and a little later, very dramatically, just as the champagne was being served, it pealed forth. The silence of five years of suffering was broken. Instinctively the musicians struck up the *Sambre at Meuse*, the whole company rose to its feet and with tears in eyes and voice, saluted 'Sarah Isabelle.'

Toward evening we went down the hill,—on foot, like pilgrims going to a shrine,—and in the deep shadow we placed upon the monument to the First Division a laurel wreath. Carried as it was by two common soldiers, a doughboy of America and a poilu of France, to us it symbolized the close union of two great Republics—together in war, together in peace.

—*Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 128, p. 63-66.

OLD CHURCH BELLS

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.
Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky;
Sunshine flings benison down from on high;
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Measured and wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray,
Priests chanting lowly;
Solemnly, slowly
Passeth the corse from the portal to-day.
Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folk, as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin, and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky,
Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have passed away.
Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life;
Life is our labor, and Death is our rest,
If happy the Living, the dead are the blest.
—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 51. p. 427.

CHAPTER VII. THE POETRY OF STEEPLES

By EMILY V. BATTEY

IN THE different countries of Europe more than ordinary interest is attached to the history of bells. In England few subjects receive more attention from the antiquarian than the bells of old churches; for every bell has its history, and every clanging note that is sent out from the old towers, as it quivers through the air and falls on the villager's ear, recalls some time-honored tradition told and retold at his father's fireside, and comes fraught with sweet associations of home and kindred. The English were really the first to make general use of bells in churches. Their affection for them in some instances amounts, even in the present age, almost to superstitious veneration. The matter-of-fact, critical, yet enthusiastic antiquary encourages the cultivation of this sentiment by haling from the dusty lumber-rooms of the past the long-forgotten stories of the iron-tongued singers, reviving them with the warm and kindly touch of a loving hand.

His

“fouth o’ auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps and jinglin’ jackets,”

his

“Parritch-pats and auld saut-buckets
Before the flood,”

have a fascination for the “collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and collector of all that Time has been glad to forget.” He will sit all day “in contemplation of a statue with ne’er a nose,” and will

listen in his dreams to the ditty that was made "to please King Pepin's cradle." But the cracked bell in the campanile of the hamlet church, the ancient peal in the village kirk, the chime in the cathedral tower, have a charm for him that far transcends the pleasure he feels in studying the tales his museum treasures tell him. The bells sang to his father's father away back generations ago; they welcomed the coming and sped the parting guest; they rang jubilant peals in honor of the bride, and tolled many a sad requiem as the mourners bore to the grave the body of their dead. How rich in associations of memories of the past are those English bells—his bells! They are curious, mayhap, in form, and bear strange inscriptions; but he never tires of studying them and talking of them to whomsoever will listen. He carries his hearer back to far-distant ages, when bells were first used, when the priests of the Temple wore them on their garments, and performed the sacred functions of their office to the accompaniment of their silver tinkling. He quotes from Hieronymus Magius, and describes the *tintinnabulum*, and the *petasus*, or hat-shaped bell which invited the ancient Greeks to the fish-market and the Romans to their public baths; the *condon*, with which the Greek sentinels were kept awake, and which was the prototype of the signal which our bell-wether carries around its neck; the *nola*, which was appended to the necks of pet dogs and the feet of pet birds; the *campana*, the first turret bell; the *Dodona lebetes*, or caldrons of Dodona, by means of which, according to Strabo, the oracles were sometimes conveyed, down to the *squilla*, of which Hieronymus seems to have known nothing save that it was a little bell. Our antiquary will interlard his discourse with many a choice quotation from the classic writers of antiquity, and will further vary the monotony of his learned recital with quaint stories handed down by the chroniclers of former ages. How,

for instance, the gallant army of Clothaire II was frightened from the siege of Sens by the ringing of the bells of St. Stephen's Church; how, in the year 900, Pope John IX ordered that bells should be used in the churches as a defense against thunder and lightning; and how, and under what embarrassing circumstances, the first set of tunable bells was raised to the tower of Croysland Abbey, in 960; and how, when the seven bells, *Guthlac*, *Bartholomew*, *Betelin*, *Turketuk*, *Tatwin*, *Bega*, and *Pega*, were all safely hung, they rang out together, as Ingulphus says, "*Fiebat mirabilis harmonia; nec erat tunc tanta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia*" (Making a wonderful harmony; nor was there such a concert of bells in all England). Then, if he be not insensible to the sweet and tender influences surrounding his subject, he will tell how the great heart of Napoleon was stirred when he heard at Malmaison the tolling of the village bell that brought back to him the memories of the first happy years that he spent at Brienne. Then he will repeat, perchance for the hundredth time the "Legend of the Bells of Limerick."

The old bells that hung in the tower of the Limerick Cathedral were made by a young Italian after many years of patient toil. He was proud of his work, and when they were purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent near the lake of Como, the artist invested the profits of the sale in a pretty villa on the margin of the lake where he could hear their Angelus music wafted from the convent cliff across the waters at morning, noon and night. Here he intended to pass his life; but this happiness was denied him. In one of those feudal broils which, whether civil or foreign, are the undying worm in a fallen land, he suffered the loss of his all; and when the storm passed he found himself without home, family, friends, and fortune. The convent had been razed to the ground, and the *chefs-*

d'oeuvre of his handiwork, the tuneful chimes whose music had charmed his listening ear for so many happy days of his past life, had been carried away to a foreign land. He became a wanderer. His hair grew white and his heart withered before he again found a resting-place. In all these years of bitter desolation the memory of the music of his bells never left him; he heard it in the forest and in the crowded city, on the sea and by the banks of the quiet stream in the basin of the hills; he heard it by day, and when night came, and troubled sleep, it whispered to him soothingly of peace and happiness. One day he met a mariner from over the sea, who told him a story of a wondrous chime of bells he had heard in Ireland. An intuition told the artist that they were his bells. He journeyed and voyaged thither, sick and weary, and sailed up the Shannon. The ship came to anchor in the port near Limerick, and he took passage in a small boat for the purpose of reaching the city. Before him the tall steeple of St. Mary's lifted its turreted head above the mist and smoke of the old town. He leaned back wearily, yet with a happy light beaming from his eyes. The angels were whispering to him that his bells were there. He prayed: "Oh, let them sound me a loving welcome. Just one note of greeting, O bells! and my pilgrimage is done!"

It was a beautiful evening. The air was like that of his own Italy in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The bosom of the river was like a broad mirror, reflecting the patines of bright gold that flecked the blue sky, the towers, and the streets of the old town in its clear depths. The lights of the city danced upon the wavelets that rippled from the boat as she glided along. Suddenly the stillness was broken. From St. Mary's tower there came a shower of silver sound, filling the air with music. The boatmen rested on their oars to listen. The old Italian crossed his arms and fixed his streaming eyes upon the tower. The

sound of his bells bore to his heart all the sweet memories of his buried past: home, friends, kindred, all. At last he was happy—too happy to speak, too happy to breathe. When the rowers sought to arouse him, his face was upturned to the tower, but his eyes were closed. The poor stranger had breathed his last. His own *chefs-d'oeuvre* had rung his passing bell.

Never insinuate to the fond enthusiast who relates these stories that there is a possibility that his legendary lore may be defective in chronological data. If you detect anachronisms, keep them to yourself.

In this age the Netherlands claim precedence among the countries of Europe in belfry music. There are more carillons or chimes in that country than in any other. A great number of bells are required for this strange kind of music, which is sometimes of a very elaborate and intimate character. The *carillons a clavier* are played like a piano-forte. The keys are handles connected with the bells by rods or cords. The carillonneur employs both hands and feet in executing the airs which charm the inhabitants of the Low Countries. The pedals communicate with the larger bells for the bass. The keys on which the treble notes depend are struck with the hand, which is cased in a leathern stall. It is recorded that a carillonneur of Bruges was so expert that he even executed the fugues on those famous bells that hang in the cathedral of that ancient city.

The rapidly developing aesthetic taste of our people is gradually bringing the use of chimes and peals into our American churches in the place of single bells. In New York there are three sets of chime bells—those of St. Thomas's Church, on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, the chimes of Grace, on Broadway, above Tenth Street, and of Trinity, on Broadway, opposite Wall Street. The Bells of St. Thomas's, ten in number, were cast at Meneely's, in West Troy, and put up in

the beautiful tower two years ago. They are the finest in tone and tune. Their music is wondrously beautiful. The Bells in Grace, also ten in number, have a united weight of 10,300 pounds. The largest bell, called the Rector's Bell, or the tolling bell, weighs 2,835 pounds. This splendid chime cost \$6000. If you wish to enjoy a new sensation, go up in the bell tower of Grace Church when Mr. Senia, the *carillonneur*, is practicing. He does not dance about amidst a forest of ropes, pulling one and then another, as the old-time bell-ringers of England did; but he plays on his *carillon a clavier* as they do in Holland. There they are, ten chime-ringing levers ranged in a row like the keys of a piano-forte. Those huge keys require the whole strength of his arm and hand to move them. To each of the levers is attached a rope, passing through the ceiling to the tower above, where it connects with its particular bell. In the light, airy, latticed tower, far above the roofs of the tallest houses, hang the ten huge-mouthed messengers of sound, that only await the master's touch to fill the air with melody.

Trinity chimes are perhaps next to those of Christ Church, Philadelphia, the oldest in this country. But, strange to say, almost nothing is known of their history. Even Mr. Ayliff, the accomplished *carillonneur* who has rung the changes on them for twenty years, can tell but little about them. The church-wardens and rector of Trinity parish confess to almost total ignorance on the subject. From various sources, added to the inscriptions on the bells, I have learned that five of the bells were cast in London by Mears prior to 1845. As the second Trinity Church was built with a handsome steeple in 1788, it is more than probable that at least one of the bells came over from England about that time. At any rate, when, in 1845, the church edifice was taken down to make way for the present beautiful structure, there were six old bells in

the steeple. The largest of these was cracked, and so it was sent to Meneely, in Troy, to be recast, and at the same time four more were ordered to complete the chime. The largest bell weighs 3,081 pounds, the smallest 700. The ten bells have an aggregate weight of about 15,000 pounds. They are hung in a framework of wood so heavy as to deaden the sound to a great extent, and the vestry are now deliberating as to the necessity of having them remounted and hung. As they are somewhat out of tune, owing to the constant striking of the clappers in one place, it will be found necessary, likewise, to repair the parts worn away, if that be possible. The bell chamber is not, as many suppose, near the top of the steeple. It is rather nearer the bottom. The bells hang very near the rough floor, and all the machinery for ringing is rude and primitive compared with that of Grace or St. Thomas's Church.

Several years ago a gentleman from Georgia went up into the steeple of Trinity Church late in the afternoon. He climbed up the three hundred and eight steps to the observatory under the tapering spire. Enchanted with the magnificence and extent of the birds-eye view, he lingered until the shadows of twilight began to obscure the landscape. He found the staircases very dark as he descended, and the darkness deepened every moment. When he reached the bell-chamber he could not find the next descending staircase. He groped around a long time, and finally gave up and spent the night lost among the bells.

There are two sets of monastery bells in New York. A peal of four in the German Capuchin fathers' Church of our Lady of Sorrows, in Pitt Street, the largest of which weighs 1,423 pounds, and the four together 2,850 pounds; and a half chime of six bells, weighing about 12,000 pounds, in the steeple of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, in East Third

Street, sometimes known as the Redemptorists' Church. The four bells of the Capuchin Church and the two largest of the Redemptorists' were cast in West Troy by Meneely in 1868 and 1869. Four of the Redemptorist bells were cast at Constance, in Switzerland, prior to 1869. All of them bear figures cast in bas-relief. On the largest, which unfortunately has been cracked, is a figure of Jesus in the attitude of benediction. This is called the Redemptorist Bell. It is also the tolling bell which strikes the hour. Surrounding the figure of the Redeemer is the legend in relief, "*Redemptori sacrum Signum, S. Smo.*" This bell weighs 5,274 pounds. It is over five feet in height and between four and five in diameter. The second bell is called the Immaculata. It bears on its side in relief the image of the Virgin Mary, encircled by the inscription, "*B. V. M., Conceptioni Immaculatoe sacrum Dignum.*" The other four bells are named for St. Michael, St. Alphonsus Liguori, Raphael, and Gabriel. Each bears on its side the figure of the archangel or saint after whom it was christened, and on the opposite side appropriate inscriptions. The view from the bell chamber of the Redemptorists' Church is more picturesque than that from Trinity steeple, although not so extended or varied. The ascent to the chamber is dark, difficult, and dangerous. Brother Gabriel, the lay brother who answers the door-bell was very unwilling for me to make the ascent.

"No, you must not go up; your head will get dizzy, and you will fall. Father Rector says he don't care to have our church advertised in to-morrow's newspapers as the scene of a dreadful accident."

Finally, however, I prevailed on the carpenter to show me the way up. When I returned, covered with dust and flushed with the pleasure that accomplished enterprise always brings, Brother Gabriel threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Holy Mary! and you did go

up? I would not have believed it! It's a miracle that you came back alive!"

In St. Mary's Church of the Assumption, in West Forty-ninth Street, hang three bells, whose united weight is 2,387 pounds; and in Trinity Chapel, in West Twenty-fifth Street, are also three bells. They were formerly in the steeple of old Trinity, and were probably brought from England. St. Ann's Church, on Twelfth Street, has a fine peal of four bells, intended as the foundation of a chime. They were cast at West Troy in 1870. The largest is dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, and bears the legend, "*Lauda Sion Salvatorem.*" On the third bell, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is the inscription, "*Sub tuum presidium confugimus Sancta dei Genitrix.*" The fourth, dedicated to St. Joseph, bears on its side the legend, "*Sanctissime Joseph, protector noster, ora pro nobis, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.*" These four bells weigh 2,960 pounds.

Full and partial chimes are now to be found in all parts of the country. Away off in Eureka, California, is a chime in the steeple of Christ Church. There are three chimes of bells in Troy, New York. The Church of the Good Shepherd, in Hartford, the gift of Mrs. Samuel Colt, has a chime. St. James's Church, in Birmingham, Connecticut, old St. John's, in Savannah, Georgia, and churches of various denominations in Indianapolis, Petersburg (Virginia), Cleveland (Ohio), Concord (New Hampshire), York (Pennsylvania), Rochester and New Brunswick, all have chimes. St. Ann's chimes in Brooklyn, St. John's in Newark, Grace Church and St. Patrick's in Buffalo, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Albany, St. Paul's in Reading, Pennsylvania, and the bell-tower of Cornell University, all have sets of chime bells well worth mentioning.

The only set of chimes to which historic interest attaches in this country is that which peals forth every

Sunday morning from the steeple of old Christ Church, Philadelphia. Those bells were brought from England, a present from Queen Anne of blessed memory. During the Revolution when the Quaker City was in danger of falling into the hands of the British, the precious bells were taken down and sunk in the Delaware by some patriotic members of the old church, who feared that if the enemy got possession of them they would be melted down and cast into cannon-balls. Afterward they were drawn up from their watery bed and sent to Allentown, where they found shelter for a long time in the loft of an old Lutheran (?) Church on the thoroughfare now known as Hamilton Street. When the war came to a close, the bells were removed to Philadelphia, and hung again in the old belfry, wherefrom, on every holy-day and holiday they send forth their welcome notes of joy and gladness.

The half-chimes and peals in the United States are very numerous. Outside of New York, they are found in Jersey City, Newark, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, Rochester, Carlisle, Whitehall, Rome, Fort Wayne, Annapolis, Cumberland, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Paul, Buffalo, West Rockport, Troy, Erie, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans, Mobile, and even down in Texas, at Castroville and San Antonio.

* * * *

In recent times, the bishops of Oxford, Salisbury, and other Sees have set the example of dedicating the bells of their churches with a simple ceremony and the following prayers:

“Let us pray.—Almighty God, who by the mouth of Thy servant Moses didst command to make two silver trumpets for the convocation of holy assemblies; Be pleased to accept our offering of this the work of our hands; and grant that through this generation, and through those that are to come after, it

may continually call together Thy faithful people to praise and worship Thy holy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“Grant, O Lord, that whosoever shall be called by the sound of this bell to Thine house of prayer may enter into Thy gates with thanksgiving and into Thy courts with praise, and finally may have a portion in the new song, and among the harpers harping with their harps in Thine house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“Grant, O Lord, that whosoever shall by reason of sickness or any other necessity be so let and hindered that he cannot come into the house of the Lord, may in heart and mind thither ascend, and have his share in the communion of Thy saints; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“Grant, O Lord, that they who with their outward ears shall hear the sound of this bell may be aroused inwardly in their spirits, and draw nigh unto Thee, the God of their salvation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“Grant, O Lord, that all they for whose passing away from this world this bell shall sound may be received into Thy paradise of Thine elect, and find grace, light, and everlasting rest; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

* * * *

Some of the decorations on old bells are particularly elegant and beautiful in design; others, more simple, are still highly characteristic and graceful in conception. The most usual ornament is the cross. Another very commonly used is the *fleur-de-lis*, another the crown. The lion's head, Tudor badges, heads of kings and queens, bishops and saints, are frequently met with.

The founders' marks—sometimes historical evidences of the highest importance—are often more elaborately finished than the decorations themselves.

* * * *

Peal ringing is said to be a peculiarly English insti-

tution of great age. As early as 1550, when Paul Hentzner traveled in England, he wrote:

"The people of England are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as firing cannon, beating of drums, and ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads to get up into the belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise."

Change ringing does not appear to have been invented until the latter part of the sixteenth or first of the seventeenth century. We find records of the following societies of ringers, established for the study of the art of ringing. The "Company of the Schollers of Chepeside" was founded in 1603; the *Companie of Ringers of Our Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincolne*," in 1614, the "Society of College Youths," in 1637; the "Western Green Caps," in 1683; the Society of Cumberlands, taking their name from the Duke of Cumberland, in 1745; and a long list of others in regular succession down to "The Westminster" and "Prince of Wales Youths," in 1780, besides numerous modern societies existing at the present day.

Chime ringing, or the ringing of a set of eight bells or more by one person, the *carillons a clavier*, is of comparatively modern origin, and the invention of carillon machinery of still more recent date.

* * * *

The inscriptions on old European bells are too quaint to be passed by. Some are epigrammatic gems, as, for example, this on a village bell cast centuries ago:

"Gaudemus gaudentibus,
Dolemus dolentibus."

"We rejoice with the joyous,
We sorrow with the sorrowing."

And this:

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, conjugo clerum;
Defunctus ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro;

Funera plango, fulgara frango, Sabata pango;
Excito centos, dissipato ventos, paco cruentos, "

"I praise the true God, I summon the people, I assemble the clergy; I mourn the dead, I put the plague to flight, I grace the feast; I wail at the funeral, I abate the lightning, I proclaim the Sabbath; I arouse the indolent, I disperse the winds, I appease the revengeful."

The following are quaint and curious. On a bell in Derbyshire, 1622:

"I sweetly tolling men do call
To taste on meats that feed the soul."

On one in Wiltshire, 1628:

"Call a soleme assemblie—gather the people."

On another, 1582:

"Be mec and loly toe heare the worde of God."

On one in Yorkshire, 1656:

"When I do ring, God's praises sing;
When I do toule, pray heart and soule."

On a church bell in Wiltshire, 1619:

"Be strong in faythe, praise God well—
Frences Countes Hertford's bell."

On a fire bell in Dorsetshire, 1619:

"Lord, quench this furious flame;
Arise, run, help, put out the same."

On another in Warwickshire, 1675:

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their work to go."

On a peal of six, in Cambridgeshire, cast in 1607:

"Of.all.the.bells.in.Benet.I.am.the.best.
And.yet.for.my.casting.the.parish.paid.less."

On the smallest of a peal of six in Wiltshire, cast in 1666:

"Though I am the least,
I will be heard as well as the rest."

On one in Dorsetshire, 1700:

"All you of Bathe that hear me sound
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

On one in Northamptonshire, 1601:

"Thomas Morgan Esquire gave me
To the Church of Hetford frank and free."

On one in Hampshire, 1695:

"Samuel Knight made this ring
In Binstead steeple for to ding."

On the great bell of Rouen, France, presented to St. Mary's Church by George, Archbishop of Rouen, is this inscription:

"Je suis nommee George d'Amboise,
Que plus que trente-six mille pois;
Et si qui bien me poysera,
Quarante mille y trouvera."

"I am called George d'Amboise, who weigh over thirty-six thousand pounds. If some one would weigh me well, he would find me forty thousand."

One of three bells in Orkney, Scotland, cast in 1528, bears the following:

"Maid be master robert maxvell, bischop of Orknay, ye second zier of his consecration ye zier of God IM VE XXVIII, ye XV zier of Kyng James ye V. be robert borthvyk; maid al thre in ye castel of Edynburgh."

On the great bell in Glasgow Cathedral is this:

"In the year of grace, 1583, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interests of the Reformed Religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the Tower of their Cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom: 'Me audito venias doctrinam sanctum ut discas,' and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. 195 years had sounded these awful warnings when I was broken by the

hands of inconsiderate and unskillful men. In the year 1790 I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader! thou also shall know a resurrection; may it be to eternal life. Thomas Mears fecit, London, 1790."

At Bakewell, England, is a peal of eight bells, each of which bears its own inscription, thus:

FIRST BELL

"When I begin our merry din
This band I lead, from discord free,
And for the fame of human name
May every leader copy me."

SECOND BELL

"Mankind, like us, too oft are found
Possessed of nought but empty sound."

THIRD BELL

"When of departed hours we toll the knell,
Instruction take and use the future well."

FOURTH BELL

"When men in Hymen's bands unite,
Our merry peals produce delight;
But when Death goes his weary rounds,
We send forth sad and solemn sounds."

FIFTH BELL

"Through Grandsires and Triples with pleasure men
range,
Till death calls the Bob, and brings on the last change."*

*"Great," may we say, with Dr. Southey, 'are the mysteries of bell-ringing.' The very terms of the art are enough to frighten the amateur from any attempt at explanation. Hunting, dodging, snapping, and place-making; plain Bobs, bob-triples, bob-majors, bob-majors reversed, double bob majors, and even up to grandsire-bob caters. Hiegho! who can hope to translate all this gibberish to the uninitiated?"—*The Bell*. By the Rev. Alfred Gatty, Vicar of Ecclesfield.

SIXTH BELL

"When victory crowns the public weal,
With glee we° give the merry peal."

SEVENTH BELL

"Would men like me join and agree
They'd live in tuneful harmony."

EIGHTH BELL

"Possessed of deep sonorous tone,
This belfry king sits on his throne;
And when the merry bells go round,
Adds to and mellows every sound.
So in a just and well-poised state,
Where all degrees possess due weight,
One greater power, one greater tone,
Is ceded to improve their own."

The more modern inscriptions on church bells are commonplace dedications to the Saviour, the Virgin, the Trinity, or some one of the saints. Some bear simple expressions of praise, some expressions of loyalty, some commemorate public events, and others are embellished with lines of miserable doggerel done in the best style of the bell-founder's art.

In many of the old towers of English churches are found painted or written in Old English script "Laws of the Belfry." For example in St. Andrews Church, Plymouth, is the following:

"Nos resonare hibet Pietas, Mars, atq. Voluptas."

"Let awful silence first proclaimed be,
And praise unto the Holy Trinity,
Then Honour give unto our valiant King."

"So with a blessing, raise this Noble Ring,
Hark, how the chirping Treble sings most clear,
And cov'ring Tom comes rowling in the rear.
Now up an end, at stay, come let us see
What laws are best to keep sobriety.

Who swears or curse or in an hasty mood
 Quarrel or strikes, altho' they draws no blood;
 Or wears his Hat, or Spurrs, or turns a bell
 Or by unskillful handling marrs a peal;
 Let him pay Sixpence for each Single crime—
 'Twill make him cautious against another time.
 But if the Sextons fault an hindrance be
 We call from him the double penalty.
 If any should our Parson disrespect,
 Or Wardens orders any time neglect,
 Lett him be always held in foul disgrace,
 And ever after banished from this place.
 Now round letts go with pleasure to the ear,
 And pierce with eccho through the yielding air,
 And when the Bells are ceas'd then lett us sing
 God bless our holy church, God save the King.

Amen. 1700."

Another set of these rules, dated 1627, is from St. John's Church, Chester. It is as follows:

"You ringers all observe these orders well,
 He forfiets 12 pence who turns ore a bell:
 And he yt ringes with either spur or hatt
 His 6 pence certainly shall pay for yt,
 And he that shall spoil or disturb a peale
 Shall pay his 4 pence or a cann of ale
 And he that is harde to curse or sweare
 Shall pay his 12 pence and forbear
 These custome elsewhere now are used
 Lest bells and ringers be abused
 You gallants, then, yt on purpose come to ring
 See that you coyne alonge with you doth bringe;
 And further also if yt you ring here
 You must ring truly with hande and eare
 Or else your forfiets surely pay
 Full speedily, and that without delay.
 Our laws are old, yt are not new,
 The sextone looketh for his due."

The superstitions regarding submerged and buried bells have given many beautiful legends to the lovers of antiquarian lore. The tradition of the Inchcape bell, which was hung by the abbots of Aberbrothock on the Inchcape rock at the mouth of the Frith of Tay, has been repeated in song and story until it is familiar to every schoolboy. The legend of the Jersey Bells is not so hackneyed. It runs thus:

"Many years ago the parish churches of Jersey possessed a valuable and beautiful peal of bells. But during the civil wars the states resolved to sell these bells to defray the heavy expenses of their army. Accordingly, the bells were collected and sent to France for that purpose; but on the passage the ship foundered, and everything was lost. Thus Heaven punished the sacrilege. Since then, before a storm, the bells ring up from the deep; and to this day the fishermen of St. Ouen's Bay always go to the edge of the water before embarking upon the wind; and if those warning notes are heard, nothing will induce them to leave the shore; if all is quiet they fearlessly set sail.'

"Tis an ocean of death to the mariner,
 Who wearily fights the sea,
 For the foaming surge is his winding-sheet,
 And his funeral knell are we:
 His funeral knell our passing-bell,
 And his winding-sheet the sea."

Four hundred years ago the old church of St. Andrew, standing about a mile and a half from Romford, England, was pulled down. Its site in the meadows is still known as the "Old Church." On this spot, says tradition, the bells may be heard every year on St. Andrew's Day, ringing right merrily in honor of the patron saint.

Near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, is a valley, said to have been caused by an earthquake many centuries ago, which swallowed up a village with all

the people, their houses, and the church. It was once a custom for the people of the country-side to assemble in this valley on Christmas-day to listen to the ringing of the bells beneath their feet. The sound, they asserted, could be distinctly heard by putting the ear close to the ground.

At Kilginiol, near Blackpool, is a place called "The Church," where on Christmas-eve any one can hear the merry peal of the bells ringing away down in the bowels of the earth.

These superstitions regarding submerged and buried bells are not confined to Great Britain. I once listened in awe and wonder to some mysterious music that came floating over the waters of Pascagoula Bay. Any inhabitant of Mobile will corroborate this statement. There the sounds are called the Mobilians mermaids' music. Those that charmed my listening ear at Pasco-goula were inexpressibly sweet, like that of "silver strings in hollow shells," and sad as the wail of a penitent siren.

"What do you think makes that music, Uncle Cæsar?" I said to the old African slave boatman that was rowing my boat.

"'Deed, missis, dey say it are dat bell what done sunk out dar in a ship, leastways a wessel o' some kind or nudder. De bell was de cap'n's bell, and he war a mighty weeked man, an' one night arter he had been ashore a-cuttin' up awful, he tu'ned in, and' afore de day done broke, de ship went down, an' was neber seed no moah. Sense dat day dat bell has been tollin' dat kine o' ghost music mos' every night in de warm wedder. 'Pears to me mighty singlar dat story. Kase de soun' are not de soun' of a bell. It's moah like a church orgin, playin' a mighty sol-lum kine o' tune too. Enty, missis?"

It was truly a good description that old Uncle Cæsar gave of it. It brought back a memory which, from the very dissimilarity of the sounds, gave rise to one of those mental comparisons we sometimes make. No

untraveled American can appreciate it fully. It was the music of what Victor Hugo calls an opera of steeples. We give the description entire from his *Quasimodo*:

"In an ordinary way the noise issuing from Paris in the daytime is the talking of the city; at night it is the breathing of the city; in this case it is the singing of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartette of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down with a demi-tint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound, and say if you know anything more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells, that furnace of music; than those ten thousand brazen tones; breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high; than that city, which is but one orchestra; than that symphony, rushing and roaring like a tempest."

—*Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 52, p. 180. 1876.

OLD PHILADELPHIA

The Declaration was signed by John Hancock and Charles Thompson on the 4th of July. There is much matter for doubt as to when the other signatures were affixed. Jefferson states that it was signed by all the members present on the 4th, while Chief Justice M'Kean asserts that this was done on August 2. It is certain that many of the signers, among whom were Dr. Rush, George Ross, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, and Robert Morris, were not members of Congress on July 4, and, according to Jefferson, they signed when admitted.

The Declaration was written by Jefferson, as he himself stated in a letter to Dr. Mease, in his lodging-house, at the south-west corner of Market and Seventh Streets. The house is still standing (1876), and is occupied by a tailor, who shows his patriotism by calling his shop "The Temple of Liberty Clothing Store." The instrument was signed, as our readers know, in the east room of the State House, on the lower floor. It appeared in the next day's paper (side by side with an advertisement of a negro child for sale who had had measles and small-pox), but was not officially given to the people until noonday on the 8th of July, when it was read to a large concourse of people in the State-house yard by John Nixon, deputed to the task by the Sheriff of Philadelphia, who had received it from the committee. The stage on which the reader stood was a rough wooden platform on the line of the eastern walk about half-way between Fifth and Sixth Streets. Deborah Logan, who lived in the neighborhood, states that she heard from the garden every word of the instrument read, and thought the voice was Charles

Thompson's. In spite of all evidence in favor of Nixon, we choose to believe her. The Man of Truth should have first made known those words to humanity. Cheers rent the welkin, a *feu de joie* was fired, the chimes of Christ Church rang through all the bright summer day, and the old bell gave at last to the world a message it had received a quarter of a century before, and proclaimed liberty to all the world.

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 52, p. 878. 1876.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER VIII.
INDEPENDENCE HALL
By JOHN SAVAGE.

As I pondered on the memories suggested by the locality, before starting out on a tour of observation, the loud and measured tones of a bell sounding the hour—seven in the morning—burst in through the opened window of the room in which I had slept my first night in the Revolutionary City. The name of the city and the striking of that bell were instantaneously suggestive; they clung together in my mind and affected my feelings with an exaltation almost ecstatic. The Bell of Philadelphia! I started out to see the old State House.

The long, old-fashioned fabric of red brick, with its white marble facings and thick window-sashes, stretched out before me like a living thing—a mass of life, every brick of which, from step to steeple, had a tongue. History is written not less eloquently on stone and bricks and mortar than on paper. Great men make immortal the things they touch: the rooms that give the first echoes to their words; the roofs that shelter them, equally with the pages and books that record their deeds and words. The books congregate in stately libraries, and form valued archives for review by isolated historians and searching students. The buildings where the national benefactors acted and spoke are the archives of the people. They stand on highways or by-ways where crowds may contemplate. At a glance they call to mind the history which makes them noteworthy. Unquestioned, they elevate the man who looks as he passes, and knows the associations

which make the mass of stone worth looking at. The novelty of the sensation may be dulled or wear out by constant passing and repassing, but the potency of the great fact of which the building has been the real witness and is the lasting monument cannot be effaced. It is thus such structures force an elevation of spirit upon men. It is thus they become teachers. It is thus there are sermons in stones.

* * * *

—It was the Fourth of July, 1776! and, in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, in the Old State House, Jefferson's immortal document was still under discussion. The popular excitement was intense; and thousands crowded around the cradle of American Freedom. In the room in which I stood the Continental Congress deliberated a question not alone for the benefit of the Colonies, but for humanity. Outside of the barred doors and closed window-shutters, the people with dreadful anxiety, for they knew the dissentient causes which excluded them, awaited the signal which was to announce the fate of the bill. With eager ears, and eyes leaping from thoughtful doubt to hearty anticipation, the faces of the multitude are turned upward to the steeple of the State House; for there hangs the bell brought from London nearly a quarter of a century previously, bearing this prophetic inscription from Leviticus XXV, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

* * * *

Having recovered myself I became immediately occupied by the many objects of interest contained in the Hall. Some of these are especially suggestive. Still hanging from the ceiling is the antique glass chandelier which shed light upon the momentous and prolonged proceedings during the night of the Third of July; and here, too, is the old bell which, truly in the

significant words of the Scriptural mandate upon it, did "proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." The bell occupies the place of the men whose determination it sent echoing over the land. Its tongue is quiet beside the statue of Washington, whom it commanded to go forth and take up its theme. Very appropriately in front of the same statue is a piece of the step from which, in the State House yard, "in presence," quoth Christopher Marshall in his diary, "of a great concourse of people, the Declaration of Independence was read by John Nixon, on the 8th July." These are precious relics, because pieces of history. Speaking of relics, there is a chair here which is noteworthy, as being in itself quite an aggregation of antique and historical curiosities. It was constructed in 1838, and among the materials used are a portion of a mahogany beam from a house built in 1496—the first by European hands in America—for the use of Christopher Columbus, near the present site of St. Domingo; fragments of the Treaty Elm, and of William Penn's cottage in Letitia Court; of the frigate *Constitution*; of the ship of the line *Pennsylvania*; and of one of a group of noted walnut-trees which in the olden times served as a landmark to persons going from the city to the State House, then out of town, and in front of which the trees stood. Among the other relics invested in this piece of furniture are portions of cane-seating from a chair which belonged to Penn, and a lock of hair of Chief Justice Marshall. Franklin's desk and a portion of the pew used by Washington in Christ Church happily link the truths and wonders of science and the blessings of revealed religion through two of our most loved names.

—*Harper's Magazine*, Vol. XXXV, p. 217, 1867.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

By GEORGE P. MORRIS

"A song for our banner?"—The watchword recall
Which gave the republic her station;
"United we stand—divided we fall!"—
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of states none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of the Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of states none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever
And ever!
The Flag of our Union forever!

— *Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 24, p. 597.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

SALE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

THE sale of the original MS. of the Farewell Address of Gen. Washington to the people of the United States took place last evening, at the Philadelphia Exchange. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the handwriting, and the history of the document is clear. It has been bound up in a neat volume, and contains with it a statement by Mr. Claypoole of the manner in which he became possessed of it. It was stated by Mr. Thomas, the auctioneer, that Mr. D. C. Claypoole left no lineal heirs, and his collateral descendants are scattered over the country; the estate is also involved, and there was no other course for the administrator than to sell the MS., which was appraised as personal property. The document was then put up for sale, and started with a bid of five hundred dollars. It ran up to twenty-three hundred dollars, where it lingered for a period, and was then knocked down to Rev. Dr. Henry D. Boardman, pastor of the 12th Presbyterian Church in this city. It was announced that he purchased it "for a gentleman living at a distance." Whether he was an American or not was not stated.*

Afterwards, the original portrait of Washington, by Jas. Peale, painted for Mr. Claypoole in 1778, was also put up, and bought by Dr. Boardman for the same gentleman on whose account the MS. was purchased.

A volume of the "Daily Advertiser," containing the Address was also sold for \$12. These all belonged to the Claypoole estate.

*It has since been stated that the purchaser was Mr. Lennox of New York. We are relieved by hearing this of a fear that it had gone out of the country.—*Living Age*.

A MS. letter of Washington to General Mifflin, dated 4th April, 1784, was also put up for sale, on account of whom it might concern. It was a mere letter of introduction, requesting the usual civilities by Gen. Mifflin to Count de Lavalatte Montmorency, brother of the Duc de Montgomery, who was travelling through the United States. It brought \$20, and was purchased by a gentleman named Bickley.

The attendance was large, and much curiosity was manifested as to the price the various relics would bring.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 24, p. 613.

CHAPTER IX

ECHOES OF BUNKER HILL

By REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

ONE must live within the sound of church bells to know the full charm and power of their chimes. They are like good and true friends, whom you found out not by any casual introduction, but by life-long familiarity. These chimes talk to you with their strong, sweet music quite in their own way, and, although, like some of our best friends, they may not have a great many changes, but harp a good deal upon the same old notes, they seem to us always new as they send out their stirring vibrations upon the air with the changing hours and seasons, just as the kindly greetings of home or the "good-morning" and "good-evening" of neighbors never wear out, but gather blessings with years. There is something very private and personal, and at the same time very sweeping and universal, in the voices of these bells. Tremulous as harp strings, clear as bugle tones, commanding as cannon thunder, these chimes whisper in your ear, while they call upon the whole neighborhood and bring the whole multitude together with the spell of a melody that carries the heart of ages and the fellowship of human kind in its ring.

I lived in my childhood and youth within such a spell, and from my home at the foot of Bunker Hill, on the banks of the Mystic River, I used to hear the chimes of old Christ Church, Boston, as they swept from that tall spire across the harbor and Navy-yard to Moulton's Point, where stood the frugal house which my upright and industrious father built with his own hands,

and to which we retreated after his death led us to leave a better house built by him on the hill-side. I remember especially how those bells used to ring at Christmas-time, especially on Christmas-eve, and they are the earliest voices that told me of a historical Church more winning and comprehensive, if no less assuming, than the Puritan shrine where I was baptized under the ministry of the famous Dr. Jedediah Morse, whose name now rests more upon his geography than his theology, and whose son has girdled with speaking wires the earth that his good father embraced in his books and maps. I have heard those bells at times for nearly threescore years, and they never said more to me than one night not long ago this last winter, as I was going to sleep under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and these dear old chimes came to my drowsy ear, put away slumber for some time, and set me to thinking and then dreaming of the old times and the new, and of the strange ties that bind them together, a thinking and a dreaming that were not broken but completed by waking in the morning with the same music keeping company with the light of dawn. I do not wish to be sentimental, or to bore you with personal reminiscences of my old home and friends and town, but I cannot forget what Christ Church bells have said to me while I am writing of Bunker Hill and its echoes; and that old belfry and its chimes have a great deal to do with the facts of my story, and with its philosophy too.

I

The rector, the wardens, and the vestry did not know it at the time any more than did the lifeless bells, but none the less those bells, as soon as their full chime was completed, and the inscription on the first bell in 1744, twenty-one years after the building of Christ Church, was crowned by that on the eighth bell "Abel

Rudhall, of Gloucester, cast us all, Anno 1774," had a great phophecy in their notes, and begun to ring in the birthday of a great nation in this New World. I suppose that they were rung at Christmas, 1774, and at Easter and at Whit-Sunday, 1775, and that their Whitsun peals proclaimed to the whole neighborhood the new lawgiving of Christ not long before June 17, 1775, and had a return, not wholly a retort, but in part an echo, from the cannon of Prescott and his raw recruits within the rough extemporized fortification on Bunker Hill; for Bunker Hill has had something to do with the new lawgiving of the nations, and has not been wholly left out of the ministry of love which fulfills the law of Christ. It is said that from this steeple, which is visible from a great distance, warning was given of the intended march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord. Paul Revere's narrative states that on Sunday, April 16, he had been to Lexington by desire of Dr. Warren to see Hancock and Adams, who were at Rev. Mr. Clark's, and that on Tuesday evening, April 18, after a number of British soldiers had been seen marching to Boston Common, he was sent again by Dr. Warren to Lexington to tell those flaming patriots what mischief those soldiers were probably bent upon doing. Revere went, and returned at night through Charlestown, where he met Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen, whom he promised to inform of the movements of the British by signals from the North Church, and who told him afterwards that they saw the signals. So this old belfry speaks to us now of the first struggles of the provincial yeomanry at Lexington and Concord; and it is said that General Gage looked out from its commanding height upon the burning of Charlestown and the Battle of Bunker Hill.

No doubt that among the many thousands who turned their eager eyes from the high places of Boston toward the Mystic River some looked from that belfry,

and very likely they climbed to that height early in the morning, very soon after the guns of the British man-of-war *Lively*, that was then anchored opposite the present Navy-yard, opened her fire upon the American works, which a thousand plucky men, who had seen a spade and a pickaxe before, had thrown up in the night. There was probably a good deal to see during the day, especially during the forenoon, before the smoke of the battle and the flames of the burning town darkened the sight. They could see there at noon the several regiments marching through the streets of Boston to their places of embarkation, and the two ships of war moving up Charles River to join the others in firing on the works. They could, by glimpses of the harbor and by the sound or the silence of the cannon, get some idea of what was going on. The blue flag was displayed as the signal, and from Long Wharf and the North Battery the fleet of barges, with field-pieces in the leading boats, moved toward Charlestown. The redoubled roar of the cannonade could not wholly hide with its smoke the brilliant spectacle, the scarlet uniforms, the glittering weapons, the bright artillery, the regular motion of the boats, the jets of flame, the clouds of smoke—a sight such as Boston had never seen before.

That was a sad evening for Boston and all the people around it. The sun that went down in splendor behind the ruins of that burned town, after that day of summer loveliness, shone upon a Golgotha of death. British and Americans who had been in arms against each other were now one now in the pain of wounds, the agony of bereavement, and the need of the Divine Comforter. The chimes of Christ Church did not probably ring out after the din of battle had ceased and night came on, but they must have tolled when Major Pitcarin's body was brought there for burial service, and interred under the church. He was a brave

and kindly man, who has apparently been misunderstood, and identified with acts of atrocity which he abhorred. His name heads the list of British officers who were killed or wounded in the battle—thirteen killed and seventy wounded, a proportion so large as to put this battle on a footing with the carnage of Quebec and of Minden. The losses on the American side were not so many nor so conspicuous, but one man fell whose death was life to his companions and his cause, and, with all allowance for local and personal friendship and patriotic exaggeration, there is no doubt that when Dr. Joseph Warren died, New England liberty had its martyr, and America had a hero who fought for her henceforth with weapons that are not carnal, and with a valor that knows no weariness and wants no food or clothing or arms. Warren was a noble man, and did a great deal for the patriotic cause, but his life and his death meant more than he or anybody else knew at the time. He was a text out of the book of humanity and of God that history was then unrolling.

Precisely what this Bunker Hill battle did at the time for our people and the world, it is impossible for us to say, but it was clearly a great power alike in the march of events and of ideas. The fight did not begin in speculative thinking, but it was a plain matter-of-fact struggle of a thousand or two New England provincials, who were at heart freemen, against some four thousand British soldiers who were sent to put them down under the foot of the throne and Parliament of England. But as all laws begin in some matter-of-fact case, so all intellectual progress starts in some practical point, and thinking amounts to little until it feels the spur of action Here in America, Bunker Hill gave the shock that brought the colonies to their feet, and roused them to a consciousness of unity. As a piece of strategy or tactics it amounted to next to

nothing on either side, for the stand of the Americans on that hill was a doubtful step, alike hard to keep and, if kept, by no means a decisive one; while the assault upon the Americans by the British, who had ships and cannon to assail their foes in the rear or to starve them out, was a reckless exposure of life. But none the less this battle was a great event in the quality of the struggle and the significance of the result. For the first time the Americans and the British came together in open warfare, and when it was proved that the Americans could stand the fire of disciplined British troops and drive them again and again to retreat, the die was cast, the end was sure, and the cool, clear head of Washington, who two days before had been made by the Continental Congress Commander-in-chief, saw what it meant, and said, "The liberties of the country are safe."

* * * *

It is dangerous for a Boston or Charlestown man to undertake to tell what shapes his imagination sees from the great future that was then beginning to open upon that neighborhood; and instead of trying to put visions into form, I will be content to let history speak for herself in at least one scene, (June, 1825), which is an echo of that Bunker Hill fight I was there, a schoolboy just in my teens, and I remember so well the magnificence and the excitement of the occasion, which had, it is said, 50,000 people in the assembly, Daniel Webster for orator, and Lafayette as principal guest.

The preparations for laying the corner-stone of the new monument had been watched eagerly by our boys, and we went every day when we could to see the progress that had been made. I remember well the bright day, the great multitude and the magnetic spell of the orator's voice, little as I could make out of his

words as I listened from the rear of the amphitheatre in which he spoke, and as I crept under the floor, I believe, that I might hear more distinctly. That was Daniel Webster who was speaking, and that was his voice: it was enough for me. We boys could take in the whole drift of his oration when it was published, and could say with him as he closed, "Thank God, I—I also am an American!"

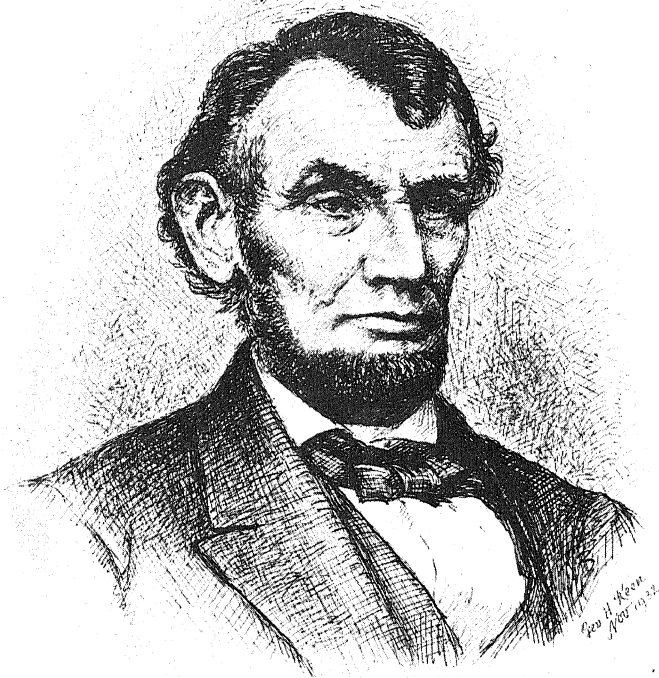
There was an echo indeed to old Bunker Hill! The monument of brick and wood, twenty-eight feet high, that had been erected by the Freemasons in 1794, had done good service in its day, and now its place was to be taken by a massive obelisk two hundred and twenty-one feet high and thirty feet square—a structure that answers well to the pluck that threw up those fortifications and manned them with such might. In the broader bearings of this demonstration we must not forget its local associations, nor fail to connect the New Boston and Charlestown with the men and scenes of 1775

Daniel Webster's oration was Bunker Hill echoed in eloquence A great lawyer, an English jurist in the solid caste of his mind and the temper of his associations, he was a great liberator, and all that he did to bind the Union together in the bonds of constitutional law, he did for the liberty that the Union vindicates, and against the slavery that the Union has crushed. He spoke and did more than he knew, and his words had echoes beyond his purpose or his will. He who fires the cannons or strikes the bells may do it or not as he pleases, but when he *has* done it, the report and the chimes are not his to control. He may own the gun or the bell, but he does not own the air which carries the vibrations, or the ears that are open to the sound. So the orator owns the speech-making organs, but not the speech after it is made. Daniel Webster has been practically the master-teacher of

the nation in its essential law, and his speech was greater than the speaker knew. . . . He put the great national principle into shape, and when he spoke the word went forth with a power not his own . . . Great was the prospect that the orator looked upon from his stand in the amphitheatre then, and lordly was the landscape that was commanded by the Christ Church steeple and reached by its bells. There was nothing in that celebration for that old church to mourn over, for the orator spoke the good English of her Bible and her prayer-Book, and did not assail the piety of her creed nor the charity of her prayer for unity, peace, and concord between all nations. . . .

Let us have peace, in the full sense of the word, and, after this hundred years of analysis and antagonism, let us try to put all good things and good people together, and make the new age that is now beginning a jubilee to our country and mankind. Let the Christ Church steeple salute the battle obelisk with good cheer, and welcome the fair and square and high manhood which it represents into its true relations with the affairs of government and society, and with the gospel and kingdom of God. The old guns said to despotism, "No, we won't." Then that plucky negative can only be set aside when the church chimes that seem to say, "Yes, you will," call the people to a loyalty that is free as well as reverent, and to a faith humane as well as godly, that shall bless us beyond our thought or dream.

—*Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 51, p. 230, 1875.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

"FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

CHAPTER X.

HISTORIC POEM OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE great family of facts born in the last four years of eventful war, have been united with all past generations of historic deeds to be read of all men to the end of time. The first things in all great events are interesting and important; the first name signed to the declaration of independence; the first battle at Lexington; the first gun fired at Fort Sumter; the first poem of the war, thrill the hearts of men with memorable effects. In this view, we make this permanent record of the following poem, which tells its own story.

It was historically the first poem of the war, having been written on the very day of President Lincoln's Proclamation for "75,000 men to suppress an insurrection." It was immediately circulated as a tract among the earliest regiments departing to the field. It was reprinted hundreds of times by the press—even in England by friendly journals.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND*

(Suggested by President Lincoln's First Call for Volunteers.)

By THEODORE TILTON

I

Toll! Roland, toll!
In old St. Bavon's Tower,
At midnight hour,
The great Bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.

What meant that thunder-troke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
 All flying to the city's wall?
 It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
 And timid hearts grew bold
 Whenever Roland tolled,
And every arm could bend a bow!
 So acted men
 Like patriots then—
Three hundred years ago!

II

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue!
 If men be patriots still,
 At thy first sound,
 True hearts will bound,
 Great souls will thrill!
Then toll, and let thy test
Try each man's breast
Till true and false shall stand confest!

III

Toll! Roland, toll!
Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—
Not now at midnight hour—
Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,
But here—this side the sea!—
Toll here, in broad, bright day!

For not by night awaits
 A foe without the gates,
 But perjured friends within betray,
 And do the deed at noon!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Thy sound is not too soon!
 To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till cottager from cottage-wall
 Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
 The heritage of sire to son
 Ere half of Freedom's work was done!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Till swords from scabbards leap!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 What tears can widows weep
 Less bitter than when brave men fall!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 In shadowed hut and hall
 Shall be the soldier's pall,
 And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
 Amen! So God hath willed!
 And may his grace anoint us all!

IV

Toll! Roland, toll!
 The Dragon on thy tower
 Stands sentry to this hour;
 And Freedom so is safe in Ghent!
 And Merrier Bells now ring,
 And in the land's content
 Men shout "God save the King!"
 Until the skies are rent!
 So let it be!
 A kingly king is he
 Who keeps his people free!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer They, but We
Have now such need of thee!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Nor ever let thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Toll! Roland, toll!
From Northern lake to Southern strand!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Shall clasp again each other's hand,
And shout one-voiced, "God save the land!"
And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

—*Eclectic Magazine*, Vol. 1-2, p. 373. 1865.

*The famous Bell Roland of Ghent, was an object of great affection to the people, because it rang to arm them when Liberty was in danger.

ECHOES

By F. W. B.

As one who walks upon a windy night,
 Through unknown streets, to reach the minster
 door,
Guides not his footsteps by the gusty light,
 But by the clangor that the wild bells pour ;
 Yet oft he pauses, when in the wind's roar
Some louder echo calls him left or right ;
And much he joys when, full of angels bright
 He sees the great rose-window flame before.

So if the wanderer in life's ways attend
 To catch the heavenly carillon, above
 Its earthly echoes, nature, art, and love ;
Then in his ears, as earth's sweet voices end,
 The bells sound clearer, and before his eyes
 Bright windows open in the darkening skies.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 58, p. 770.

CHAPTER XI.

BELLS

THE long, winding staircase seems to have no end. Two hundred steps are already below us. The higher we go the more broken and rugged are the stairs. Suddenly it grows dark, and clutching the rope more firmly, we struggle upwards. Light dawns again through a narrow Gothic slit in the tower—let us pause and look out for a moment. The glare is blinding, but from the deep, cool recess a wondrous spectacle unfolds itself. We are almost on a level with the roof of a noble cathedral. We have come close upon a fearful dragon. He seems to spring straight out of the wall. We have often seen his lean, gaunt form from below—he passed almost unnoticed with a hundred brother gurgoyles—but now we are so close to him our feelings are different; we seem like intruders in his lawful domains. His face is horribly grotesque and earnest. His proportions, which seemed so diminutive in the distance, are really colossal—but here everything is colossal. This huge scroll, this clump of stone cannon-balls, are, in fact, the little vine tendrils and grapes that looked so frail and delicately carved from below. Amongst the petals of yonder mighty rose a couple of pigeons are busy building their nest; seeds of grasses and wild flowers have been blown up, and here and there a tiny garden has been laid out by capricious winds on certain wide stone hemlock leaves; the fringe of yonder cornice is a waste of lilies. As we try to realize detail after detail the heart is almost pained by the excessive beauty of all this petrified bloom, stretching away over flying buttresses, and breaking out upon column and architrave,

and the eye at last turns away weary with wander. A few more steps up the dark tower, and we are in a large dim space, illuminated only by the feeblest glimmer. Around us and overhead rise huge timbers, inclining towards each other at every possible angle, and hewn, centuries ago, from the neighboring forests, which have long since disappeared. They support the roof of the building. Just glancing through a trap-door at our feet we seem to look some miles down into another world. A few fore-shortened, but moving specks, we are told are people on the floor of the cathedral, and a bunch of tiny tubes, about the size of a pan-pipe, really belong to an organ of immense size and power. At this moment a noise like a powerful engine in motion recalls our attention to the tower. The great clock is about to strike, and begins to prepare by winding itself up five minutes before the hour. Groping amongst the wilderness of cross beams and timbers, we reach another staircase, which leads to a vast square but lofty fabric, filled with the same mighty scaffolding. Are not these most dull and dreary solitudes—the dust of ages lies everywhere around us, and the place which now receives the print of our feet has, perhaps, not been touched for five hundred years? And yet these ancient towers and the inner heights and recesses of these old roofs and belfries soon acquire a strong hold over the few who care to explore them. Lonely and deserted as they may appear, there are hardly five minutes of the day or the night up there that do not see strange sights or hear strange sounds. As the eye gets accustomed to the twilight, we may watch the large bats flit by. Every now and then a poor lost bird darts about, screaming wildly like a lost soul in purgatory that cannot find its way out. Then we may come upon an ancient rat, who seems as much at home there as if he had taken a lease of the roof for ninety-nine years. We have been assured by the carillonneur at Louvain that both rats and

mice are not uncommon at such considerable elevations. Overhead are the huge bells, several of which are devoted to the clock—others are rung by hand from below, whilst somewhere near, beside the clock machinery, there will be a room fitted up, like a vast musical box, containing a barrel, which acts upon thirty or forty of the bells up in the tower, and plays tunes every hour of the day and night. You cannot pass many minutes in such a place without the clicking of machinery, and the chiming of some bell—even the quarters are divided by two or three notes, or half-quarter bells. Double the number are rung for the quarter, four times as many for the half-hour, whilst at the hour, a storm of music breaks from such towers as Mechlin and Antwerp, and continues for three or four minutes to float for miles over the surrounding country. The bells, with their elaborate and complicated striking apparatus, are the life of these old towers—a life that goes on from century to century, undisturbed by many a convulsion in the streets below. These patriarchs, in their tower, hold constant converse with man, but they are not of him; they call him to his duties, they vibrate to his woes and joys, his perils and victories, but they are at once sympathetic and passionless; chiming at his will, but hanging far above him; ringing out the old generation, and ringing in the new, with a mechanical, almost oppressive regularity, and an iron constancy which often makes them and their grey towers the most revered and ancient things in a large city. The great clock strikes—it is the only music, except the thunder, that can fill the air. Indeed, there is something almost elemental in the sound of these colossal and many-centuried bells. As the wind howls at night through their belfries, the great beams seem to groan with delight, the heavy wheels, which sway the bells, begin to move and creak; and the enormous clappers swing slowly, as though longing to respond before the time. At

Tournay there is a famous old belfry. It dates from the twelfth century, and is said to be built on a Roman base. It now possesses forty bells. It commands the town and the country round, and from its summit is obtained a near view of the largest and finest cathedral in Belgium, with its five magnificent towers. Four brothers guard the summit of the belfry at Tournay, and relieve each other day and night at intervals of ten hours. All through the night a light is seen burning in the topmost gallery, and when a fire breaks out the tocsin, or big bell, is tolled up aloft by the watchman. He is never allowed to sleep—indeed, as he informed us, showing us his scanty accommodation, it would be difficult to sleep up there. On stormy nights a whirlwind seems to select that watchman and his tower for its most violent attacks; the darkness is often so great that nothing of the town below can be seen. The tower rocks to and fro, and startled birds dash themselves upon the shaking light, like sea birds upon a lighthouse lanthorn. Such seasons are not without real danger—more than once the lightning has melted and twisted the iron hasps about the tower, and within the memory of man the masonry itself has been struck. During the long peals of thunder that come rolling with the black rain clouds over the level plains of Belgium the belfry begins to vibrate like a huge musical instrument, as it is; the bells peal out, and seem to claim affinity with the deep bass of the thunder, whilst the shrill wind shrieks a demoniac treble to the wild and stormy music. All through the still summer night the belfry lamp burns like a star. It is the only point of yellow light that can be seen up so high, and when the moon is bright it looks almost red in the silvery atmosphere. Then it is that the music of the bells floats farthest over the plains and the postilion hears the sound as he hurries along the high road from Brussels or Lille, and, smacking his whip loudly, he shouts to his weary steed as he

sees the light of the old tower of Tournay come in sight.

Bells are heard best when they are rung upon a slope or in a valley. The traveller may well wonder at the distinctness with which he can hear the monastery bells on the Lake of Lugano or the church bells over some of the long reaches of the Rhine. Next to valleys, plains carry the sound farthest. Fortunately, many of the finest bell-towers in existence are so situated. It is well known how freely the sound of the bells travels over Salisburg Plain. The same music steals far and wide over the Lombard Plains from Milan Cathedral; over the Campagna from St. Peter's at Rome; over the flats at Alsatia to the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest from the Strasbourg spire; and lastly, over the plain of Belgium from the towers of Tournay, Ghent, Brussels, Louvain, and Antwerp. The belfry at Bruges lies in a hollow, and can only be seen and heard along the line of its own valley. To take one's stand at the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral at the ringing of the sunset bell, just at the close of some effulgent summer's day, is to witness one of the finest sights in the world. The moment is one of brief but ineffable splendor, when, between the mountains and the plain, just as the sun is setting, the mists rise suddenly in strange sweeps and spirals, and are smitten through with the golden fire which, melting down through a thousand tints, passes, with the rapidity of a dream, into the cold purples of the night. Pass for a moment, in imagination, from such a scene to the summit of Antwerp Cathedral at sunrise. Delicately tall, and not dissimilar in character, the Antwerp spire exceeds in height its sister at Strasbourg, which is commonly supposed to be the highest in the world. The Antwerp spire is 403 feet high from the foot of the tower. The Strasbourg measures 468 feet from the level of the sea: but less than 403 feet from the level

of the plain. By the clear morning light, the panorama from the steeple at Notre Dame at Antwerp can hardly be surpassed. One hundred and twenty-six steeples may be counted, far and near. Facing northward, the Scheldt winds away until it loses itself in a white line, which is none other than the North Sea. By the aid of a telescope ships can be distinguished out on the horizon, and the captains declare they can see the lofty spire at one hundred and fifty miles distant. Middleburg at seventy-five, and Flessing at sixty-five miles, are also visible from the steeple. Looking towards Holland, we can distinguish Breda and Walladuc, each about fifty-four miles off. Turning southward, we cannot help being struck by the fact that almost all the Belgian towers are within sight of each other. The two lordly and massive towers of St. Gudule's Church at Brussels, the noble fragment of Mechlin, that has stood for centuries awaiting its companion, besides many others, with carillons of less importance can be seen from Antwerp. So these mighty spires, gray and changeless in the air, seem to hold converse together over the heads of puny mortals, and their language is rolled from tower to tower by the music of the bells, "*Non sunt loquellae neque sermones audiantur voces eorum.*" ("There is neither speech no language, but their voices are heard among them.") Such is the inscription we copied from one bell in the tower at Anvers, signed "F. Hemony, Amstelodamia (Amsterdam), 1658."

—*Eclectic Magazine*, Vol. 11-12, p. 493. 1870.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BELL FOUNDER

THERE had been a heavy fall of snow in the good city of Nuremburg. It lay in solid masses on the red pent roofs of the houses, and was spread like a soft carpet over the narrow streets. The wintry sky afforded a murky background against which the light, curling smoke from the chimneys stood out in startling distinctness.

The streets were empty. True, it was still early in the morning, but people were in the habit of rising long before daylight a couple of hundred years ago. So it was not their beds, but the weather, that kept people at home. Those who had no special errand to carry them abroad remained at home and kept close to the fire within doors.

Some one appeared at last. He turned the corner near the church and proceeded with steady steps down a side street. That he was cold was very apparent, for he had drawn his hat well down over his ears, and the fur collar of his cloak was pulled up so high that little more of his face could be seen than the sharp nose and pointed beard. While unhesitatingly betraying his repugnance to the cold, he at the same time, manifested a strenuous endeavor to preserve his dignity of bearing, even though there was no one present to observe and be impressed by it.

He was no other than the most worshipful Wolfgang Strobel, the presiding officer of the city council, or, as he was usually called, the burgomaster. He was on his way to the shop of Veit Aldorfer, the bell-founder, in order to be present, by virtue of his office, at the casting

of the great bell ordered by the congregation of St. Lorenz for its church. A commission of great trust had been confided in him, which made his presence at the ceremony more than ordinarily imperative. His friend and former colleague, rich Wenzel Guldenmund, had recently died, and had appointed the burgomaster executor of his last will and testament. Among the testamentary provisions was one ordering a not inconsiderable sum in silver coin, which had been carefully put aside in a purse by itself, to be used to enrich the metal of which the new bell was to be made. According to a popular superstition of the day, the admixture of silver with the baser metals improved the tone of a bell, and therefore it was esteemed an act well pleasing in the eyes of God to apply one's means to such a purpose. Wolfgang Strobel was personally to cast the purse of the deceased into the molten mass.

The tower clock struck the quarter past seven, and its booming strokes roused a pair of crows perched on a gable end who clumsily flapped their wings, and, screaming angrily, flew over the roofs.

Wolfgang Strobel raised his eyes just sufficiently to see the snow loosened by the dark forms come showering down from the gable. Otherwise, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but proceeded in the even tenor of his way, paying not the slightest heed to the curious eyes, that followed his stately form, behind frost-ornamented window-panes.

Early as it was he had already had his share of annoyance that morning. His keen, fatherly eye had long since discovered that Anna, his only child, looked kindly on Hans Aldorfer, the bell-founder's son, who neglected no opportunity to devour her with his eyes, but that matters had gone so far as he had now learned he had had no suspicion. To think of that great lubber having the audacity to present his Anna with the medal

of St. George and the dragon, which she had actually dared to wear on a cord about her neck.

It was not even gold. It was simply pinchbeck. Probably the fellow could not afford more. But that Anna—Ah, it was well one had eyes in one's head. Wolfgang Strobel had not been slow in detecting the cord about Anna's neck that morning, with what was secured to it. Nor was it necessary to inquire who gave her the medal, for she had turned as red as a peony when her father drew it forth from her bosom, and had darted from the room.

His daughter and Veit Aldorfer's son, forsooth.

It was not merely because of difference of station that a union between the young people seemed an offence. There were other reasons. In the first place, an ancient feud had separated the families; and in the second place, there were rumors afloat reflecting on Veit Aldorfer's honor. The man might not be utterly devoid of integrity, but he certainly bore a tarnished name.

But there stood Hans Aldorfer, bowing and scraping, at his father's door. Without deigning to bestow on him so much as a glance, Wolfgang Strobel crossed the portal in solemn state, and passing at once out to the courtyard made his obeisance to the company there assembled.

Everything wore a festal air. The guests were in holiday attire, and the bell-founder and his apprentices wore spick and span new leathern aprons over their black suits. The work long in preparation was now to be completed, and that there had been much to do, every one was now aware.

In the court, beneath the pent-roofed shed, there had been dug a deep hole—the moulding-pit—and in the centre was built a prop or core, corresponding in size with the bell's cavity. When this had been dried with

air and with fire, the mould was added, a layer of ashes and loam proportioned to the body of the bell. Some time was required for the preparation of this, for on the mould had to be fashioned in wax all the Latin scriptural texts that were to adorn the exterior surface of the bell, as well as the names of the parish officials that had ordered it, together with the name of the pious testator, Wenzel Guldenmund. Not until all this had been accomplished could the outer massive loam cast, "the mantle," be prepared. When this, in its turn, had been dried by fire, it was hoisted out of the moulding-pit by means of pulleys, and the preliminary cast removed, the "mantle" was then cautiously lowered into the pit again, so that it held precisely the same position as before over the "core," and between it and the sides of the pit was an empty space previously occupied by the preliminary cast, now to be filled with the metal.

All night long the great smelting furnace had been fired. Not one wink of sleep had the apprentices had. Now all was in readiness, and the completion of the work only awaited the coming of Wolfgang Strobel.

The bell-founder—a dark, taciturn man, who never looked any one straight in the face, and with whom the speech of men dealt so unsparingly—gave a coldly-courteous greeting to the worshipful burgomaster, who, on his part, did not so much as raise his eyes, as he condescendingly bowed his response to the curt welcome, and inquired where he should place Wenzel Guldenmund's pious gift.

Veit Aldorfer pointed to a narrow, brick-walled pipe, leading on the incline to the smelting-oven. There were several of these pipes, inasmuch as an admixture of tin was gradually added to the copper from several sides of the oven at once. The pipe indicated by the bell-founder, being the conduit for noble metal, was adorned with a wreath of moss, and in front of it was

erected a stand on which the burgomaster was to mount when fulfilling his pious mission. Drawing forth from beneath his cloak a good-sized purse bearing a large seal, and supported by Aldorfer's hand, Wolfgang Strobel stepped up on the stand.

All eyes were fixed on the great man, as he stood there, the observed of all observers, illumined by the red gold flame of the fiery furnace.

"In the name of the blessed Trinity!" said he, as he broke the seal and let the contents of the purse vanish in the sooty pipe.

Master Aldorfer helped him down from the stand, and as he moved away from the glow of the flames it was apparent to all present how deathly pale the burgomaster was.

"Are you ill?" asked one of the guests, but the reply was that he was merely affected by the sudden change from cold to heat.

It was now Veit Aldorfer's turn to play the prominent role. Grasping an iron bar, he took his stand in front of the oven.

"In the name of the blessed Trinity!" said he, too, but his voice was faint.

As he spoke he touched the gate-pin within the oven. Out poured the molten mass, hissing and seething through the runner down into the mould.

Everyone started back a step, not merely because struck by the heat of the flames, but because startled at the unwonted sight that met their eyes.

In one glittering, homogeneous mass the fusion flowed. It was as though some imprisoned demoniac force had with a supreme effort, burst its bounds, and would now employ its freedom to lay waste all around it, before it took its final departure.

Over the white glow of the heat there hovered a strange yellowish-green, shining smoke. No great feat

of imagination was required to fancy the presence of a witches' cauldron, with its diabolical brew boiling over its sides.

The restless rumbling and moaning of the seething mass seemed to betoken an undefined fear of its fate, but the "mantle" encasing it was so firmly clasped by the iron band that held it bound, nothing could escape beyond the occasional bubble through the perforations above.

When the casting was over and the assembled guests had scattered, nothing remained for the bell-founder and his lads to do beyond patiently awaiting the cooling of the bell. Under no circumstances could this be completed before the following day; so it was manifestly not to see if the casting had been a success that Veit Aldorfer, at night, when his entire household slept soundly after the exertions of the past days, stole cautiously out into the courtyard, horn lantern in hand. Nor were his steps directed toward the moulding-pit; they led him straight to the smelting oven.

There he placed his lantern on the stand where Wolfgang Strobel had stood that morning, and struck a few firm blows with a hammer against the bottom of the pipe, whose opening was still adorned with the moss wreath. Removing the stone thus loosened, he stretched his hand into the pipe, and after fumbling about for awhile, grasped something that jingled. This he put in a bag he carried, and taking up his lantern again, he entered the house as noiselessly as he had left it. What Veit Aldorfer had done was not something he himself had had the honor to originate. According to an ancient tradition many a bell-founder appropriated to his own use the silver pious souls dedicated to the casting of the church bells, by means of closing the end of the pipe leading to the oven. The validity of this tradition is strengthened by the fact

that the most careful analysis of ancient bell-metal has failed to reveal the slightest trace of silver.

Nor was this the first time Veit Aldorfer had taken unlawful advantage of the opportunities of his office. That people lacked faith in his integrity was not because of any suspicion of this fact. It was owing to an instinctive feeling that he kept for himself a considerable portion of the old metal brought him for recasting.

When Aldorfer reached his own little chamber, which others rarely had permission to enter, he cautiously fastened the door, and, seating himself at the table, poured out the contents of his bag. But scarcely had he cast a glance at the jingling coins, than he sprang to his feet, bringing down his clenched fist on the table with an outburst of bitterness.

"The ungodly wretch!" he groaned. "Alas, poor man that I am! Fleeced and deceived am I on every side, and now by him who plumes himself on his honor and his good name! Oh! the scoundrel! The son of Belial!"

The rage of the bell-founder is readily explained by the statement that the purse proved to contain no more silver than the bell, but was filled with copper coins and worthless bits of metal. With trembling hands he felt them, unwilling to accept the testimony of his own eyes until he was finally convinced that not so much as a scrap of silver had strayed in among the copper.

Veit Aldorfer did not seek his bed that night. He now paced the floor muttering savage imprecations, now sat at his table, his head resting on his hands, and brooded on plans of revenge.

It was not so much that he had been deprived of a looked-for gain—that he could have borne, although any material loss is a cause of distress to an avaricious soul; but to be outwitted in the execution of a crime

by another as crafty as oneself is much harder to endure for an honest man to be gulled by a rogue.

Back and forth flew the thoughts of the bell-founder. One possibility after another was weighed and in turn rejected. Could it be that his old enemy, the burgo-master, had laid a trap for him? Could that worthy have a suspicion that the silver would not find its way into the bell-metal? And did he purpose to testify to this effect on the morrow? How absurd! What could he prove?

No! It was simply a deception—a base deception! Wolfgang Strobel had himself taken possession of the shining coins Wenzel Guldenmund had designed for the bell, and in their place laid the worthless copper. Shame on him, the black-souled villain!

Still, there was a possibility, a confounded possibility, which Veit Aldorfer could not quite dismiss from his mind, that the purse had from the first contained nothing more than the worthless trash now lying on the table before him. True, the seal was unbroken when Wolfgang Strobel produced it. Could Wenzel Guldenmund, by some incomprehensible mistake, have filled it with copper? Or could he—it was scarcely likely, yet was at least worth considering—could he have acted out of malice to him, Veit Aldorfer? Had old Wenzel an inkling that there was considerably more shrinkage than necessary in the metal confided by him to the bell-founder, when he ordered a large plate for his wife's tomb, and was this his way of wreaking vengeance?

Impossible! It would pre-suppose a knowledge that was inconceivable! Wolfgang Strobel must have been the deceiver.

Alas! there seemed to be no way of gaining absolute certainty whether the living or the dead merited Veit Aldorfer's curses.

When the cast was removed and the still soundless

bell raised from the pit, the work of polishing began. This took some time, but always caused a certain satisfaction, for now the success of the work was assured, and only last finishing touches were required.

It gave no pleasure, however, to Veit Aldorfer. On the contrary, he grew, day by day, more reserved and taciturn. He became completely distraught when one noon he was summoned to the council-house to receive payment for the bell, and was obliged to accept the sum from Wolfgang Strobel, who bore himself like a prince among the other burgesses.

There he sat, the law-breaker, honored, and respected, and the only living soul who surmised his misdeeds was constrained to silence. He whose word might have brought the proud man under the strong arm of the law was now compelled to receipt with thanks for the amount the burgomaster scornfully pushed toward him, and content himself with flashing a look of questioning defiance into the haughty face. Wolfgang Strobel did not so much as cast down his eyes. Could it be possible that he was innocent? Ah, the doubt—the hideous doubt! Even if the mystery were solved, no use could be made of the knowledge. It was enough to drive one distracted.

There was another in the bell-founder's house who was tormented with secret grief. That was Veit Aldorfer's son Hans. Not so much as a glimpse had he had of Anna Strobel, since the memorable day, shortly before the casting, when he had given her the little medal, which she had at once strung on a cord and fastened about her neck. She was no longer to be seen at her window. She did not appear at church. Their paths did not cross any more. Her father must be keeping her under strict surveillance.

To apply openly to the proud, wealthy patrician for his daughter's hand was out of the question. Nothing remained to poor Hans but to suffer in silence. There

was, indeed, no one to whom he could open his heart. Brother or sister he never had, and his sweet, pious mother, whom he had so fondly loved, had died when he was yet a child. His relations with his father were by no means confidential. The bell-founder had brought up his only son with the utmost strictness, and had made of him a skillful mechanic. Terms of intimacy did not exist between them.

In every human breast, however depraved, there is implanted some genuine feeling. To Veit Aldorfer's praise be it said, that he was continually on his guard not to give his son cause of offense. He was unwilling to be abashed before his child. Naturally Hans had not been initiated into the ingenious contrivance to save the silver as a brand from the burning, and knew nothing of his father's present cause of disturbance.

One evening as Veit Aldorfer sat alone in his chamber, nourishing his wrath by the contemplation of the worthless metal with which Wenzel Guldenmund's will had endowed him, his son entered the room, unobserved by him until the young man stood directly beside his chair.

In the utmost haste the bell-founder gathered together the bits of copper, concealing them as well as he could with his hands. Nevertheless Hans managed to see *something*. That something was the little pinch-beck medal with a hole through it.

Springing forward as though it were the most precious object in the world, Hans seized it, and, holding it up, viewed it aghast.

"Where did you get that, father?" he stammered.

"How dare you steal in behind me?" shouted Aldorfer. "Go away, but first give me the coin."

"Oh, father, be merciful, and tell me how you came by it!"

"Give it to me this moment."

Unwillingly, Hans returned the medal.

"But only tell me where——"

"That is none of your business! But why are you so excited? What do you know about the medal?"

Hans cast his eyes down and was silent. Instinctively the bell-founder felt himself on the road to discovery.

"Answer me at once, my son!" he insisted.

Blushing and confused as a young maiden at confession, Hans now told of the love he had long cherished for Anna Strobel, who, as plainly as became a decorous maiden, had given him to understand that she reciprocated his affection. They had frequently met, and at their last meeting he had given her this medal as a token of true love. She had promised to wear it about her neck.

"Well, and then?" asked Veit Aldorfer.

Hans had no further information to give, but he would like to ask his father——

"Not another question! You know I will say no more than I choose."

That Hans knew but too well. He sighed, and was silent.

The bell-founder sat gazing before him with sparkling, triumphant eyes. All at once doubt under a new form assailed him.

"How can you be sure this is the same medal you were foolish enough to give Anna Strobel?" said he, in an unsteady tone. "There are hundreds of the same kind."

"Why," said Hans, more than ever embarrassed, "I cut the initials A. S. under the figure of St. George, and that A. S. I saw as the medal lay on the table."

Veit Aldorfer examined the medal in feverish haste.

"Yes, you are right! Now you may go," said he, and Hans turned reluctantly away.

What a free breath the bell-founder could now draw! he had found the certainty he sought. The worshipful burgomaster and no other was guilty of a deed that could hurl him from the pinnacle of power. It was not merely thirst for revenge, nor was it gloating over a new cause for the old-time hatred, that made his heart leap within him for joy. Added to all was the delight of the plebeian nature in seeing the nimbus of greatness vanish from one of the city's dignitaries, and the keen satisfaction of the wrong-doer in knowing the representative of honor brought down to his own level.

How his son's betrothal gift had come into Wenzel Guldenmund's purse, Veit Aldorfer knew not, but of one thing he was sure. The purse must have been opened by Wolfgang Strobel, its contents changed, and a false seal put in the place of the original one. So completely was he overcome by his triumph at having at last reached the long-sought goal of certainty, he completely overlooked the fact that he could not advance one step further without betraying himself.

As soon as the first transport of joy was over, the consciousness of his own powerlessness announced itself with inexorable force, and Veit Aldorfer was once more a defeated man. He was like a beast of prey who sees plainly that he can plunge his opponent into the abyss below, but is equally aware that with the effort he himself will be dashed over the brink of the precipice.

It not seldom happens that a criminal denounces a fellow-criminal out of blind thirst for revenge, willingly giving himself into the hands of justice if he can but strike a blow at the other. So, more than once during the days that followed, the bell-founder was tempted to take his worthless, ill-gotten gain to the council-house and tell before the burgesses all that had happened. That he did not do so was rather from a sudden inspiration, which showed him a new way of striking the burgomaster, than from fear.

Summoning Hans, in all speed, he asked:

"Are you firmly resolved to marry Anna Strobel?"

Hans, who was expecting a storm, was forced to gather together all his courage before he could reply:

"Yes, father, but I beg of you—"

"That is well. Now go and put on your Sunday suit, and then come at once to my chamber."

Hans knew not which way to turn, but did as he was bid.

"Go now to the burgomaster," said Veit Aldorfer, "and tell him that with my full knowledge and consent you ask for his daughter in marriage."

Hans was about to offer some objection, but his father continued:

"Should he then, as is not unlikely, show you the door, you may produce this"—here he handed Hans the medal—"and say that Wenzel Guldenmund returns this to him, with copious greetings, and asks if he will not on its account grant his consent. You may add, that if this does not speak in your favor then Veit Aldorfer will speak."

"But will you not go with me yourself, father, and at once plead my cause?" begged Hans. "I cannot understand—"

"Do exactly as I have told you. Only make haste."

With beating heart Hans presented himself before the burgomaster, and stammered out his petition, he himself knew not how. Wolfgang Strobel scarcely permitted him to get the words out of his mouth before he rejected his suit and ordered him out of the house.

Hans would have preferred to fly from the rest, but he dared not show his face at home without having fulfilled his father's commands. So, in fear and trembling, he produced the little medal and repeated the enigmatical message.

It must have had some mysterious power, for the

haughty patrician grew as white as a sheet, and leaned against the wall for support. Had Wenzel Guldenmund come out of his grave to call Wolfgang Strobel to account for his stewardship, the stricken man could not have been more terrified than he was at the sight of the glittering little object he had that morning taken from his daughter's neck, and to get rid of it placed with the other worthless trash in the purse Satan had tempted him to defile. The accursed medal he had believed buried in the great bell he now saw safe and sound before his eyes. It was truly a miracle.

And yet Wolfgang Strobel could not believe that a miracle had been wrought in broad daylight in the good city of Nuremburg. After a moment's reflection it became clear to his mind how the miracle could be explained, and turning calmly to Hans he said:

"Not one word of this madman's message do I understand. What does it all mean?"

"I do not know myself, most worshipful sir," replied Hans, and with so innocent an air the burgomaster was at once convinced that he spoke the truth.

"That is fortunate for you," said he. "Go your way, and never cross my threshold again. You may return your father's greetings, and tell him that when speech will lead a man to the gallows, he is apt to be silent. Now go."

In despair Hans reached home and reported the result of his mission. All that his father commanded him to say and the entire scene at the burgomaster's was like a confused dream to him, of which he understood not one word.

"But will you not go and speak for me now, father?" he cried, at last. "You promised to do so if the other failed."

The bell-founder grew deadly pale, and, without replying, went to his chamber. He might well have fore-

seen what had occurred, and yet he had vainly hoped for the impossible.

The bell had for some time been ready for use. Shortly before Easter it was carried to St. Lorenz, and swung in its place. The clapper had been added, but was carefully wound about with strips of cloth, for, until Easter, the bell was not to be heard.

Easter morning came at last, with hazy atmosphere, golden sunshine and cold shadows. The whole town was early astir. Soon chimes were heard from many towers and every one in the vicinity of St. Lorenz listened eagerly for the new bell.

Ah! *that* was it. Strong, deep tones resounded from the belfry. How clear and pure was the ring of the new bell! It was evident that Wenzel Guldenmund had not spared his silver.

But the rejoicing was short-lived. Suddenly it seemed as though the bell was growing hoarse; its clear voice became veiled and only a sound like that of an old cracked kettle floated down from the tower. The sexton who was pulling the rope was overcome with horror and ceased ringing. In the other churches the bells had rung for some time, and this had to suffice for the congregation of St. Lorenz as well.

That there was much talk after service, among the church goers, about the new bell that had suddenly become silent, was but natural. On all sides there were whisperings about Veit Aldorfer, who had never been popular, and who, lately, had aroused stronger prejudice than ever among the people by his strange actions. Unquestionably he had sold the bell's tone and his own soul to Satan, and was now waiting for the evil one to claim his due.

Veit Aldorfer had been on his way to church when the bell became mute. As its voice ceased with so hideous a jangle he had paused, listened a moment,

and then, looking more like a ghost than a living man, had moved swiftly homeward. No sooner had he reached his own house than he hastened to his chamber, locked himself in, and refused all offers of food or friendly aid. Hans and the old maidservant tried repeatedly to gain admission, but in vain.

Night came on apace—a cold, dark night, and people were already beginning to think of going to bed when suddenly everyone was startled by a faint muffled ringing from the belfry of St. Lorenz. It was the cracked bell that was in motion; there could be no mistake about it; but after a few uncanny strokes the sound grew weaker and weaker, and finally died away altogether. Had fire broken out, or some rash hand dared to pull the rope?

People hastened to the tower. The door stood open, and, provided with a lantern, some men ventured up the steps leading to the belfry. They nearly lost their footing at the sight which presented itself to them, for what they saw was the bell-founder hanging from the rope. A double noose was fastened about his neck, and the tolling that had been heard was caused when he sprang from the belfry into eternity. His wide open eyes had a horror-stricken look, but he was stone-dead.

Veit Aldorfer was buried as a suicide in a remote corner of the churchyard, without any of the offices of the church. His apprentices were the pallbearers, and the weeping Hans walked behind the coffin. Wolfgang Strobel, the most worshipful burgomaster, was one of the followers, and seemed deeply affected, no one could understand why, least of all the sorrowing son.

Ever since his father's death the young man had lived in a cloud of mystery, which, much as he was shaken by what had occurred, continually filled his mind.

In Veit Aldorfer's chamber had been found a package with the inscription, "to be opened after my death,"

and when Hans broke the seal he found within a document for himself and another heavy sealed letter without address. In the letter to Hans was the singular direction to give the sealed letter, on the day of his marriage with Anna, to Wolfgang Strobel, unless the latter should refuse his consent to the union, and in that event it was to be delivered to the city council.

Still more remarkable was the fact that, a week after the burial of Veit Aldorfer, the burgomaster sought Hans to assure him that, it now being evident Anna could not be happy without him, all objections to his suit were withdrawn. Rumors to this effect spread like wildfire through the town, and gave people much to talk and think about.

It was reported that the evening the bell-founder had hung himself, Wolfgang Strobel had received a letter from him, and the burgomaster, being a god-fearing man, had felt unwilling to deny a dying man's last request, especially as Aldorfer and he had a long standing account to settle.

On St. John's day the wedding of Hans and Anna took place. St. Lorenz church was gaily decorated for the occasion, and the pews were filled with matrons and maids eager to behold the burgomaster's daughter standing before the altar as a bride. The organ pealed forth its most joyous strains, Veit Aldorfer's bell rang out for the ceremony with as pure, clear tones as it had given when first it was heard.

To Hans was due the credit of having restored its voice. After close investigation he had discovered that the bell had sprung a slight crack, and by cutting out a slender strip of metal so that the jagged edges no longer touched, he succeeded in giving back to his father's last work, its intended perfection of tone.

Unluckily, in accomplishing this, he sawed out a letter of the noble testator's name. It could not be

helped, and it really mattered very little, for even to the present day it can be plainly deciphered on the bell that it owes its pure silvery ring to Wenzel Guldenmund.

—*Littell's Living Age*, p. 506. 1900.



TOWN-CRIER'S BELL, FROM BEDFORD, MASS.

Large-sized bell with modern wooden handle, and very penetrating tone. Inscribed as follows: "This bell was rung on the morning of the 19th day of April, 1775, to arouse the people and the farmers and tell them that Paul Revere had brought news that the British Army was coming to destroy stores of ammunition at Concord, Mass., and to attack them at Lexington, and there they met the foe. Here commenced the Revolutionary War in the early morning hours." One of the most interesting bells in the collection, for historic and patriotic reasons. From Mrs. Jerit W. Hopkins. Frank A. Miller, Mission Inn collection, Riverside, California.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1860)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charleston shore.
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet.
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the old North Church,
 By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their perch
 On the sombre rafters, that round him made
 Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
 By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look down
 A moment on the roofs of the town,
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
 In their night-encampment on the hill,
 Wrapped in silence so deep and still
 That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
 The watchful night-wind as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
 A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place, and the hour, and the secret dread
 Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
 On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
 A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
 Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
 On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
 Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
 Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
 But mostly he watched with eager search
 The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
 As it rose above the graves on the hill,

Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
 When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—*American Poetry and Prose, Atlantic Monthly*, p. 495.

CHAPTER XII

AMERICAN BELLS

BELLS of metal were in use in certain regions of America long before the Columbian discovery. They were natural developments from, or modifications of, previously existing rattles, and like implements of clay, shell, gourds, and other materials. According to W. H. Holmes (Bull. 3 BE 22-24), metal bells were in common use in Middle America in pre-Columbian times, but they are rarely found north of the Rio Grande, either in possession of the tribes or on ancient sites; but bells were certainly known to the Pueblos and possibly to the mound-builders before the arrival of the Whites. The copper bells occasionally found in the south-eastern part of the United States may, some of them at least, have been introduced by way of trade (like certain varieties of tobacco-pipe and tomahawk) with the Indian tribes, since specimens of undoubtedly European origin have been discovered in mounds and other burial-places that are distinctly post-Columbian. Others of the metal bells from this region may, however, have been brought to the north by way of Florida, etc., from Central America and Mexico as incidents of inter-tribal commerce or the like. Metal bells are also known in large numbers from the remains of the civilizations of the Pacific Coast of South America and from the area of so-called "Calchaqui culture" in the Catamarcan country of Argentina, etc. Bells of other materials, such as clay, are, of course more widely distributed among aboriginal peoples of a type less civilized than the Aztecs, Mayas, Peruvians, and others very close to them in matters of art and religion. Many

wooden bells have also been found, e.g., in the Atacaman region of Pacific South America (Boman Antiq.).

Some investigators were formerly of the opinion that the bells found in the New World were all imitations of European models, and that no such thing as a genuine pre-Columbian bell of aboriginal manufacture existed. But for the Pueblo region, as well as for Mexico, Central and South America, the existence of bells of Indian make long prior to the coming of the Whites has been demonstrated. The variety in the forms of the bells of primitive America, their presence as ornaments on statues, figures of the gods (Mayan MSS and monuments; Aztec deities, etc.), their utilization as decorative motifs (e.g. eyes in the golden figures of reptiles from ancient Chiriqui), the situations and circumstances of their discovery in ruins of great age in different parts of the continent—all these facts make the theory of European origins impossible, and it has now been abandoned by the best authorities. The existence of bells of wood, clay, copper, and gold testifies to the evolution of a bell in primitive America from the rattle. According to Holmes, the genealogy of the bell is first a nut-shell or gourd, then a clay model, and finally, metal forms cast upon models, like those of the ancient Chiriquians. Doubtless some of the less civilized tribes imitated in clay or wood the metal bells of their neighbours of higher culture, which sometimes came to them in the way of trade, or in some other incidental fashion. The more or less civilized peoples, upon whom the Europeans intruded, may have also, at times, imitated bells of Old World origin. There seems no doubt, however, that bells, used for several different purposes, were in existence in pre-historic times in various regions of North, Central, and South America.

Both metal and clay bells seem pre-Columbian in several parts of the ancient Pueblo region of New Mexico and Arizona. The small copper hawk-bells

obtained from ruins in southern Arizona are said by Fewkes to be "identical in form and make with those used by the ancient Nahuatl (Aztec) people" (16 RBEW, pt. 2, p. 629). A clay bell found in the oldest part of the old pueblo of Awatobi, and in all probability pre-historic, is regarded by Fewkes as "made in exact imitation of one of the copper bells that have been reported from several southern ruins." In this case the Pueblo bell would be modelled upon the copper bell, and not vice versa. In Awatobi was also discovered a fragment of a copper bell of Spanish origin, such objects coming into the Pueblo country with the Catholic priests and their churches. In the Tusayan ruins immediately about the inhabited towns, Fewkes found no copper bells of such great age that they could be called pre-historic. A fragment of one of the old Spanish or Mexican church-bells "was used for many years as a paint-grinder by a Walpi Indian priest." Hough found that bells of clay, like those from Awatobi described by Fewkes were somewhat numerous in the great ruin of Kawaiokuh. They are undoubtedly pre-historic, and earlier than the bells, similar in form, used in trade. In ancient Mexico, bells (Tzilinilli) of copper were in general use before the Spanish conquest, and from the Aztecs the knowledge of them passed northward to some of the less cultured peoples of the southern United States. The characteristic Mexican bell has rather marked and peculiar differences of form and structure which indicate its aboriginal origin. The ancient Aztecs had also large numbers of little golden bells, employed chiefly for ornament, and for use in dances and other ceremonial observances, sacrifices, etc. Metal bells were known also to the semi-civilized races of Central America, the copper bells of the ancient Chiriquians of the Panama region being especially noteworthy. Spinden states that copper bells, "similar to the common sleigh-bell," were well-known in the Maya

country; a few gold bells have also been found there. Some of them, after having been cast, were "plated" or "washed" with gold. One of these Chiriquian bells is very interesting as having upon it the features of a human face. Others are surmounted by rude figures of animals, through the bodies of which, or under them, are apertures for cords, etc. Some have holes for such purposes on top. Most remarkable, and suggestive of the intimate relationship between the bell and the rattle, is a triple bell or rattle of gold found on the Rio Grande near Panama. This instrument consists of "three very neatly shaped and gracefully ornamented bells mounted on a circular plate, to which a short handle is attached." On the handle is the figure of a bird. In the case of the bell with the human features, "double coils of wire take the place of the ears, and the other features are formed by setting on bits of the material used in modelling." Many bells more elaborate in character than this are reported from Chiriqui. The Pacific Coast area of South America, with its different "civilizations," has furnished many examples of the bell. Capitan has recently described some bronze and copper tintinnabula with movable rings and hollow spaces to contain pebbles, bits of metal, etc., from ancient Peru. One is of an entirely new type. Some recall certain Buddhistic tintinnabula, and likewise those of the lake-dwellings of the Bronze Age.

The bronze and copper bells of the Calchaqui region, especially those from the province of Salta in Argentina, have a characteristic form, slightly resembling, according to Ambrosetti, certain ancient Chinese bells. The mouth is a sort of compressed ellipse, the sides flat, falling in as they reach the narrow top. No bells of this shape seem to have been discovered in the ancient Peruvian sites. These Calchaquian bells are perforated, for suspension, at the top, and they are ornamented with figures whose nature is much the same as those occurring

on certain bronze discs from the same region. One bell from Curtiembre has on each face the outlines of five human countenances; others have three, two, one, in like manner. Other ornamentations are triangles, vertical lines, zigzags, animal figures, etc. Besides these, another sort of bell from the Calchaqui region is described by Ambrosetti, which is also prior to the Spanish conquest. The form is that which would be produced by making four holes in a very thin lamina of metal, so as to shape it somewhat after the fashion of certain hats or fancy dishes. There are some more modern bells of this type which have been modified through Spanish influence (in the clapper, the tang, etc.). But the general form of the ancient bell has been preserved. These bells, Ambrosetti thinks, were used by the Indians to attach to the domestic llamas, or to suspend from their clothes or belts in dances and festivals, as the Indians of the Gran Chaco still do with fruit-shells, the ancestors of the bell. In the pre-historic necropolis of Calama (Chilian province of Antofagasta), in the area of Atacaman culture, Count G. de Crequi-Montfort discovered in 1904 a wooden bell similar in form to the Calchaquian copper bells of the first sort described above.

The uses to which bells were put in aboriginal America were various. Concerning the Pueblo Indians, Fewkes informs us: "Copper bells are said to be used in the secret ceremonials of the modern Tusayan villages, and in certain of the ceremonial foot races metal bells of great age and antique pattern are sometimes tied about the waists of the runners." Many of the small clay bells from the Pueblo region and elsewhere were also used as pendant ornaments of some sort, as were doubtless also some of the smaller metal bells from various parts of the continent. The nature of

many of these, which are provided with holes or with perforated tangs, indicates their suspension to a cord or some similar object, and their attachment to articles of dress or ornament. One of the clay bells from the Pueblo ruins still contained its pellet of clay, and "on being shaken, produced an agreeable tinkling sound;" it was evidently used as a bell to produce musical sounds—a purpose likewise served by many other bells of metal and clay in ancient America. Here the bell lies close to the rattle. On ancient sites in New Mexico and Arizona, besides clay bells of this sort, copper bells with stone tinklers have been discovered. In various parts of Mexico and Central America little bells of gold were employed as ornaments, as the devices for suspension and attachment prove. In ancient Mexico such bells were attached to the ankles of important warriors and other prominent participants in ceremonial dances. They were also attached to the feet and wrists of victims of sacrifice, those who represented deities, etc. The gods Tezcatlipoca, Tlaloc, and Huitzilopochtli, in particular, were represented with little golden bells at their ankles (in the case of the first, to the number of twenty). According to Cogolludo, copper bells were to be found in the houses of the nobles among the Mayas. The Mayas also used bells as ornaments for their gods, etc., represented in the hieroglyphic writings. Brinton mentions the fact that Ah-Puch, the god of death, occasionally has bells attached to his ankles and clothing. One of the Mayan signs usually interpreted as "eye" may really represent sometimes the small bells used for ornament. Holmes found that "the eyes of the golden figures of reptiles (ancient Chiriqui) are in many cases minute hawk-bells." According to Ximenes de la Espada, some of the ancient Peruvian rattles and bells were used in religious cere-

monies "to call the devil" (Capitan). In some parts of Central America little bells are said to have been in use as a sort of currency.

Literature.—J. B. Ambrosetti, "El bronce en la region Calchaqui," *Anales del Mus. Nac., Buenos Aires*, xi (1904) 163-314, esp. 229-230, 257-264; H. H. Bancroft, *Native Races*, San Francisco, 1876, i. 705, 765, ii. 290, 319, 324-325, 706-737, 749-750, 787, iii. 238, 324, iv. 556; E. Boman, *Antiquites de la region andine de la republique argentine*, 2 vols. Paris, 1908; D. G. Brinton, *A Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics*, Boston, 1895, pp. 64, 83; Capitan, *Decades americaines*, 1st ser., Paris, 1907, pl. v. (Sonnailles peruvienes); J. W. Fewkes, "Archaeol. Exped. to Arizona in 1895," 17 RBEW, pt. 2 (1898) esp. 609, 628, 631; W. H. Holmes, "The Use of Gold and Other Metals among the Ancient Inhabitants of Chiriqui, Isthmus of Darien," Bull. 3 BE, 1887, ets. pp. 22-24; W. Hough, "Archaeol. Field-Work in N. E. Arizona," *Rep. U. S. Nat. Mus.* 1901, Washington, 1903, esp. p. 342; H. J. Spinden, "A Study of Maya Art," *Mem. Peab. Mus., Harv. Univ.*, 1913, vi. 1-285; R. Wallaschek, *Primitive Music*, London, 1893, est. pp. 47, 106-107; T. Wilson, "Prehistoric Art," *Rep. U. S. Nat. Mus.* 1896, esp. p. 594.

—ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

—*Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*,

edited by JAMES HASTINGS. Vol. 6, p. 316.

BELLS OF THE PUEBLOS

Metal bells were in common use in middle America in pre-Columbian times, but they are rarely found north of the Rio Grande, either in possession of the tribes or on ancient sites; but bells were certainly known to the Pueblos and possibly to the mound-builders before the arrival of the whites. The rattle made of shells of various kinds or modelled in clay passed naturally into the bell as soon as metal or other particularly resonant materials were available for their manufacture. Occasionally copper bells with stone tinklers are found on ancient sites in New Mexico and Arizona, where examples in baked clay are also found; these are usually quite small and are of the hawk-bell or sleigh-bell type, and doubtless served as pendant ornaments. Rare examples of copper bells have been collected in the southern states, but it is not certain that they were of local origin, since many specimens must have reached Florida from Mexico and Central America in early Columbian times; and it is well known that bells of copper or bronze were employed in trade with the tribes by the English colonists, numerous examples of which have been obtained from mounds and burial places.

Consult Fewkes (1) in 17th Rep. B. A. E., 1898, (2) in 22nd Rep. B. A. E., 1903; Hough in Rep. Nat. Mus. 1901, 1903; Moore in Jour. Acad. Nat. Sci. Phila., 1894-1905; Thomas in 12th Rep. B. A. E., 1894. See *Copper*. (W H. H.)

—*Bureau of American Ethnology*, Bulletin 30, Part 1, A-M, p. 141.

THE ANGELUS BELLS

By F. B. HARTE

(Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868)

Bells of the past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color and romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of their incantation
No blight or mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the further Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers;
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leather jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
 Recall the faith of old—
 O, tinkling bells, that lulled with twilight music
 The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness;
 Break, falter, and are still:
 And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
 The sun sinks from the hill!

—*Overland Monthly*, Vol. 1, p. 345.

CHAPTER XIII

THE POWER OF SOUNDS

IT is pleasant to-day among these great stones beside the waves, on the shore of the Northern Sea. Before me is a creamy mass of foam tossed from the sparkling waves, as again and again they roll majestically in to shore, rapidly succeeding each other, and riding one over another in glorious tumbling play, like sea-gods of old gambolling among the Isles of the Aegean. Heigho! that well nigh surrounded the great stone whereon I am sitting: the tide respects not Canute! So, that was a splendid burst of spray from a huge wave following a moment's lull, and reaching my jacket with its foam! But this has touched my boot. Let's move back a wee.

Far to my left hand is seen a great grey headland, shooting out into the ocean in bold defiance, as though reckless of storms; beyond this another, loftier than its fellows, rising into high projection, then plunging into the deep. On my right hand is a long line of cliff, broken into picturesque hollows, some grassy, others bare and brown; and above them a long terrace of houses fronting the sea. Further away, across the harbor at the river-mouth and high upon another cliff, stands the ruins of a gray old abbey, proud even in its decay: beneath are seen two serviceable light-houses at the pier end, each side of the harbor, holding friendly beacons to weather-stressed vessels on black nights of winter storms. Between these promontories on my left and right, is spread forward a mighty expanse of ocean, lifting itself to the horizon, and dotted

over with one, two, *thirteen* sails slowly making way in this calm atmosphere, which lies blue-ly reflected in the water, save near the shore where the surf has tinted the waves with brown. For some hundred yards or so out, the surface of the sea is covered with foam, white as snowflakes, where long lines of waves come rolling in with that grand, continuous monotone, booming as of old, ere men listened with longing to its ceaseless voice: a tone blended with a more treble-like murmur of vast wavelets at the actual boundary of sea and land, where pebbles are rolling in the surf as they did many thousand years ago. Closing my eyes, I lift up my face to listen: it is a most satisfying sound, soothing the mind into due appreciation of these grand passages of the sea.

Would that all readers of the Dublin University Magazine, city-confined as doubtless many are, might so enjoy to-day the tossing of the multitudinous waves; so listen to this sublime roar; so en-*hale* the salty freshness of the breeze. The power of the tone of the sea is great ever upon the mind; it hath the continuity of ancient days joined to the freshness of youth; a power of rest with a power of work; it tells of loyal submission even while evincing its greatest strength and seeming most unconquerable. As I lie on a huge flat stone, and gaze a long time across the sea, gradually the world retires into the rear with its noisy discords, its poor shows, its empty glories; while the solemnity of ocean constantly doing its work, and the might of abiding Truth, seem alone to remain. With the Roman writer, I might exclaim,

"Nihil est nisi pontus et aer."

Sometimes there is almost a lull, with a splash—splash, against the stones, from the ends of eddying wavelets just under me, followed by a plunge and a roar from side to side, as one great wave after another comes surging on and breaks grandly in a cataract of

foam, flung up among these great stones, seem like white hands thrown up in their play by some merry Naiads of the sea. The merry voices of children near, sound pleasantly now after the solitude, as I catch sight of them round a rock, with spade and naked feet prepared for fun on the sands. How rounded all the pebbles, that for untold centuries have rolled thus on the strand! some of these I hold in my hand may have been thus, only a trifle larger when Isaac went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, or have existed so ages before human eyes gazed with strange longings over the broad, mysterious, purple sea. To realize the fact, it comes home to us in power of surprise to think how these snowy waves came rolling on the strand, in like manner, ages on ages before we were sentient atoms, and shall thus speak forth the praise rendered by the voiceful sea when we shall have long since passed into silence. But all times of earthly rest come to an end: the stone I sat on a while ago is submerged by the sea: the tide creeps slowly on: let me go.

The foregoing was originally pencilled on the seashore while the writer realized the power of sound in one of its most forcible forms. While staying by that Northern Sea I one evening heard distant thunder sounding across the level expanse of water, and was struck with the contrast to thunder over land. This was more like the effect of distant artillery in round volume of sound, without the reverberation and echo usual with distant inland thunder: the steady roll over the sea in low bass tones had a grandeur of effect in harmony with the voice of the waves heard breaking on the coast below. We may live heedless and forgetful lives: but a severe thunderstorm has power to rouse into seriousness even the most thoughtless among us; so startling the instantaneous flash, so overpowering the burst of thunder. Most of us have listened with admiration to the sublime deep tone of far thunder,

dying into the sky during the calm which often follows the electrical breeze and sweeping rain of a storm; how the tones seem linked to eternity, in deep majestic utterance!

During some still evening of summer, as we pace our garden walks at home, with the quiet of the time soothing us after the bustle, or cares, or follies of the hot sunny day, how sweet to the ear are the sounds of gently waving branches of companion trees, clustering together for very friendship and answering the breath of free air with whispers of peace. The constant recurrent murmur of foliage on high tree-tops has a most pleasant tone, helping our meditations by furthering the growing stillness of our minds, as we rest in contemplative mood below. Of all such tree-tones, possibly none are so suggestive and influential as the passage of a breeze through pines on a lonely heath: a more subdued whisper theirs, more charged with themes for longing or for sadness, more faintly soul-addressing at times, and better fitted to induce a *waiting* attitude of mind.

As a contrast to that, what a power there is abroad in the air, when storms are up, and trees bend low before the rushing blast which tears off their branches and hurls the leaves far and wide! I have ever enjoyed being out in a great gale of wind, if without rain, to realize the power at work in the sky, and become, as it were, a part of the mighty wind; while owning the strength which urges the storm as it sweeps the face of the island. What a roar then within the great woods, tossing their arms as they writhe and groan in the upper air, while it is almost calm among the stems! One naturally thinks of our seamen at such a time, hoping for their safety, while acknowledging the great good effected by a strong gale of wind in changing thoroughly the atmosphere around, and clearing away the lurking miasmas of dirty parts of our great towns. The tone

of such a storm implies strength, as we consider what a vast volume of air is thus being urged forward at such a fearful speed.

I am writing on a summer's evening, after a day of great heat, and through the open window can hear a *seething* tone of continuous rain falling steadily on the grass-plot and the thousands of thirsty leaves, after weeks of dry weather. The tone is very pleasant to hear, and must gratify many a farmer. How impotent we seem beside the great work done by one such shower! "He planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it:" what reproof on man's boasting in such words! what acknowledgment of God's goodness. So it must ever be, though in prosperous times we are apt to forget this. A tone of solemn thunder is even at this moment heard as I write: "the voice of One mighty in operation."

Not long ago I had the satisfaction, in company with my wife, of attending divine service in York Minster. I need scarcely say how grand was the power of sound of praise, lifted by many voices on that Snowdon of our national churches. The beautiful harmony rose to that far vault of stone in sustained and delicate fulness, rolling away in multitudinous reverberations as the notes were flung heavenwards. Whether from some mood more susceptible than common, or from the finished music and marvellous forest of stone, I cannot say; but we were both affected deeply by the service, or during the service that morning, and realized that peculiar and delicate balancing of the feelings, alive to all good influences, and leaving a sensation—like as though the soul had been weeping. It was a glorious power of sound, and we rejoiced that our voices were permitted to blend with the notes of praise.

Among the effects upon our hearts of the power of sound, scarcely any reach us more instantly and with less loss in the transit than tender human tones. I

mean those exceptional powers of voices, inflexion and modulation which belong more particularly to a few favored persons, but are occasionally remarked in persons commonly destitute of such powers. A tone of a sister's voice in the gloaming can win us back, it may be, into quietude after distress, or allure us into a firmer stand for truth and kindness; can be like some whisper from heaven, telling us to work patiently *here*, and wait for the rest that remains *yonder*. The tone of a good woman's voice is one of the pleasantest things on earth, has more music than many a sonata, often prevails more than a preacher. The tone of voice of some women is a thing beyond common, peculiar to themselves. You never heard anything else at all like it. It takes its tone of *aesthetical* excellence generally from a woman's tone of *moral* excellence: hence its power, and the willingness with which we yield to its good influence. With men, this distinction is not so frequent; yet we have known those whose voices won our respect at once—yea, have yielded place to their power of mind without a challenge. I remember one who possessed this eminently, and whose voice has sometimes, in common conversation, conveyed to me some tidings of a mighty overflowing wealth of love abiding in his large heart, but incapable of perfect showing on this side the grave. But his was a nature unusually powerful, a strength of soul more than common. The power of a good voice can instantly recall past days, in all their very shade and character, placing us again in a moment beside those we loved, among familiar scenes, and bringing the same tone and quality of feeling which then were ours: can sometimes withdraw from the niches of memory the substance of forgotten things, revealing them in startling distinctness, like the uncovering of some white statue.

On the other hand, the laughter of some men—cold, calculating men of the world chiefly—is sardonic,

mocking and almost satanic: from such men we instinctively shrink, as from the bite of a serpent. Certain tones of laughter are liable to produce a sensation of extreme uneasiness and even pain, we may scarcely be able to say why. Again, the open, honest laugh of a true-hearted man is able to assure us, and inspire feelings of trust and love: and the smile of some kindly people is a great corrective of discontent and selfishness, being such as draws out our best sympathies, and gives us at once the feelings of brotherhood. What power, also, in the inflection and modulation of the voice, whereby the whole sense of words may be changed, and quite other ideas conveyed to those which a different intonation would give. We all know this, and are struck sometimes with the difference the same words make, according to the voice with which they are used; and are aware how written words may be felt as harsh and unkind, from which all bitterness is withdrawn by a kindly tone when spoken. So delicate, so suggestive, so heart-reaching, the tones of the human voice!

A few evenings since came a wandering minstrel, and played several tunes upon his harp, in front of my window, to the great delight of a certain little flaxen-haired girl. The tone carried me back to the banks of the murmuring Dee, at Llangollen; I seemed again within the spell of its pretty scenery, listening to the rippling of the river, as it blended with harp music heard from the garden of the "Hand". It has power to awaken enthusiasm of the heart, has that stirring music of the harp; and one can well understand how Welsh warriors of old marched bravely to battle and to death, with the rapturous music of their ancient Bards. To-day we can listen to old battle-music, in the calm eventide beside the flowing waters, and catch a little of the fire that burned in the breasts of kings in the far olden times. It were a pity that national music

of the harp should ever cease to be heard in Wales, where it seems so greatly in keeping with the leaping streams and soaring hills.

Speaking of Wales reminds me that one of the many powers of sound is that of falling water, more especially when heard at a little distance during a still evening, at which time the tone of streams is mostly far louder than in the day, and comes with satisfying fullness to the ear in continuous cadence of soothing sound. Such a tone fills the air with the voice of power unseen, working alone in the silent night, when weary laborers sleep. We say silent—for such voice of the plunging waterfall is fully in alliance with the stillness of night, and often renders the stillness deeper. The voice of streams in a mountain region is a sweetly soothing power, during our moments of repose, and passes continuously through the mind with a dreamy kind of effect, laying open our best appreciation to the beauty of hill and vale spread out for our enjoyment. We have many of us listened to such a constant murmur, as we lay in our beds in strange villages, and have been stilled to sleep by its gentle power.

On lonely mountain heights the sound of united chorus of many streams has a peculiar effect, not unlike the sound of wind, heard, as it may often be, when no other tone reaches the ear, and when the listener is alone with nature. We remember noting this particularly one calm evening on the top of Moel Wyn, that rugged mountain close to Ffestiniog, when scarcely a breath of air passed by, and all the array of mountainous country around lay as it were under the spell of sunset. The voice of streams was low and gentle, yet it filled the ear with its power of continuous murmur, as a hundred runnels of water hastened to the sea, whence they came. It seemed only to intensify the silence, which on that high mountain peak wrapped one around as with a cloak.

There crosses my mind at this moment an instance of the power of sound, which was suggested to me the other day for this article, and which not many of us may have noticed: namely, the sound of oars in the early morning, when dew-drops throng the grass and hedges, and a most cooling freshness everywhere pervades the air as the morning breeze passes like a laborer to his work, full of vigor for the toil of the day. The measured stroke of the blades falls pleasantly on the ear, as we walk in the fields beside some river, causing us to pause, the better to hear their cadence, and take to ourselves the quietude of the time. The effect of that *one* human sound when most people are fast asleep has a peculiar power as it fills the air.

As a wide contrast to this, I pass to the consideration of a very different effect, the roar of Oxford street or the Strand, as so vast and varied a tide of humanity is pouring along in a ceaseless stream, made up of lives so antipodal and interests so diverse, consisting of centers of sensation so immeasurably unequal and characters so largely opposed; all seeking good, real or fancied, and many passing it by in the eager quest. Rightly understood, it is one of the most solemn things we know, that full tide of life in the Strand, when we consider the momentariness of all those lives, and the great issues vested in each, their separate individuality and character peculiar to each, their power on the rest of men, their ability for praise or dishonor to God. As we pause a moment out of the throng, or survey the seething, hurrying mass from the top of an omnibus, what a full tide of life it seems—the world cannot match it—as it dins the ears of everyone not accustomed to it! I suppose the diversity of character is perfect in the crowd of a London thoroughfare, and to be equalled nowhere else on earth. The sound is that of one of the main arteries of a great nation. It

speaks of extensive public prosperity; it is really the roar of a great battle-field.

This reminds me that there is something fearful in the power of sound conveyed by the shout of a great multitude on any public occasion, when the result of combination or expression of sentiment carries the weight of number. The mighty uplifted voice of a great crowd awes one unawares, having so unanimous a will, and reaching us like the determination of a giant. This must strike dread in many hearts during revolutionary times, prophetic of bloodshed, the block, or scaffold, yet, on the other hand, it can rouse enthusiasm in the coldest breasts on some occasion of national rejoicing, as when our good Prince of Wales passed first through the streets of London, and received the welcome of many thousand hearts. The cheers accorded to the Guards, marching out to any scene of death, must fill them with a cool daring, as remembered when the eve of battle comes. The waving of a little white handkerchief and the cheers of a small delicate voice have moved many a man to more calm heroism, and strengthened the confidence of the iron soldier under fire of the enemy's guns.

This brings me to speak of one most impressive and vastly solemn power of sound, the roar of a great battle. I know of this only from accounts of ear-witnesses; yet, heard at a distance, I can well imagine how terrible must be the thunder of artillery filling the air with dismay and noise of death: likely soon to break the peace of the Rhine.

So great are the contrasts in various powers of sound; they touch subjects widely different as the poles. What can be a greater contrast of sound to the last-named than the trill of a nightingale in May, throwing his song rapturously heavenward in the darkness rendered luminous by such music? I have gone miles to hear a famous bird, and waited into the small hours, close

beside the bush whereon the little brown songster sat, enjoying the continuous flow of melody poured forth so lavishly, less for our ears than for his own constrained utterance. Such music is of the highest excellence. One is astonished how such tones can proceed from so small a bird: notes so loud, sweet, and rapid. Jules Michelet says of the nightingale, "His is the nocturnal melody, the deep poesy of the shadows, the hidden meaning of the grand effects of evening, the solemnity of midnight, the aspirations before dawn; in fact, that infinitely varied poem which translates and reveals to us, in all its changes, a heart brimful of tenderness." Like a true artist, the nightingale thinks little or nothing of himself, but pours forth his whole glowing being in a wonderful burst of praise and enthusiasm, during which he takes small heed of noises around, when once fairly speaking his epic song. I have heard one sing on undisturbed whilst several voices immediately beneath him were raising a Babel of uproar; the great minstrel sang on as though he heard them not, or disdained their miserable prattle. He will also easily allow himself to be caught, so thoughtless is the nightingale about his own personal safety. There is a romantic mystery about his preference of the night for song; his seems the burning eagerness after the infinite; his the desire to cast his melody afar, in the stillness of nocturnal solitude. How often in far days of old, have youth and maiden together heard those rapturous tones, as hand in hand they paced the woodland ways! Strange, if no tenderness overtook them, or no awakening of slumbering strength for great enterprises.

Allied to this power of the nightingale's song, is the general power of music over the mind, various in its effects; capable of producing martial ardor, enthusiasm of several kinds, manifold shadings of regret or pensiveness, longings after higher and happier times.

We may well suppose that some martial strains, full of vigor and home memories, can inspire the soldier to march towards death with greater enthusiasm. In the battle of life, heroic darings are occasionally roused within us at hearing good music, and we feel for the moment able to do mightier deeds. One of the greatest results of the power of music is the showing to us of depths within our own heart where we ourselves even have never fully penetrated: at the sound of some sweet melody we occasionally feel competent for higher and nobler things than our daily life allows, and a consciousness of immortality thrills the soul as it starts at catching some strain of beauty it seems to have heard far down the past, out of this life. It is like some captive faintly hearing afar some melody of his native land. Greater capabilities for noble offices seem revealed to ourselves, as we listen to some stirring harmony; music tells us our slumbering powers; at the notes of some enrapturing strain, we recognize our brotherhood with loftier intelligences. Such manifestations, however, reveal at the same time our ties to time and sense; hence partly proceeds the tender melancholy which often accompanies our listening to sweet music. We feel also the bondage of the flesh. But this power of sound arising from measured cadences is shown forcibly in the expression it gives to phases of thought and feeling of the most delicate and elusive kind, which can be told in no other way. Where words fail to convey the shadings of the mind, music takes up the pencil and portrays them with the subtlest delicacy and power. We have all felt this at some time or other, and wondered at the power of sound. The beauty and inner meaning of some airs of the great masters exhibit, or rather suggest, delicate shadowings of thought, faint tenderesses of feeling and sorrow, deep but quiet longings, told otherwise by no means whatsoever. A plaintive air of some master, far removed in time, will

strike a hidden chord within us, and we feel that such spirit of the music has been *ours all along*, but now only expressed to us. Bound are we at once by a threefold cord to that master, and feel that we are in some respects brothers. A world of beauty is opened to us by a few notes of very sweet music; and our hearts are instantly glad—with a grave joy, for true and good music ever addresses what within us is of the best. A sister's voice, singing an old homely air, can lift us to good resolutions; even while it draws across the heart a faint veil of sadness, which yet is but as the intervening atmosphere lending to some mountain landscape a more delicate purple beauty. Song of a lark in early spring can aid us in recovery of hopefulness, and a blackbird's mellow note in strange places link us up again to home. After a day's work, and possible conflict with selfish or quarrelsome people, or some worry of business and "the petty cares which infest the day," it is a pleasant change to sit out on the shadowy lawn with a book and entire leisure, and to listen to music from the hands and voice of one dear to us; it restores the balance of power, soothes our jarred feelings, and eases the burden of the mind.

Music to sorrowing hearts can whisper of joys reserved; can tell the weary of rest remaining; breathes hope of reunion to those bereaved; can raise from despondency into peace, and deliver us from the torment of little cares; can come into minds troubled or perplexed with a cool refreshing power; can tell of spiritual wealth to the poor; is effectual to soothe when other earthly comforts fail, and out of the darkness of our selfish griefs can lift us into contemplation of the bright serenity of the City Celestial.

The song of birds in very early morning is one of those charming effects we mostly miss by not being up before the sun. In the stillness of the time from all human noises there is a deeply-felt power in the chorus

of gladness from many tiny throats, as often may be heard on the edge of a wood during early mornings of spring and summer; and one wonders if any ears are pleased with the sounds when all human senses observe them not. They contribute largely to the marvellous freshness and dewy power of the morning over the mind, do those early songs of birds by woodland ways, and go a long way toward making us more cheerful and contented, as we stray to gather the good quality of their praise.

The power of sound issuing from human lips is largely manifested when any good reader holds his audience in almost breathless attention, while reciting words heroic, touching, or humorous. Such in an eminent degree as a reader was the late lamented Charles Dickens, taken from us so suddenly, but who passed away in the full tide of success, and in the midst of honorable work. So often heard reciting his powerful words, with marvellous skill to convey their delicacies or depths of meaning; so often moving his hearers to laughter or to tears; but now passed into silence, so far as that voice is concerned, yet alive in his works with all his geniality and thoughtful memory of the poor and the oppressed, and alive as he will remain in the hearts of Englishmen. Wonderful power of voice, that can rivet the attention of thousands as one man, swayed by the inflections of tones capable of conveying the subtlest workings of the mind! A man with that voice-power in any great degree is a master of men; able to sway them by his influence, and exerting over their minds and hearts a spell of singular and well-nigh resistless strength. What good such men may and often do effect! The very tone of voice is with some people an index to the world of their superior mental *finish*, so to speak, revealing instantly a nature delicately poised and largely endowed, or showing to any one of similar mental quality some shade of char-

acter and acquisition, telling considerably their present status. To the preacher, this superiority of voice is a very great addition, giving firmer hold of any audience, and by its attractive power drawing the people's attention the better to great truths propounded. Hence, voice-power should be more cultivated than it is among our teachers of men, as giving them better standing ground whereon to reach their hearers.

Speaking of voices, it is remarkable how the tone of a once familiar voice, but lost to us for years, will linger somewhere in the deep memory, past recalling in our wakeful hours, yet now and then heard in dreams; heard in all its individuality and distinctive qualities, as possibly we have not remembered it for many years. Some such tones carry to us even in dreams a most satisfactory feeling of home; and we may during the day following, with its little cares and small details of work, feel a sort of lingering regret that we can hear such a voice no longer.

No wider contrast to this can well be imagined than the rude noises of the common street, full of jarring and harsh sounds, grating terribly on the sensitive ear. I have often thought it would be a blessing if we could occasionally shut our ears! and so rid ourselves of many unpleasant sounds. The streets abound with unpleasant sounds, and it cannot be otherwise. But it would be a great boon if we could remove ourselves from them at will, without fear of being run over! This continual noise, harsh, violent, and jerking, must sadly try the nerves of very sensitive people. We know how the organ-grinders of London helped to kill poor John Leech, with their continual harrassing noises; they ought to be considered nuisances of the worst kind.

I turn from them to dwell in memory and imagination on faint and eerie sounds in lone mountain solitudes, wrapping themselves around the spirit, like the

cool atmosphere does the body, as we rest on a summit in perfect quietude, and gather the strength of the gentle voices of the wilds during some calm evening as we *listen*, until we can almost hear the harmony of the sunset painting the western clouds with beauty. Solitude and silence so refreshing! as we gaze long on far prospects of mountain, lake, or sea, and treasure to ourselves a little of the loveliness of the world.

The roundness and finish of what we may call any artificial power of sound are scarcely to be found equal to the Italian Opera, with its exquisite solo voices and well-timed chorus, united to a band fit to lull Titania to her slumbers. Rapt out of ourselves we may be by its bewitching charm, and enter a region of ideal life, where the tax-gatherer comes not, nor water-pipes burst in the back-kitchen! For an occasional treat, few things at all similar can equal a well-appointed opera; yet the effect becomes baneful if we become addicted to that kind of thing, and indulge therein too frequently; as making us dissatisfied with common life, and engendering an unhealthy craving for excitement.

Hark! methinks I hear the great bell of St. Paul's tolling out the knell of the death of some high personage. Over the vast city float the waves of sound, measured with deep solemnity, proclaiming the loss of a great nation, as its utterance submerges for a while all lesser considerations, and we meditate on the dreary significance of that mighty tone. Away into immensity roll the fluctuations of that great bell, passing into the ears of thousands with a sad confirmation of their fears, or striking them suddenly with wonder at the unusual sound, as men look one upon another, dreading to hear what either may have to tell. Truly it is an impressive thing thus to hear the great bell of St. Paul's!

In like manner is there tremendous power in the sound of Beethoven's "Funeral March on the Death of a Hero," so stately, yet so melancholy, with a stern

effect of accomplishment—a sort of severe satisfaction that one more hero has passed to his rest. Heard at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, such a march would be too much to suffer; the agitation too great to be borne.

There is a peculiarly suggestive power in the tones of an Aeolian Harp, as the wandering breeze sweeps over the strings, eliciting wondrous purity of sound, as notes faintly, very faintly, rise far away, swell onward, and roll over us, in tones of weird-like minstrelsy, and as gradually pass away until they resemble far music heard in dreams. So touching and so pure the tones, we have known persons so sensitive as to become absolutely unwell when listening to an Aeolian Harp, and there is something wonderfully suggestive and far-reaching if its exquisite effect is heard when we have time to listen and yield ourselves to its spirit-like melody. The chords are, as it were, swept by the hands of angels that pass with the wings of the wind, and pause an instant to soothe the hearts of suffering humanity.

It is a curious contrast to the above, but I consider no sound on earth could more appall us who are unaccustomed to it, than earthquake rumblings underground. The idea of earth-thunder beneath our feet on a calm day seems to me terrible. We should not well know what next to expect, or only anticipate danger and ruin. Such sounds, as indicating to us the instability of the very ground we tread on, may well strike terror into the hearts of the brave, as depriving us of our notions of firmness and security of earth, and seeming to leave us not a refuge for escape. In South America, for instance, such underground rumblings and accompanying earthquakes are common things in certain districts; but we fancy the first experience of them must cause a European to wish himself safe at home in the north.

There is no doubt one of the grandest tones the earth

affords in the distant roar of Niagara by night. The grandeur of the volume of sound must equal the vastness of the volume of water ever plunging over those high rocks, and slowly wearing them away. In the stillness of many homesteads for long miles around must the tone of Niagara fill the ear "like a presiding spirit of the air." Sustained, majestic, deep and powerful, the sound of a great body of flowing water always conveys the idea of strength. We know that one of the grandest tones ever alluded to by an inspired writer is described as being "like the sound of many waters."

I call to mind a sweet effect of sound, memory of which exerts even yet a refreshing power over me; namely, the union of voices singing on the Lake of Grasmere in the lovely eventide, when longer shadows fell from Silver How, and fair clouds touched with sunset glided above us as we rested on the water. It was a time full of repose, a pause in the moments of our being full of beauty, and clothed with the grace of exceeding peace. Silence followed, more musical than our song. Into that silence, if so I may deem it, entered the voice of streams mingling with faint breathings of wind among the foliage, with an occasional trill of some happy bird enjoying the evening. Lake, wood and mountain seemed expectant. We ourselves seemed afraid to break the charm, lest the lovely combination should vanish like some fairy picture of a dream! The highest and fairest things on earth have ever some touch on unreality, bordering upon the perfection of the spirit-world, and seeming less as things of time than as creations for eternity, which a rude breath of earth may dispel or remove from our apprehension.

Heterogeneous and conflicting must be the sounds of the nocturnal forests of the tropics, with their roar of many tribes of wild animals preying one upon another and the scream of thousands of birds of night blending

with the "gabber" of countless monkeys who throng the trees to escape the jaguars, tigers, and other fierce beasts below. It must be a fearful sound heard at night, say from some river which penetrates the deep recesses of the vast primeval forest. Humboldt speaks at some length of the terrible roar and the conflict ever going on among the tangled and luxuriant vegetation. Such a tone would terrify any one not used to its loud and angry confusion, as the great life of the forest was heard throbbing thus with full and rapid pulsation.

Widely contrasted with this there comes before me the effect upon the average human heart of the bright laughter of childhood, with its arch innocence and brimming merriment, its sparkling dash of glee and charming relinquishment of self; which can often win us from our moody states to admire the power of fun and frolic set into colors by a little child, and to have a romp with the youngsters that dispels the cloudiness of our minds. Contagious is the free, happy laughter of a child, going straight to our best appreciation, and revealing a glimpse of the sunshine abroad in the world. The tone of a little child, contentedly singing to itself, is something to make us ashamed. Little feet are running about me as I pen some of these words, and a little girl with long, flaxen hair, comes prattling, and asking curious questions. She was just now singing what she calls "Battle over," in a plaintive, yet contented sort of way; and I think of her conflicts yet to come in the days that lie before, hoping she may come through them victoriously, to receive back such like happiness and ease of heart at the close.

The laws that govern the relation of sound and motion are, I believe, yet very imperfectly known. Sound we all know to be conveyed by the motion of the air thrown into wave-like vibrations; and those old experiments, whereby sand placed on a tight, drum-like surface and exposed to certain sounds, becomes

thrown into certain regular figures, are still perplexing thoroughly to comprehend. We know there is a great sympathy between some sounds caused by concurrent intervals of vibration. Thus it is much easier to sing a certain note when in harmony with one already sounding; and I remember once observing, at the great organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, that, as a gentleman was tuning it, the great pedal pipes answered the touch of the pedals much sooner when an octave note was "speaking" beforehand, than when sounded alone. The one vibration evidently assisted the other. As a comical instance of the power of sound in this respect, I may mention that at my old home we had a nice little organ, and among the stops was an hautboy, which, of course, requires frequent tuning. When a note of the hautboy was held down for tuning, it often happened that our old dog "Dash" would sit on the stairs and *howl* piteously. The spirit of the tone *moved* him, I suppose, into sympathetic utterance; he generally put out a good note! The poor fellow's heart was full; he must needs explain himself.

Appreciation of the power of sound reaches one of its highest points, I presume, in the love of music often found in blind persons, who, sadly deprived of sight, enter without any distraction into the beauty and intricacies of sound. There used to be a Blind Asylum at Liverpool famous for the beautiful singing of its inmates, who, with all the concentration of the senses, enjoyed their own sweet music. Some of the most accomplished organists, so far as delicacy and expression are concerned, have been blind: without interruption they can apply themselves to music, enjoying its power, and swayed by its influence as few other people can equal them. It must form a great treat, must music, to the blind. I can easily imagine the luxuriant fancy where-with a blind person listens to some touching melody, or some full and rich harmony of sound.

Faint and unreal seem to us some of the sounds of very early morning. I am at this moment writing early: it wants from two to three hours to breakfast time; and into this room I can hear a strong blackbird's song, though it is summer, and most of our song-birds are silent. As I look up to gaze with pleasure on a green spacious lawn in front of the house, gracious with ever-green and other trees, and on a stately avenue of ancestral elms, leading up to a fine old house, removed several hundred yards away, there seems to me something unreal and transitory about it all, chiefly caused, I fancy, by the notes of that bird singing alone in the calm early morning. It is a delight to mark the bold shadows cast on the grass from the massive lofty elms, entwining their arms with brotherly affection, and sympathetically enjoying the sun. Clouds of white are leisurely moving through the blue, far above the wavy outline of the elms, and eight rooks are winging their way to feeding grounds afar. It is a beautiful scene, reposing in the freshness of the early morning: the blackbird seems to enjoy it even as myself, and, I fear, offers better thanks, or more expressive: though I too enjoy the morning and am thankful.

Many a time and oft has my soul been cheered by the sprightly sound of a lark in winter or early spring, or far into the melancholy autumn, when the cheerful bird, from his place out of sight, showered on me and all things his excellent trill of thanksgiving, making me verily ashamed of my selfish dejection, and assisting me to turn my thoughts in a healthier channel. No songster is more *perennially cheerful* than the lark. Songs of other birds, the luscious droppings of music of the blackbird, the sweet variety of the thrush, the quiet, simple cantata of the robin, or the transcendent copious melody of the nightingale, may all at times, and according to the mood of the listener, be construed into pensiveness or accents of sorrow. But the lark is

nothing but cheerful; full of uncontrolled gushing rapture flung towards the sun. His nest in the spring, truly, is on the ground, but his aspirations tend heavenward, whither, by his delightful song has he many a time directed the heart of man oppressed with care, or dejected at ill treatment from others, or sorrow-laden, why he knew not. So cheering, so full of pleasant associations, so influential on memory, so corrective of lowness of spirits, is the song of the constant lark.

How many pleasant memories of by-gone summer days may be brought to us by the sound of mowers whetting their scythes! Delightful times of careless years of infancy may start up before us as we listen in solitude at a little distance, and hear that self-same tone so familiar in our early days, it may be, but less frequently heard amid the profession or business of engrossed manhood. Visions of childhood may flit before us, and tender faces come again that have been buried for years, while the merriment of old hay-fields seems again to fall on our ear, with the call to the man on top of the wagon to "hold fast" while the horses are driven to another load of hay. There is something very joyous in the gathering of the fruits of the fields—the copious gifts of One who "openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness." Even as we hear the gardener on the lawn sharpening his scythe before breakfast, we have fresh suggestions of summer and realize better that June, the month of roses, is verily come once more. Pictures of our early home may come, and with some shadowings of regret for those with us no longer, in all the halo of a child's imagination—for memory is wont to clothe the far past with the romantic and dreamy imagery of a child: our memory in after life beholds things of our youth much as our imagination then conceived them. So even the sound of a gardener whetting his scythe may be

powerful to develop some charming photographs of memory.

Once it came to pass that I heard a singularly beautiful and solemn effect of sound rarely enjoyed. I had gone out along the drive in front of the house, and passed by the large door I had opened, which led from our garden into a road hard by. It was a winter's evening, and a lovely surface of pearl white covered the fields as far as the eye could reach. Across the snow came to me, like a message from beyond the confines of the world, the deep, low tone of bells, softened into something of unearthly purity, and beauty, and solemnity. Four miles at the least must the sound have come, "across the broad silent fields of snow:" but to me the measured melody, in its low, quiet softness, was a message bidding me haste away; and roused feelings of sadness blended with strong aspirations of soul.

Village bells: how suggestive of rural peace and contented lives! not that it follows these things abound where bells are sweetest, for human nature and human error is ever much the same in far country villages as in the thronged city. Yet the imagery suggested by village bells speaks of stillness among the shadowy trees and rest under pretty rustic porches, all the same, and will ever so tell of the supposed contentment and rest in the quiet of the day; while we love their sound borne to us on the breeze, and telling of sabbath quiet, where life is calm and equable, and less worry enters into the lives of those who there reside. If one's lot is cast in such a spot, well is it to enjoy the peace and seclusion, just as to do our work contentedly if the busy city claims us for its own. I remember hearing some village bells once across a lake in Wales, coming with marvellous power to aid the soothing and satisfying combination of fair water girt with a fringe of foliage and bounded by noble mountains. Beneath the influence of the whole I fell into a dreamy state of mental

coma, lulled into annihilation of self and converted into a mere recipient. Verily a *mere* recipient; for the lake, with all its wealth of beauty entered my being like the spell of some sweet tune, or like the magic mystery of voices heard in dreams.

Sound plays many parts among created things; is one of the most easy vehicles of the minds of men, conveying sometimes more meaning by a tone than by a word. Sound has much to do with our comfort, and influences often the fluctuations of mind. Some sounds have power to still our impatience, or silence our discontent, at least for a time, and to impart, instead, a quiet and thoughtful mood. Of old, it was well known how soothing were the notes of music, as even the hasty Saul sent for David's harp to soothe him; and to this day most of the wildest tribes of far, uncivilized lands have their rude instruments of music, many of them skillfully contrived, and some productive of curious melancholy sounds.

There is food for thought and reflection in the fact that, the tenderest Voice that ever stirred the atmosphere of this earth at least once joined in singing a hymn with a few devoted men. Memory of *that* hymn must have been cherished in the hearts of those men when bitter persecution fell upon them, and often have cheered their troublous lot.

We suffer much from sound; so many are the harsh and discordant and angry noises of the world. Our streets are full of jarring but unavoidable noises, sorely distressing to sensitive organizations. Many sounds are so violent, they come like a blow. In the ordinary pursuits of life we cannot escape them. There will be a wondrous change in this respect, we may be sure, in a higher and happier state of things. Harsh sounds will be forever gone, as much as the evil and misery of this present world. No sounds will then greet the perceptions of the purified and happy spirit.

but such as deepen its repose. Marvellous harmonies of the wide universe will then float in upon the soul, the grandeur and loveliness of all things carried on the sound; and we ourselves shall, in some good way, serve to swell that mighty chorus, so comprehended, yet so vast; so childlike, yet so seraphic; so matchless in beauty, yet so sublime; "Like the sound of many waters."

H. P.; F. G. S.

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TOLLING BELL OF A LOST SHIP

By CHARLES E. STOWE

Nearly seventy years ago I was in a large sailing ship bound for New York, from London. For weeks we had been buffeted by fierce storms and enshrouded in such fog and gloom as to be unable to take an observation of sun, moon, or stars so that we might calculate our position. The Captain conjectured vaguely that we must be one hundred and fifty miles or so from Cape Sable.

One night at ten o'clock we were startled by the solemn tolling of a large bell. Sailors are by nature superstitious and the old tars among the foremast hands whispered uneasily among themselves.

Though the wind was very light, the fog and gloom in which we were enshrouded was anything but reassuring, and added to the dismal sensations that crept over us. During the night the sound of the bell grew more distinct, and the ship fanned on over the water was evidently approaching the immediate location of the bell.

At eight o'clock in the morning we came upon an immense bell-buoy of antique and curious make, encrusted with barnacles and festooned with seaweeds. The captain and mate said it was the fashion of those they had seen on the coasts of Norway and Sweden, and that it might have been drifting about the seven seas for fifty or a hundred years.

CHAPTER XIV

SEA BELLS

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

TOM Allen, deep-sea diver, withheld his card a moment to glance up at the captain, just coming down from the bridge. "How's it look outside?" he inquired.

Mason unclasped his oilskins and shook his head. "Thick. From the swell on the Columbia bar I guess we'll run into it off Blanco. I'm going to turn in. You boys go ahead with your game."

Allan dropped his card and murmured "My trick." He looked up again to say "Hear the submarine bell on the light-ship?"

The captain of the *Rose City* nodded. "We're eight miles off and I can still hear it. Great invention, that!" He kicked off his boots and lay down on the lounge.

Allan gathered his trick and shook his head. "Every new thing breeds something else new" he remarked. "Hear about that strange bell off Point Lobos?"

Mason nodded. "Yes. Funny thing, that. Nelson on the *Beaver* reported it, didn't he? There's no bell there, of course."

Allan leaned back. "Didn't you hear it, too?"

The *Rose City's* commander glanced at us both quizzically. "I heard something last March. Came plain on the starboard side as we were crossing the entrance to Carmel bay. Sounded like a bell. But there's no bell there."

The steamer plunged heavily and the wash of spray rattled at the lattice. The whistling tube whirled and Mason jumped for it. "All right" we heard him say

after listening a minute. "Call me in an hour." He went back to the lounge and remarked from its recess "We've lost the light-ship's bell."

"I wonder who lost that bell off Point Lobos?" Allan said evenly. "I know who found it."

"Found it!" I echoed. "Then there *was* a bell."

Allan threw down his cards and scored the game. Mason's eyelids closed. I repeated my words: "Then there *was* a bell?"

The diver stared at me through eyes bloodshot from working under heavy pressures. To a deep roll of the ship the cards slid to the deck from the polished table, to lie there unheeded. "I suppose there was a bell" Allan answered slowly. "Modern appliances don't lie. If you hear a bell through the receivers in the wheel-house, that means there must be a bell somewhere ringing under the ocean, even if no such bell is in the book. And this bell I heard myself. It was really a tragedy!"

"What was it?" I demanded.

Allan lowered his hoarse tones to say "Why did he do it?"

"Who?" I insisted.

"Monkton, Captain Monkton who used to be master of the Coronado. It was just a month ago." He stopped and sighed.

"Go on!" I muttered.

"Two months ago," continued Allan, "Captain Monkton came into our offices in San Francisco and insisted on seeing me on private business. Did you ever see him? A small, austere chap with side whiskers and the manner of a school teacher. 'Mummy' Monkton, they used to call him along this coast—dried-up old fossil who lived like a recluse ashore and never left the bridge when he was at sea. Hard on his officers. Martinet for discipline. There was a story about that he never spoke to a woman passenger. Anyway he was a sour old

fellow. And he came into my office with his light tread and his thin face and sat right down and said 'I have here a report that a strange bell has been heard down the coast.' "

"What kind of a bell?" I asked him.

"A submarine bell," he said, without winking. "There is none there."

Now I had already had occasion to investigate this submarine bell invention and I knew what it was—two telephone transmitters down by the keel of a ship, on either side, connected by wires to a regular receiver in the pilot-house. Every passenger vessel is supposed to be rigged this way, and all light-ships are rigged with the sending apparatus, which consists of a fifty-pound bell lowered below the line of the keel and with a clapper worked by compressed air. They all ring special signals, so that when you catch the clang in your telephone on a thick night, you can tell not only what direction it is from you, but what vessel it is that is warning you. So I asked Captain Monkton what signal this bell rang. He brushed his side whiskers nervously and looked me in the eye. "No signal at all; irregular."

"Have you heard it?" I demanded.

"I have" said the old boy. "I have no command at present, but I went down with Captain MacFarland last week and I heard it, sir, through the port receiver, quite plain."

"I'm a deep-sea diver and not a navigator at present" I reminded him. "What do you want of me?"

I saw the old boy's hand shake across his lips. "I want you to find it," he said.

I fancy I stared at him pretty hard, for he wiped his mouth again. "I don't get you," I told him.

He pulled a chart out of his pocket, spread it out and showed me a little cross marked opposite Point Lobos. "That is the position in which I heard it," he said in his severe voice. "It lies inshore of that.

We were at that instant six and three-quarter miles off the point. You are a deep-sea diver. You can find it."

I reached over and drew a semi-circle inshore of his cross. "Do you expect me to toddle over twenty-five square miles of sea bottom to hunt for a lost bell? And in from three to thirty fathoms of water? Captain, I have a living to make."

He seemed flurried by this. But he came back at me. "How much would you charge?"

"Do you realize that thirty fathoms of water is one hundred and eighty feet and that only one diver ever reached that depth alive?"

"But it may be in shallower water," he insisted. And I will pay you well."

I thought it over, my eyes fixed on the chart. Finally I agreed. "But I'm not going to take my own tug down there," I told him. "There's a diving boat and outfit at Monterey, which they use for getting abalones for the cannery. If I can hire that I'll do your job—or try to."

"When can you start?" he asked, staring at me like a man in a dream.

"Next week," I told him.

So we made a bargain, and old Monkton went out, his chart in his pocket, his hand at his lips. And he was back every blessed day to see how my preparations were getting on. When I told him I had hired the Monterey outfit and we could be away the next afternoon, he nodded coldly and remarked that he would meet me at the train.

We arrived in Monterey, hunted up the diving-boat, found out that it had a trained crew of Japs, hired a launch to take us around to Point Lobos and arranged to set forth at daylight next morning. Monkton wanted to go that night, but I assured him that I intended to sleep in a bed if I was going to spend the next day div-

ing. He tried to be uppish, but I simply left him to his own devices. I have reason to believe that he walked up and down the beach all night.

It took us four hours to make the place indicated in his chart and there the launch left us and rode the day out at anchor in Carmel bay. Of course I had carefully inspected the outfit during the trip and I had my own suit with me. The Japanese of the crew seemed to know their business and, what was more, they were first-class boatmen. There was a good big swell crashing in on the rocks of the point and half the safety in diving in the open sea is knowing that your crew above you can handle the boat as well as keep your air-hose clear and the pumps working steadily.

Monkton and I debated quite a while on where to begin, took some soundings which showed rocky bottom and finally agreed that it would be better to work from his cross inshore than from the edge of the surf outward. It was noon when I shed my clothes and crawled into my suit. The boys buckled me in, put on my heaviest lead shoes and one-hundred-pound shoulder-weights. Just as I crawled over the side to stand on the ladder so that they could screw the helmet on, Monkton stooped over me. "Allan," he whispered in a thin kind of a whistle, "be sure you look well."

That was all he said. The helmet was on, the face-glass screwed home and the hiss of the air escaping through the valve by my ear assured me that all was tight. The man tending the life-line about my waist patted my helmet and I slipped away into the clear water. I was going down in ten fathoms and as the line paid out slowly I had occasion to notice that the light grew dimmer very slowly. "I'll have light to see on the bottom" I thought to myself.

When I at last reached a rock that stood up out of the bluish-gray darkness, I sat down to rest. The life-line

coiled down beside me and I jerked it once to say that all was well. Then I realized the greatness of my task.

From every side I could see the vague shadows of rocks. The one I sat on gave down into invisible depths. Not six feet away another spread in weedy perspective. And I was hunting a bell across these almost impassable miles! Before I started on my way I carefully noticed one thing: a heavy wash ran between these rocks, a kind of submarine current here, an under-sea ebb and flow there. I rose to my feet and was caught by a surge; it swung me across to the table of another rock where I clutched at the weeds for a handhold till the force of the water subsided. A nice place for a diver!

I worked around all afternoon, gradually getting into the shoaler water on a reef. I found nothing.

That night we slept on the boat as best we could and next morning I went down again. I had been on the bottom almost an hour when I heard a subdued sound, a sort of ringing. It seemed to come from seaward, so far as I could make out. I sat down and waited for its repetition. It reached my ear again—a vague, wavering tone, as from a bell struck long before and now dying into silence. I was in four fathoms at the time and by the shadow the sun cast I got my direction.

I rested on the ladder a few minutes and had a smoke. I saw Monkton sitting behind the pump, calm and austere, his gray whiskers brushing the collar of his neat black coat. He asked me no questions when I directed the men to work the boat farther out. He merely sat there, as if listening.

When I reached the bottom this time I saw that I was on the edge of a precipice. I stood there for a moment, and from the depths below me rose the unmistakable clang of a bell. I stared down for minutes, for a quarter of an hour, but could make out nothing in that darkness that rolled below me like a dense green

smoke. Then once more I heard it—twice. And the sea above me seemed to echo with it, as if the weight that encompassed me were growing heavier, to the resonance of a huge invisible gong, as if the immense mass of the ocean were settling with a faint and tremulous reverberation. I must have signalled furiously for they pulled me up so fast that I nearly burst my ear-drums.

Once on deck I cautioned the crew to keep the boat as nearly as possible in the same position while I sounded with the lead. I caught the shoal first at seven fathoms, then the lead slipped away till it marked twenty fathoms—one hundred and twenty feet. I called the depth aloud, and Monkton came along the tilting deck and stood by me staring downward. "Have you found it?" he muttered.

"I think so," I answered. "But I have no notion of going down in that depth of water!"

The old boy took me by the arm. I felt the hard clutch of his fingers through the heavy canvas of my suit. "But you must!" he said in a thin voice. "I must know!"

Something in his tone, in his austere and excellent manner, in the steady pressure of his hand on my arm, brought me to acquiesce in his decision. For an instant I forgot the panic that had taken me; it was swallowed up by an immense curiosity. I felt that I had to solve that mystery, even if I never reached the air again to tell it. I called the Jap who looked after the life-line to my side and made him promise not on any account to allow my line to get slack, and to stop lowering me away when I signalled him to hold me. Once more they screwed on my helmet and face-plate and I dropped over-side.

It seemed hours that I went down through the cold water while the light faded and the pressure on my suit grew heavier. Then I knew by the slacking tautness of my life-line that I was ceasing to go down, that

I was hovering, balanced in that terrific pressure, poised between the invisible depths and the surface far above me. I felt the blood drumming in my ears, swallowed furiously, choked, was taken with that sudden and paralyzing fear of death which comes when your lungs fail to nourish you. Then my head cleared. And a bell tolled softly from the darkness.

I strained my eyes in the gloom. I suppose I was still going down, inch by inch, for suddenly something grew like a shadow in front of me, rose out of the great depths as though a vast monster were slowly rising to the upperwaters. My outstretched hand touched a hard and resisting surface, a surface covered with weeds, with shells. And as I felt that surface slipping away above my head the bell tolled once more, as if from the inside of this great mass. I laughed hysterically. I was being lowered down the wall of a ship, of a wreck. I signalled. A slight current of water swung me gently along this great dark mass. My groping hands felt the greasy fronds of seaweed, then I was swung into slightly clearer space and hung there, in the grasp of the wash, staring at a board tilted above what I instantly decided must be the upper works of the vessel. I grasped this and it came away in my hands as the current ceased and I swung gently back under the great hulk. I signalled to be hauled up.

Five minutes later I was on the over-side ladder with the Japs dragging at me to get me aboard. I was like a dead man. They hauled me to the deck and I lay while they unscrewed the helmet. Then I felt some one tearing at what I held in my hand. I looked up and saw Monkton trying to take the board away from me. I shook my head and sat up. I stared at the piece of wood myself. I saw the rusted irons that had held it in its place, the great shells that clung to it, the bearded weeds that sprung from its substance. I heard Monkton muttering "It is the name board of a ship!"

Of course I was all right in a minute and between us we scraped off the shells and growth. Then we saw that it was really a name board, with letters carved deeply in it. We laid it down on the little deck under the pump handles and I traced the letters with my finger: *Maid of Arden*.

"Well," I remarked, "that ends that. The bell is somewhere about that wreck. Maybe—"

I stopped right there. Maybe what? Yes, sir. After all, there was a mystery. That wreck had taken place before my time and I've been on this coast thirty years. And I never heard of the *Maid of Arden*. Maybe—what? I merely looked at the old boy while the Japs pulled off my suit and put away the gears at my orders.

Monkton sat on a tilting box, oblivious to the roll and tumble of the boat, and stared at that rotting board with its barely perceptible inscription. He had a strange expression on his face, a kind of gentle and happy look, as though something had melted old "Mummy" Monkton's cold blood. But he didn't say anything till I remarked that we'd better be hailing the launch and going back to Monterey. Then he spoke up. "I'm going down there myself!"

I remember shouting at him in a perfect rage "You are not! You can't do it! It would kill you! You are not!"

"I am going down myself" he repeated with great precision. "I must go down and—see!"

"See what?" I demanded. "You can't see a thing. You know nothing about handling yourself in a suit! You aren't strong enough to carry its weight!"

But he wouldn't be moved. He said he was the commander of the expedition. He had paid his money. He was going down. Argument was useless. I gave it up, apparently.

One of the Japanese had a suit much smaller than mine, which would do for the old boy. He took off his

coat and hat, his shoes and collar. We put him into the suit, buckled him up, weighted him, had him ready for the helmet in no time. He never said a word, but sat on his little box while we labored over him. Then we got him waist-deep in water on the ladder and tucked his whiskers into the helmet. Before the face-plate was screwed on I got down and told him the signals. He repeated them after me, very distinctly. I put the plate on myself and peered in through the glass to see if he was all right. The pumps clanked. I thought he smiled at me. We lowered him away ten feet, till I could just see the wavering reflection of him below. Then I stopped the life-line. "We'll let the old boy hang there a while and get his breath," I told the crew. "He'll be jerking the life-line to be hauled up in a minute."

But he didn't signal and I got worried. "Haul him up and see if he's fainted," I told them.

When we got him up and I unscrewed the plate he scowled at me. "What is the matter?"

"I thought you might have fainted," I explained. "The pressure is pretty hard on a man unused to it."

"I am all right, he told me sternly. "I know the signals."

There was nothing to do but to lower him away again. But before screwing on the plate I reminded him to swallow constantly so as to relieve the pressure on his ears. He nodded that he understood. As the helmet went under in a great flurry of foam I told the man at the line to lower him twenty feet.

But twenty feet brought no response. "Give him thirty," I told them. I watched the bubbles boiling to the surface from the air valve. Then I signalled to know if he were all right. He signalled right back: All right. "Give the old boy forty feet of depth," I said, quite disgusted.

Once more the line paid out and was stopped. Still no signal to be hauled up. I stared round and waved my hand at the approaching launch to stay off. Then the man handling the air-hose gave a queer screech. I jumped around and saw the hose coming home, coiling and squirming under the pressure of the air driven through it by the pumps. I yelled to the man at the life-line and leaped to help him. As my fingers clasped it the end of the air-hose leaped above the surface. We dragged furiously on the life-line and went tumbling backward as it came home—with no weight on the end of it. We got our feet again and ran and pulled hose and line to the deck. Both had been cut off clean. "Who gave him a knife?" I yelled.

One of the boys pointed silently to the box where my own knife should have been. "Him took it just as he go over-side," he muttered.

Yes, sir, he had deliberately cut himself loose down there, right over the old wreck, with a hundred pounds of lead to bear him and his suit down into the depths—all on account of a bell! Was there a bell? Old ship's bell tolling under a cloak of weeds. That is impossible. Maybe—maybe—. Well, anyway, we know where the Maid of Arden is.

Mason opened his eyes and spoke from the couch. "*Maid of Arden?* Say, I haven't heard that name for thirty years. She was lost somewhere on a voyage from San Francisco to San Diego. Never heard of her again. Old "Mummy" Monkton's wife was a passenger aboard of her."

The whistling tube whirred. The commander of the *Rose City* jumped for it. "All right!" he called back. "I'll be right up!" He pulled on his coat and shoes and vanished, leaving myself and Allan to pick up the fallen cards in silence.

THE SABBATH BELL (POEM)

From the Amulet

The Sabbath-bell! how sweetly breathes
O'er hill and dale that hallowed sound,
When spring her first bright chaplet wreathes
The cotter's humble porch around:—
And glistening meads of vernal green—
The blossomed bow—the spiral corn—
Smile o'er the brook that flows between,
As shadowing forth a fairer morn.

The Sabbath bell!—'tis stillness all,
Save where the lamb's unconscious bleat
And the lone-wood-dove's plaintive call,
Are mingling with its cadence sweet:
Save when the lark, on soaring wing,
At heaven's gate pours her matin song:
Oh! thus shall feathered warbler sing,
Nor man the grateful strain prolong?

The Sabbath bell!—how soothing flow
Those greetings to the peasant's breast!
Who knows not labor, ne'er can know
The blessed calm that sweetens rest!
The day-spring of his pilgrimage,
Who, freed awhile from earthly care,
Turns meekly to a heaven-taught page,
And reads his hope recorded there.

The Sabbath-bell!—yes, not in vain
That bidding on the gale is borne;
Glad respite from the echoing wain,
The sounding axe, the clamorous horn;

Far other thoughts those notes inspire,
 When youth forgets his frolic pace,
And maid and matron, son and sire,
 Their church-way path together trace.

The Sabbath-bell!—ere yet thy peal
 In blessed murmurs melt away.
'Tis sweet with reverent step to steal
 Where rests around each kindred clay!
Where buried love and severed friends,
 Parent and offspring shrouded lie!
The tear-drop falls—the prayer ascends,
 The living muse and learn to die!

The Sabbath-bell!—'tis silent now;
 The holy fane the throng receives:
The pastor bends his aged brow,
 And slowly turns the sacred leaves.
Oh! blest where blending ranks agree
 To tread the path their fathers trod,
To bend alike the willing knee,
 One fold before one fostering God!

The Sabbath-bell!—Oh! does not time
 In that still voice all eloquent breathe?
How many have listened to that chime,
 Who sleep those grassy mounds beneath!
How many of them who listen now
 Shall wake its fate-recording knell,
Blessed if one brief hour bestow
 A warning in the Sabbath bell!

THE LOW, SWEET CHIME

There is a low, deep music in the wind,
Sounding at intervals when all is still,
Heard only by the pure in heart, who find
Joy in their daily task, doing their Maker's will.

Be they in velvet clad, or russet stole,
In hall or hut, theirs is that low, sweet chime,
Solemn yet cheerful, speaking to the soul
Of joys that rest not in this stranger clime.

Loud music cannot quench it, nor the sound
Of mighty voices, like the mingled roar
Of tossing waves that with delirious bound
Leap onward in their fury to the shore;—

Nor yet the jarring sounds of bustling life,
Whose weary footsteps toil in quest of gain
In dusty marts, 'mid sickening scenes of strife,
Till the worn spirit longs for rest—in vain.

Yet few do hear it; either care or pride,
Or thoughts unholy, folly, grief, or crime,
Whelming the soul beneath their rushing tide,
Hinder the coming of that low, sweet chime.

Men's hearts are heavy, or they would not slight
Their spirit's oneness with so pure a strain,
Though faint as when the far-off torrent's might
Seems a murmur stealing o'er the plain.

From source far mightier comes that low, sweet sound,
Than deep, deep waters thundering on the ear;
From harps, and mingled voices that resound
With anthems high through heaven's eternal year.

ANON.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 13, p. 570.

CHAPTER XV
IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD
NESTON, CHESHIRE

THE words "in a country churchyard" will be forever associated with one of the sweetest utterances in our English tongue, and dull and prosaic indeed must seem the words of any one who selects the same theme. The hand of a master has struck the lyre, and the measured strains will reverberate through the ages, touching and soothing human hearts with their hallowed tones. Gray has sung the hymn of our quiet dead, and we who fain would sing are listening to the pure notes. He has told us the story of their tranquil slumbers as it will never be told again, and it would appear that there is "nothing more to be said," yet—standing here in God's acre, and looking around upon the resting-places of some of those who have stood side by side with me in life's battle—it seems to me that some brief reference to them might not prove altogether unprofitable or uninteresting.

As I seat myself hard by the church porch, the shadow of the tower glides slowly in among the tombs, and overcasts them one by one. A thrush that has been piping unseen in the branches of a weeping elm, drops quickly to the ground, hops lightly over a half-buried slab of red sandstone, and escapes with a momentary flutter of his moss-brown wings into a neighboring coppice. Village children released from school pass down the path, and wandering in among the tall grass, gather the nodding buttercups. Soon the familiar click of the west gate is heard, and I am again alone with my thoughts.

The square church tower, which has kept watch century after century over the sleepers below, is massively built of red sandstone, and is embattled as if the builder had contemplated the attacks of other than spiritual foes. The windows are narrow, and the door is a marvel of strength. It is studded with mighty nails, and when the sexton has shot the sturdy bolts into their sockets, the belfry appears well fitted to sustain a siege. It may have sustained many in its time; but history is very reticent about this quiet corner of old England. The church existed at the Norman Conquest, and there are curious Runic stones lying in the belfry, which were disinterred during the work of restoration, and which point to an early Saxon burial-ground. A few miles away is a gigantic stone, which the legend saith was launched from the hand of Thor, the mighty thunder god, and gave its name to the adjacent village, Thor-Stone Town (Thurstaston). Hereabouts, too were found a number of skeletons upon a jutting cliff near the marsh. The bones of one were of a colossal size—the leader, probably, of the band which fought and fell by the water's edge when there was none to sing of their valor.

Since that remote period, stirring scenes have been witnessed from this spot. Vessels with prows like the fierce monsters of stone which spring from each side of the tower have oftentimes grated upon the shingle and loosed their viking crews upon the land. Roman and Norman have left traces of their presence, and psalm-singing Ironsides have trooped to the beach in stern array; but the churchyard is as though these things had never been.

Year by year it has gathered in its harvest from the village. Generation of rustics have toiled a brief space, and have been received into its friendly bosom. They have lingered here after service and have "turned in" at twilight to smoke and meditate; and at last, one by

one, they have fallen out of the village circle to take up their abode here.

An old man who sleeps by the roadside yonder, and upon whose tomb are the familiar lines beginning "remember me as you pass by," spent the greater portion of the last ten years of his life by his wife's grave. He came in the early morning, and after removing any microscopic weed that might have showed itself since the previous evening, would light his pipe and solemnly contemplate the stones in his vicinity. He went away regularly to his meals, and as regularly took his afternoon nap on the grass by the grave-side. Shortly before his last visit to the cherished spot, he requested me to decipher for him the dates upon several of the grave-stones; and we conversed about many whom we had known in life, and who had passed away. I remarked that the churchyard was a very pretty place, and his face lighted up as he rejoined: "Ah, mester, I've always thought I should like to be buried here, for"—looking around—"you see, there's such a splendid view from here." This was uttered in good faith; and the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin lid nor churchyard clods would obstruct his view. Perhaps they don't! In a few brief weeks he came to his favorite haunt to stay. "Poor old William!"—the flowers upon your grave have run wild long ago, and no one seems to remember you as they pass by.

The country churchyard is not without the dust of those who have stood in the forefront of the battle. When the voice which has held the senate enthralled, grows strangely silent; when the pen of the great writer has fallen from his nerveless fingers forever, and the blinds are closely drawn in the darkened chamber, they talk in subdued tones of the disposal of the casket which enshrined so much that was rare and which is now, alas, spoken of as *it*. First one, and then another, remembers to have heard him speak of a churchyard that

he had known in his boyhood, where the stones were moss-grown and not always perpendicular, but wherein was such peace that the very remembrance brought with it an inexplicable calm. And so it comes about that in the far distant hamlet, where the fame of the dead is but a faint echo, the village boys and girls learn special hymns, and the village organist practices the solemn strains of the Dead March.

There is one such reposing within a few paces of where I am sitting. He had fought long and grown gray, but his voice rang like a clarion to the last. On the very evening when the summons came, he was fighting a good fight; but he was aweary, and spoke of rest. A few minutes afterwards he was bidden to turn aside from the struggle. When they brought him here, the organ pealed in an unwonted manner, and the church was filled with the scent of the flowers they had heaped above him. Strange faces thronged the pews that day, and a vast multitude walked and crowded about the graves outside, but he who had been so strong was borne silently through their midst and left there with tears. More than one bishop and a long train of clergy led the way. He was not of their order; but he had fought in the van for the pure and the true, and his place was hard to fill.

A few steps away is a plain cross of Yorkshire stone, half-hidden in ivy, and as my gaze rests upon it, and my memory travels back, I see her whose name is inscribed on the base. Her hair was a mass of burnished gold, and as she rode through the village street followed by her favorite collies, the villagers would glance furtively at her, and turn and gaze until the bright hair and blue riding-habit were out of sight. She was not young, and she was unmarried. The gossips called her eccentric, and I heard by chance of some of her eccentricities. The beggars who came to her gate were frequently invited in, and were treated as honored guests,

and served with a sumptuous repast. On one occasion, when a poor, shivering woman stopped at the front door of the villa, the lady of the house came out, looked at the defenceless feet of her visitor, and straightway removed her own shoes and handed them to her. A rough young fellow, who had been in the habit of abusing his donkey told me that he used to call at the villa every week for a silver coin, with which she bribed him to be kind to his beast. Eccentric, perhaps; but there lived one once who did many unfashionable things, and the world thought him eccentric.

She, too, was called suddenly away. There was an organ recital at the parish church one evening, and the whole of the village attended the unusual entertainment. Among the items on the program was, "Oh for the Wings of a Dove," with the addendum, "By special request." When the piece was played, the "eccentric" lady abruptly left the church. The golden hair was seen in the village no more, and the blinds of the villa were not raised next morning, for the lady had passed away suddenly during the night. It had been at her request that the special piece was played; and before the day dawned again, the wings were hers.

Under the shade of a laburnum on my right rests one who was not less lovely in her life. As I think of her, the chamber where she lay so long comes vividly into my remembrance, and it seems that the last weary months she spent there were in reality her life, while all her preceding years were but an infinitesimal part of her existence. The windows of the chamber had a pleasant outlook upon the village street; but it was ordained for "Auntie" that she should lie still for nearly a year, and that she should not have power to move her head even an inch. The right hand, too, had to lie motionless upon the counterpane. She was thus precluded from approaching the window; but a mirror

was so arranged as to show all that was passing below. It reflected a brilliant spectacle one day. They were holding the village carnival, and the gardens for miles around had yielded up their brightest blooms to crown the white wands of the processionists. The street for the moment became a moving mass of flowers, and as they passed beneath "Auntie's" windows the band paused, and the wands were lifted in greeting to her who would walk with them no more. On another day, as she lay there, the bells danced merrily in the steeple, and there was a sound of wheels outside—for it had been arranged that they should come to her direct from the church. Now, when people lie dying their thoughts are apt to wander away to distant scenes. No heights are too ambitious for them. They will sometimes climb the stars, and mount and mount until even these are left far below. Some such thoughts may have occupied "Auntie's" mind—who knows?—for when the wedding party, all white-robed and radiant, came into the room, she burst into tears.

Shortly before she came to lie there, the little girl who had always been with her had "gone away." She explained that their eyes had been directed to the earth, and that the little one had been taken up so that as they still looked at her their gaze would also rest upon the golden pavement of the new city. "Auntie" spoke bravely; but when the children raced past on their way from school, she would draw back from the window and cover her face with her hands. They had no portrait of the child when she went away; but a great artist painted a picture of "Little Mrs. Gamp," and large engravings of it were scattered through the country. The quaint little figure was so like the little girl whom "Auntie" had known, that it was framed and hung at the foot of the bed. There was yet another picture of a little girl looking at the stars, but "Little Mrs. Gamp" had the place of honor, and "Auntie's" glance rested

upon her continually. A few days before she was taken out into the sunshine "Auntie" had a strange dream. She found herself looking for "Little Mrs. Gamp" among a multitude of strange people, and when at last she discovered the object of her search, the little one lifted up a tear-stained face, and said that she had thought "Auntie was never coming."

It was found afterwards that she had given directions that the furniture of her room should be re-arranged, and the picture removed, that she might the more easily be forgotten. Her last wish was, however, disregarded. "Little Mrs. Gamp" looks down upon the vacant bed. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" with her head poised on one hand, is still gazing reflectively upwards at the blue—and the sunbeams wander in through the blinds and linger on the empty pillow.

Very tragic was the departure of one who lies in the southwest corner of the churchyard. He was the village school-master, and had arranged to take the Sunday evening service for the organist of a neighboring church. He laughed as he set out upon the journey, and was light of heart, as is often the fashion of those who go forth to die. The church was many centuries old, and storms innumerable had swept up from the sea and fallen upon it. Strange mutterings began to mingle with the services, and little gleams of light darted through the windows and leaped playfully on the walls. The mutterings rapidly swelled into a voice of terrible anger, and the lamps grew dim as the blinding flame hissed past the windows; but the people still worshipped. It was the Almighty who was speaking, and they bowed before him in his sanctuary, having faith that their pleadings rose clear above the raging of the storm. Long-drawn crashes, as of the pouring forth of an avalanche of thunderbolts, followed; and many glanced fearfully upward, thinking that the tower had been torn away. The calm voice of the minister

was heard reading the lesson, and, as he concluded, the organ gave out the strains of a familiar chant, and the congregation rose to sing the "Magnificat." The triumphant ascription, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," ascended—and then they stopped, for "at the voice of His thunder they were afraid." As the words left their lips, a fierce light was all about them, and they were flung back in their seats, deafened by the blast which shook the building. The wall of the church was ripped across, as one would tear a piece of old parchment, and mortar and rubbish were hurled through the air and rattled into the pews in the darkness—for the lamps had gone out. Then out of the silence was heard the voice of one praying aloud, and there was a sudden trampling of feet in the aisles. Many had fainted, but at last all save two had gained the open air. One of the two who remained in the church all that night was the schoolmaster. I saw him next day lying as he had fallen back from the stool, with his fingers extended just as they had left the keys of the instrument. There were pulpit references afterwards, and the preachers spoke of one who in olden times was whirled heavenwards with chariot and horses of light.

Thus, as I look around, grave after grave tells me its story. "For here we have no continuing city" is written on an ancient monument directly in front of me; and as I look steadfastly upon them the words seem to repeat themselves again and again in solemn tones. Names which follow with the explanatory "Wife of the above," "Son of the above," "Daughter of the above," force themselves upon my notice, and I find myself counting the spaces which intervened as they fell one by one into eternity, just as tiny drops of rain fall into the ocean. The inscriptions are as words from the silent land, spoken by those who have journeyed thither.

It is good for us that they have lived—ay, and it is good for us that they have died; out of the tomb of our shattered hopes, out of the bitter depth of our pain, spring purer thoughts and nobler aims. We take up the burdens of our tasks again, and tread the stony road of life with lacerated feet and bleeding hearts; but our gaze is lifted to the lighted landscape beyond, and the voices of our beloved dead are ever bidding us “be patient.”

Side by side with the highway of life, but far removed from the dust and turmoil of the road, lies the country churchyard. The spring flowers bloom early above the dead; the summer sun looks down upon the grassy mounds and tinges the tombs at eventide with its “parting gleam,” the autumn leaves fall thick upon them; the winter folds its white wings over them. So the seasons come and go, and they make no sign. The strife and the battle are not for them.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 68, p. 637.

UNITY

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(This poem was written by Mr. Whittier while he was a guest at the Asquam House. A fair was being held in aid of the little Episcopal church at Holderness, and people at the hotel were asked to contribute. These lines were Whittier's contribution, and the ladies in charge of the fair received ten dollars for them. They were written in an album now in the possession of a niece of Whittier's Philadelphia friend, Joseph Lid-don Pennock.—S. T. Pickard.)

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise.

Suffice it now In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

The hymn then sought shall long be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore!

Asquam House, Holderness, N. H.

Seventh Month, 28, 1883.

—*Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 94, p. 795.

THE OLD CHURCH

ABOUT five miles from the village of Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Virginia, may be seen the ruins of an Episcopal Church, bearing every appearance of having been built in the earliest days of the colonies. In the bosom of a forest of ancient trees, lonely and drear, stand the remains of a once neat and even splendid temple of worship. The tower and belfry are truly antique, and the *buttriceses*, a part of architecture not known in these days, bear every mark of the ravages of time. The ivy clings to the crumbling brick, and even trees of from twelve to fifteen feet in height, have taken root in the crevices, and yearly put on their green garments, and wave in the howling storm. The interior of the church presents a solemn view of the devastations of time, and the slow workings of the finger of decay. The altar and pulpit are, it is true, of more recent structure; but the Gothic character of the window, which once was ornamented with stained glass, though now "bricked in," proves the great antiquity of the edifice. Modern vandals have made the walls a record of their names, their poetical abilities, and their wit; for it is a propensity to which most persons of the present age must plead guilty, to let their fellow-travelers to eternity know that they have held communion with times past and gone, by *honoring* a sacred relic with their attention.

The earliest record of this venerable pile is a resolution before the trustees of the church, to appropriate a certain sum for *repairs* of the building; and this was recorded over two hundred years ago. During the war the building became the quarters for the British troops, who destroyed the stained window glass, and otherwise desecrated the sacred walls. Religious service was held in the building a few years back, but it now appears

to be totally abandoned to the ravages of decay, the owl and the bat being the only tenants of its moss-covered walls. Some time since a number of citizens, curious to know something of its origin, dug at the four angles for the purpose of finding the corner stone, and "removing the deposits," but without success. Under the aisle were found the bones of a human being, supposed to be those of one of the original pastors, who died within the remembrance of an old negro man, now upwards of one hundred years of age.

I stand within the forest drear,
 A clear blue sky is o'er my head;
 The gnarled oak, with leaves all sere,
 Looks down upon the sleeping dead.
 The broken slab no record bears
 of those who lie the turf beneath;
 And thro' the pine's mysterious airs
 The winds of winter seem to breathe.

The lizard and the adder sleep
 Beneath the cold and crumbling stone;
 And ivy tendrils, as they creep,
 Seem uttering, "Alone—alone!"
 Alone! the dreary wind replies;
 Alone! the forest monarch groans;
 Alone! the gurgling streamlet sighs;
 Alone! re-echo dead men's bones.

Aye—all alone! thou dreary pile!
 Forsaken by the human throng,
 Who once passed up thy hallowed aisle,
 And praised our God in heavenly song.
 The owlet hoots where holy priest
 Breathed strains of pious eloquence,
 And ministered the sacred feast
 To christians bent in penitence.

CHAPTER XVI

CHRIST CHURCH BELLS

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

THE nineteenth of April, 1894, sixty years after they were pealed for the last time in honor of the visit of Marquis de Lafayette to the country he had helped to make free, heard the bells of Christ Church, rehung and restored to their old condition of precedence above all the bells of the republic, pealed after that fashion for which they were cast one hundred and fifty years ago.

This is more than an episode,—it is an historical event, it may be an artistic epoch; for on that day a distinct art, lost for a century so far as the United States was concerned, came again into existence. The movement so generated is spreading rapidly, and in the course of time it may be that not only will the noble art of bell-ringing take its place once more in this country as an adjunct of Christian worship, but something may be relearned of that lost art, lost in a measure in England as well as in America, the very noble art of bell-casting.

It may seem to some unjustifiable to speak in this fashion,—to some who call to mind the thousands of bells that yearly are hung in church towers, who remember the scores of churches where “chimes” are rung weekly or daily; but one can, nevertheless, say without fear of contradiction that bell-casting is in many respects a lost art, and that scientific bell-ringing in the United States is a lost art as well.

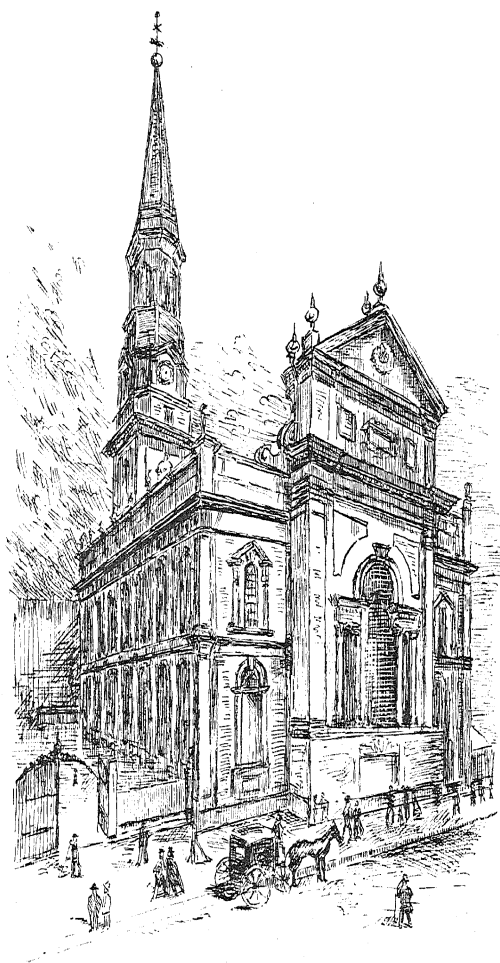
* * * *

Returning now to “the Boston Bells,” Christ Church

peal, it may do no harm to repeat its history, although now it is generally known. In the year 1743 a subscription was taken up in England to purchase a peal of bells for the mission in North America, and the commission for the casting was given to Abel Rudhall of Gloucester, one of the most famous bell-founders of England, the representative of a house that had existed for many generations. In 1744 the bells were hung in Christ Church tower, where they were pealed regularly for thirty years. Certain political events with which we are familiar, made it expedient for a large part of the parish to transfer its residence to Halifax; and after the close of the war the bells fell into disuse. In 1810 an apparatus for chiming was added, and the decadence began. In 1824 the cage was renewed, and an attempt was made to ring the bells from the lower chamber; but this was a complete failure, and from this moment the bells were used as gongs, that is, they were tapped by their tongues being used as hammers. Certain conditions prove this beyond a doubt. For example, the cage of one of the bells was so narrow that the bell could not possibly revolve in it, and again, the tongues and brims of the bells were almost unworn.

* * * *

Let us leave this matter now and come to the night when the great "Boston Bells" gave tongue once more after their long silence. Every one remembers the night of the eighteenth of April, 1894, a date which may come to mark an artistic epoch. On that anniversary of the immortal ride of a great bell-founder, Paul Revere, who that night assumed himself the function of his own instruments, riding through the gray dawn to awaken a people from a night of colonialism to the white day of nationality, on that anniversary the great dumb bells, weary of their long-enforced silence, were rung up as they had not been for almost a century, and hung poised, waiting the signal of release. Within the



CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON

ancient church hundreds of eager men and women sat listening patiently to sympathetic words. Outside, the narrow streets of the North End were decorated as for a festival. Italian flags mingling with the national colors, flaunting together in the night in the midst of lanterns and colored fires, over a dense crowd of curious sight-seers, who one could wish might have known the full importance of the festival they were helping to make. The hours passed. Inside the church, the national hymn, sung by a thousand throats, brought the preliminary festival to a close. The doors opened, and the crowd packed around Christ Church grew denser, waiting in silence. The hour was almost at hand which marked the anniversary of the exact moment of the awakening of the people. Suddenly a dim light flashed in the lowest window of the tower. The light vanished only to appear at the next window above, amid the cheers of the dense crowd without. And so up, window by window,

“By the trembling ladder steep and tall
To the highest window in the wall,”
where, as the crowd waits anxiously, comes
“on the belfry’s height
A glimmer and then a gleam of light,”
and at last, as every one gazes eagerly,
“full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.”

A breathless pause, and then, released from their century’s silence, the great bells fall in an exulting crash, pouring triumphant music into the still night in one cyclonic symphony. For the first time in a century at least the complex harmonies of a “Triple Bob Major” sounded on the wind of the new world.

* * * *

—*New England Magazine*, Vol. 11, p. 640.

CHRIST CHURCH

Christ Church was built in 1761, just opposite the common, its architect being Peter Harrison, who had designed King's Chapel, Boston, seven years before. Its organ was made in London by the renowned Snetzler, and during the Revolution some of its pipes were melted into bullets. Between Christ Church and the Unitarian Church lies the old village cemetery, celebrated in the verse of Longfellow and Holmes, in which are buried Presidents Dunster, Chauncy, Leverett, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Willard, and Weber; Andrew Belcher, Cambridge's first inn-keeper; Stephen Day and Samuel Green, the first printers; Thomas Shepard, the first minister; and many another man of the day. The first rector of Christ Church was the Rev. East Apthorp, a native of Boston.

* * * *

Christ Church presents its ancient and shapely front toward Cambridge Common, over which a chime of bells, placed in the tower in 1860, pleasantly rings every Sunday. The common contains some twenty acres, and will always be remembered as the place where the American troops mustered and encamped in 1775. Every morning there started from this now peaceful inclosure the guards for Lechmere's Point, Winter Hill, and the other posts, and here the roughly equipped and poorly drilled provincial troops prepared to lay siege to Boston, held by ten thousand experienced and well-prepared soldiers. At the western end stands the elm under which Washington on July 3, 1775, formally assumed his position as general-in-chief of the Continental army. This venerable tree is, it is thought, of an age far greater than a hundred years. It is surrounded by a simple iron fence, and a plain granite slab tersely records the fact that "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army,

July 3, 1775." Just behind stands the new granite edifice of the Shepherd Congregational Church, the pulpit in whose chapel is partly made of wood from a branch of the elm, necessarily removed. In the middle of the common, facing the college buildings, is a costly but very ugly monument erected to commemorate the men of Cambridge who fell in the rebellion.—*Cambridge on the Charles*.

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 52, p. 202. 1876.

ORGAN IN CHRIST CHURCH

By HENRY C. LAHEE

AN organ of which the early history was exceedingly romantic was built in London by Snetzler, and placed in Christ Church, Cambridge. It had been procured by the liberality and exertions of a Barlow Trecothick, a relative of Mr. East Apthorp and afterwards Lord Mayor of London. After the Battle of Lexington in 1775, Cambridge was occupied by the provincial troops, and before barracks were built these were quartered in the church, the college, and other buildings. At this time the window weights and organ pipes were taken by the soldiers and moulded into bullets, which on June 17, were part of the ammunition used in the battle of Bunker Hill. On the last Sunday of that year services held in the church were attended by George Washington and his wife and others; and though no mention is made of the organ on that occasion, it is to be hoped that enough pipes remained to allow of its use. The instrument was repaired in 1790, and was used until 1844, when a new organ was put in its place.

—*New England Magazine*, Vol. 16, p. 491. 1897.

A CENTENNIAL PEAL

THE bells of Christ Church were first chimed on the 31st of December, 1754, one hundred years ago (1855). They constituted the first full chime introduced into America, the first having been erected in Boston. These bells rung out a merry peal last night, as the old year left us to join the venerable past, and the new year dawned. A hundred years ago those old bells rung out a greeting to a new year, when old Philadelphia had no dream of the glorious events which were to be transacted within her limits, and her most public-spirited citizens no conception of the proud position she was destined to achieve in the eyes of the world. The city has outgrown the sound of that sweet chime which a hundred years ago, reached every inhabitant; but still the old bells remain to ring out merry music when a new year arrives; and long may they be spared, till the sound of Christ Church bells shall become to a Philadelphian what the sound of Bow Bells are to a citizen of London—"an old familiar" sound—a sound of home.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 44, p. 311. 1855.

CHAPTER XVII

CHURCH BELLS

LIKE the mariner's compass and gunpowder, bells seem to have been known in the East before they penetrated to Europe. The robe of the Jewish high-priest had a trimming of small bells. Under the name of *tintinnabula*, they had long been used by the Greeks and Romans as ornaments around horses' necks, and for a variety of decorative purposes. The ancient writers mention the custom of sending a hand-bell round the walls of a fortified place, to see if all the guards were awake. We first hear of church bells in France in 550 A. D. The army of Clothaire II, king of France, was frightened from the siege of Sens by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's Church. Bells were rung at the Syrian Bosra in 633, when the Saracens were attacking the Christians in front of the city: we hear of their being used at Jerusalem about the same time. But the best way of tracing their use is by looking into ecclesiastical historians. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, about 400 A.D., introduced them into the Latin Church, whence the larger bells were called *campanoe*, and the smaller ones *noloe*. A bell is called *klocke* in the northern etymology, though from what strikes time we have, curiously enough, transferred it to that which points to time. There are numerous allusions in early Christian writers to the summoning of people to church by the strokes of wooden hammers. Pacomius, the father of the Egyptian monks, prescribed the sound of a trumpet in its place. The use of bells was not known in the Greek church till the year 865, when Ursus Patriciacus, Duke of Venice, made a present of some to Michael the

Greek emperor, who built a tower to the Sancta Sophia in which to hang them.

England, from the first introduction of bells, has been much addicted to the use of them, insomuch that it was termed "the ringing isle." Bede is the first English writer to mention bells. It is supposed that they were used here some time before the issue of Wulfred's canons in 816 A. D., though not, it may be, in all churches. The archbishop writes of them: "At the sounding of the signal in every church throughout our parishes," though signal may signify no more than a board or iron plate pierced with holes to be knocked by a hammer, a mode of summoning people to church still in use among the Greek congregations. In 960, however, the ringing of bells in parish churches is mentioned by ecclesiastical writers as a matter of course. Ringing changes on the bells, as it is technically called, is almost peculiar to the English. The invention of this art is ascribed to one Anable, who died at a great age in 1755. Chimes are very different, and to some ears sound more musical, though the muffled peal which is rung at most cathedrals when a dignitary of the church dies, and which is produced by wrapping one side of each clapper in a thick pad, so as to form an echo to the clear stroke of the other half, forms, in our estimation, the most magnificent effect which can be produced by bells. Chimes, like carillons, are an invention of the Netherlands. The word means a set of bells or tunes rung by mechanical means; whereas carillons are rung by keys struck by the hand. Those of Ghent and Amsterdam are most noteworthy, but they are commonly found through Holland. The chimes of Copenhagen are one of the finest sets in Europe. Longfellow tells how the bells of Bruges,

Most musical and solemn, bring back the olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes;

and every one must remember the use to which he puts the bells of Strasbourg in his *Golden Legend*.

There were regular societies of ringers in London in early times, called "Youths," irrespective of their age, much as postillions in a similar manner are always postboys. The famous Society of College Youths was founded there in 1637. Stow tells how a bell was added to the peal of five in the church of St. Michael's in 1430, to facilitate chiming. Nell Gwynne left money for a weekly entertainment to the ringers of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 1687, and many others have followed her example. The rules of some of these fraternities are highly amusing; and even now the stranger who rambles into the belfry of an old church in an English rural parish, will not uncommonly find amongst its printed rules hanging on the wall, a fine of sixpence for beer imposed on the man who should wear spurs while he rings. X

The largest bell in England is called Tom of Oxford, so familiarly known to university-men for the one hundred and one strokes it rings each evening during term. It weighs seven and a half tons. Exeter and Lincoln cathedrals possess large bells, but they are some two tons lighter than the Oxford one. The great bell at Westminster (Stephen) was cast in 1858, and weighs more than eight tons. It has, however, like its predecessor, Big Ben, been unfortunately cracked. It is worth while comparing these pigmies with the largest known bell in the world, that of Moscow, one hundred and ninety-three tons. The earliest cast bell of which we have accurate information is the Campanile at Pisa; it bears the date of 1262.

Leaving statistics, let us revert to change-ringing. Its quaint terminology is not the least of its curiosities. Fancy ringing a bell of Grandsire Triples, which, let the uninitiated know, consists of five thousand and forty changes! To what a solemn dignity, however,

does this ascend when it is rung (as has been done) with muffled bells! Then, again, what mysteries lie in the appellations *Bobs*, *Bobs Major*, or, still better, *Bobs Royal*! All these are surpassed by the superlative *Bobs Maximus* rung with twelve bells; while *Cinques*, it seems, can be rung with eleven accompanied with a tenor. All these feats are recorded with fitting dignity in the annals of campanology. The first perfect peal of Grandsire Triples was rung at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Sunday, July 7, 1751. When bells can accomplish such achievements, and with the solemn awe attached to the Sanctus bell of the middle ages, it seems very ignoble to condemn one to ring on Shrove Tuesday, for the base culinary end of being a pan-cake bell (as is still done in some parts of England), or as a bread-and-cheese bell, which is done nightly during term at Jesus College, Oxford. There is an historical celebrity, however, connected with the curfew bell, where it is still rung (as at Ottery St. Mary, and a few other places), which is not unsuited to the sedate gravity we usually attach to the conception of a belfry.

[Amongst other customs of tolling the bells which are worthy of mention may be named that which exists at Hatherleigh, Devon, of ringing morning and evening a number of strokes corresponding to the day of the month; or of ringing a passing bell just before midnight on New Year's eve, and immediately changing it for a merry peal when twelve has struck, which we have heard in Lincolnshire; or of ringing a joyful peal after a funeral, a custom which also obtains at Hatherleigh. The passing bell has at present completely lost its true significance. In pre-Reformation times, it was ordered to be rung while the soul was passing away from the body, in order that the faithful might pray for its repose, not, as now, after death has happened.

Multitudinous are the superstitions attaching to

church bells. All know the Cornish poet's beautiful verses on the drowned bells of Bottreaux, which are still supposed to ring in storms. The bell of St. Fillan's Chapel was used in the ceremonies anciently employed by the Scotch to restore the insane to sanity. The great bell of Saragossa is said to ring spontaneously before the death of a sovereign. Bede mentions the fact of a nun in a convent hearing a bell ring before a friend's death. Curiously enough, the writer was lately told by an old woman in Lincolnshire, who was expecting the death of a neighbor, that she heard the church bell strike solemnly three times at twelve o'clock on the night before her friend expired. In the Romish Church, there was a prevalent belief that bells drove away storms and tempests, as well as demons. Thus, a quaint old writer speaks: "It is said the evil Spirytes that ven in the region of th' ayre doubte moche when they hear the belles ringen: and this is the cause why the belles ringen when it thondreth, and whan grete tempests and rages of wether happen, to the ende that the feindes and wycked spirytes should ben abashed, and flee and cease of the movynge of tempests." From this feeling, bells were anciently baptized, and regular forms for the ceremony are given in Romish manuals. Even sponsors were sometimes named for them; holy water, oil, salt, cream, and tapers being used, just as at the baptism of a child. This was certainly not a primitive practice, nor is it stoutly defended by the Romish hierarchy at present. Bingham can trace it to no more remote antiquity than the reign of Charlemagne. The first distinct mention of it occurs in the time of John XIII, 968 A. D., who on consecrating the great bell of the Lateran Church, gave it the name of John, from whence the custom seems to have been authorized in the church. It is worth while translating an account of the ceremonial from Sleidan. "First of all," he says, "the bells must be so hung that the bishop may be able to walk

around them. When he has chanted a few psalms in a low voice, he mingles water and salt, and consecrates them, diligently sprinkling the bell with the mixture both inside and out. Then he wipes it clean, and with holy oil describes on it the figure of the cross, praying the while that when the bell is swung up and sounded, faith and charity may abound amongst men; all the snares of the devil—hail, lightnings, winds, storms—may be rendered vain, and all unseasonable weather be softened. After he has wiped off that cross of oil from the rim, he forms seven other crosses on it, but only one of them within. The bell is censed, more psalms are to be sung, and prayers put up for its welfare. After this, feasts and banqueting are celebrated just as at a wedding."

Tales of those who have fancied that they heard voices of encouragement in the notes of bells are common enough. Whittington, and Panurge in Rabelais, to whom the bells seemed to say so appositely, "Marry, marry, marry," will occur as instances to every reader. It was owing to the advice of the matin bell, King James I of Scotland informs us that he wrote his poem, the *Kings Quhair*. As he lay wakeful one morning,

Ay methought the bell
Said to me, Tell on, man, quhat thee befell.

Still more pathetic than these stories is what the Laureate says the shipwrecked solitary heard in his far-off tropic isle:

Once, likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Though faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells.

In many English parishes, bells have been sold by parsimonious churchwardens in order to defray the expenses of repairing the fabric, just as lead from the roofs has often been applied to the same purpose. To make up for these gaps in the belfry, stories of bells

having been stolen from neighboring churches are frequent in country parishes. Thus, at Fulbourne, when the steeple of the church fell in, the poorer inhabitants watched the bells for some nights. When their suspicion was somewhat lulled, the churchwardens silently carried them off in a wagon and sold them.

Towers for bells were sometimes detached from the main body of the church in England, as on the continent, thus forming campaniles. An example may still be seen at Chichester. It seems likely from the massive character of Norman towers, that heavy bells were hung in them; and, indeed, till the Reformation, when the art of change-ringing was introduced, the excellence of a bell was to be heavy and sonorous, as it was only chimed, and very rarely rung up. Five or seven was supposed to be the fitting number of bells for a cathedral; three, or two at the least for a parish church. What the ancient bell-ringers resembled may be seen from a curious carving of one clad in a cassock, and ringing a bell with each hand, on a Norman font at Belton, Lincolnshire.

It is very difficult to tell the exact date of our oldest bells. Those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have invariably shields, letters, and other devices, from which a tolerably correct guess can be made at the year in which they were cast. Dates were marked on them after 1550, and the practice has since been continued. Mr. Tyssen, a great authority on campanology, supposes a bell at Duncton, Sussex, to be the earliest dated bell in England. It bears the date of 1369, but is of foreign manufacture.

Tell a campanologist of a bell with an inscription on it, and he is at once eager to reach it, braving all the dangers of imperfect rickety ladders and rotten belfry floors, the wrath of owls and jackdaws at seeing their realms invaded, to say nothing of the certainty of being half-smothered in dust and cobwebs. One such we re-

member who fell through the belfry floor, but was luckily caught by two joists under his arms. There he remained suspended—being an elderly man, and fearing the joists should also give way if he made strenuous efforts to extricate himself—till the clerk happened to come into the body of the church, and then ascended to his rescue. Most fortunately, the good man had a habit of carrying his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket (like the first Napoleon), and was just able to reach it and supply his nose during his unpleasant imprisonment, to which, he used to say, he owed much of his equanimity while suspended. “Jesus bells,” as they are called, are far from uncommon. Sir H. Partridge won four such—the greatest of their kind in the kingdom—from Henry VIII at a single cast of the dice. The oldest bells bear the name of the saint to whom they were dedicated. Then follows the *Ora pro nobis* of pre-Reformation times, specially common in the fourteenth century. In the fifteenth century, succeed short Latin herameters, or laudatory mottoes. We shall enrich this part of our subject with gatherings from the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe’s elaborate volume on *The Church Bells of Devon*, to which we are already indebted for several facts. It is worth while translating one or two of these early mottoes.

Crowned Virgin, lead us to blessed realms,

May the Lord’s name be blessed.

I will sing Thy praise, O Lord.

In the eastern counties of England, where Puritanism most prevailed, is found a curious inscription—

I sound not for the souls of the dead, but the ears of
the living.

English mottoes did not come into general use till the seventeenth century, after which English and Latin legends were (as they still are) indiscriminately used. “God save the church” or “the king” is frequently found.

I to the grave do summon all,
And to the church the living call,

is on a bell at Southwell Church, and on many more.

After 1600, Bell-mottoes lose, for the most part, their religious tone. They record the parsons and churchwardens' names and the date of casting. Longer inscriptions are often frivolous or irreverent, such as—

My sound is good, my shape is neat,
Somebody made me all compleat.

At St. Helen's, Worcester, is a set of bells on which are recorded Marlborough's victories.

Leonine or rhyming Latin hexameters are frequently found on bells; others are called alphabet bells, from bearing the letters of the alphabet in quaint old types on their rims. Lest these *minutioe* should prove wearisome to any save professed campanologists, we hasten to conclude this paper by culling a few bell-legends at random from Mr. Ellacombe's interesting collection of those to be found on Devon church bells.

Mores Vestra Vita.

Squire Arundel the great my whole expense did raise,
Nor shall our tongues abate to celebrate his praise.

Beati Immaculati.

When you me ring, I'll sweetly sing.

I mean to make it understood
That though I'm little, yet I'm good.

When I begin, then all strike in.

Some generous heart do me here fix,
And now I make a peal of six.

Come let us sing, Church and King!

Ego Sum Vox Clamantis Parate.

Recast by John Taylor and Son,
 Who the best prize for church bells won
 At the Great Exhibition
 In London 1, 8, 5 and 1.

I toll the funeral knell,
 I ring the festal day,
 I mark the fleeting hours,
 And chime the church to pray.

It is worth noticing that in the bells of Ottery St. Mary and St. Martin Exeter, of the date of 1671, are inserted satirical medals, which were not uncommon at that time, representing a pope and a king under one face, a cardinal and a bishop on the other. These are a very rare feature in campanology. We can well remember how the souls of good Presbyterians were sore vexed when St. Ninian's was completed at Perth, and "a' day lang the bell was jowling o'er the Inch for prayers, like a mad thing." What a pity that Bishop Grandison, who wrote the statutes for the above-mentioned church of Ottery, could not have revisited the earth to rectify matters at Perth! We translate a few words of them, as a parting caution to all ardent campanologists: "Peals are to be rung at funerals according to the dignity of the deceased, on fewer or more bells; but we forbid them to be sounded at too great length, nor again after even-song or early in the morning (as they do at Exeter), because 'sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal' profit souls not at all, and do much harm to men's ears, and to the fabric, and to the bells."

—*Eclectic Magazine*, Vol. 11-12, p. 108.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK

From *Letters of Laura d'Auverne*. By Charles Swain.
London: Longman, 1853.

(This exquisite piece will doubtless send many a reader to the little volume from which it was taken. The *Letters*, the principal poem of the book, is a curiosity of its class: it is simply a narrative of a little matrimonial quarrel, of the most ordinary, and indeed prosaic kind, begun in tears and ending in kisses, yet full of poetry both of the imagination and the affections. The shorter pieces have the usual amount of grace, simplicity, pathos, and religious feeling by which the muse of Charles Swain commends herself to a wide circle of "the gentle and the good."—Chambers's Journal.)

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered!
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,

When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
 And the early air blew coldly;
 "Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed,
 For five I've given warning;
 You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
 Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
 With a tone that ceases never;
 While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
 And the old friends lost forever!
 Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
 That warmer beat and younger;
 Its hands still move—though hands we love
 Are clasped on earth no longer!
 "Tick—tick," it said—"to the church-yard bed,
 The grave hath given warning—
 Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
 And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

—*Littell's "Living Age,"* Vol. 4, p. 50.

WHAT I LIVE FOR

By G. LINNÆUS BANKS

I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too;
 For all human ties that bind me;
 For the task by God assigned me:
 For the bright hopes left behind me
 And the good that I can do.

—*Littell's Living Age,* Vol. 42, p. 241.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BIBLE AND HOME

SOME recollections haunt us through all the chances and changes of our existence. Some early memory walks with us, step by step through the paths of the green earth; it clings to us in sickness and sorrow; it dwells with us in sunshine and in shade; perhaps giving tone and color to the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and often, thus influencing our actions in every stage of life. It may be the noise of the foaming wave, or the glimpse we catch of the sweet violet underneath the hedge, which brings back our first remembered grief, or our earliest joy—but there it is; and, in an instant, to each one of us is the page of the past opened; and clearly does the scene stand forth from among those never-fading pictures, drawn by keen observation and the simple truthfulness of childhood. Would not parents do well to make these first pictures in life, these recollections which go with us even to the grave, as pleasant and profitable as possible to those whom they so fondly love? Happy are the children who by such remembrances do not weaken their affection for the absent, or, worse than this, cannot wound the memory of the dead.

I seldom open my Bible but I feel grateful for the early care which now allows me to associate my first thoughts of that holy book with pleasant remembrances. No weary task rises up before me; no toilsome repetition ill understood; no soiled page, blotted with my tears; no sad, sad punishment-lesson; but, instead of these, memories on which I love to dwell, and, among them, the kind look and the gentle tone of commenda-

tion that rewarded any voluntary exertion of reading or repetition. A privilege and a pleasure I felt it was, in those first days of life, to pore upon the large print of our old Family-Bible, and to spend hours, happy hours too, in, most literally, spelling over those simple and beautiful histories of Scripture, while the sunbeams, I well remember, when in my favorite nook in a western window, not unfrequently illuminated the page. How suitable the gilding for the book!

Nor do I ever read the 23rd Psalm, but early recollections steal over me; and I am in an instant, by the magic of memory, transported to the home of my childhood; and the hour, brief and bright, when I first heard those sacred words, shines out vividly from the midst of surrounding obscurity. I do not think I have an earlier recollection than this, for after it there comes a blank, a dimness; and then life begins to tell its continuous story.

Let me look back through these long, long years, and recall that hour. The sketch, though slight, will be truthful, for I have treasured up the memory of it, day after day, and year after year.

It must have been a winter's evening, I suppose, for a large bright fire burned before us; and it seems to me I have never seen so bright a fire since; our table was drawn close to it. The night may have been cold; but it was not stormy, for I well remember the stillness without and within. The day was not an ordinary one: probably it was a Sabbath evening, for there seemed to be a calmness in the very atmosphere, a hush upon my young spirit. The room is indistinct to me—dream-like. I have no recollection even of familiar furniture: all else is in the background, save that brightly polished table, the glowing fire, and the group beside it. I could, were I there, point out the very spot where my mother sat: my father was opposite to her; and before him lay open, upon the table, what seemed to my inex-

perienced comprehension of size, a large, very large book; while I a little child stood by his side. And young indeed I must have been when I recollect I was alone by that hearth which has since been gladdened by many a childish tone. Yet, such as I was, I well remember there was a strong sense of comfort, of happiness, of "fireside enjoyment," in my young heart at that moment. In the very fulness of this feeling, I recollect looking gladly on all things around; and all things, too, seemed to look smilingly back upon me.

My father was reading "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." And beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful, did these words and each succeeding one, seem to me. The imagery—thus far of a child of the country—was within my comprehension, and it was at once understood. "The green pastures, the still waters," were they not my daily companions? Even "the valley of the shadow of death" thus presented, brought no terror to my young imagination. While, with a loved mother near, where is the child who would not in a moment feel the force and fondness of that home simile, "the prepared table, the cup that runneth over?"

And I first heard and felt these sublime words, surrounded by the halo of affection; and O this is a glorious light to shine upon early impressions! the domestic affections beautifully interpret the child's first Scripture-lessons! I know my mother's look was full of gentleness and tenderness. I remember, yes, I still remember, the real solemnity and earnestness of my father's voice and manner. As a child, I knew not the meaning of all the words he read; but I felt them—felt, until I learned the language by which I could express it, that love and faith were at that fire-side.

A few years passed; and, while yet a little child, I left my early home. I exchanged "God's work," the country, for "man's work," the town. I sped on in the path of life. My parents faded, personally at least,

from my recollection; for other childless relatives called me their own, in all save name. And now new pursuits engrossed my attention, new friends were gathering around me, new scenes and circumstances were before me. Still sometimes, even amid the din and tumult of a great city, and above the noise and bustle of the ever-moving mass, would I hear, in fancy, the glad song of the summer bird, or the music of the clear mountain-stream, or the wild wind rustling among the trees, which I had so often listened to in the quiet of my infant years.

How often, too, would I wander back in imagination to the well-known spots! I would be once more in the green meadows, where I used to gather the daisies and the buttercups, those treasured flowers of childhood; and nooks, well remembered nooks, rich with pale primroses, would spring up before me. And then the rushing waterfall, the huge grey rocks, and those bright green mossy spots in the deep glen, the beautiful wild rose, the sweet-smelling honeysuckle, and the brilliant red berry of the mountain-ash—could I forget these? No, they were never forgotten, nor were the heather-clad hills around my home, the distant mountains, and the far-off blue lake. Yet better remembered than any of these, and oftener—far brighter than the flowers, and sweeter than earth's sweetest sounds—was the thought of that calm, happy Sabbath evening. And more blessed, too, than either of the eye or of the ear, was that memory of the heart! Since, in far wanderings on the quiet earth and on the stormy sea, in the anguish of sickness, in the gladness of health, in the darkness of sorrow, that hour has spoken "peace" to me.

Yes; I have dwelt in fairer and more cultivated scenes since those early days. I have been surrounded by the luxuries which wealth can call up; I have listened to the rich eloquence of the gifted, and the wisdom of the

learned; I know the homage which noble birth obtains. Yet I would not now exchange the recollection of that happy hour, I would not lose the tone of it, such as my loved parents made it to me, for any of these, earth's choicest gifts. For is not our yellow gold ashes, our rank, a vain fleeting breath, and our boasted learning dark ignorance, compared with the riches, and the titles, and the wisdom that chapter contained for the child.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 11, p. 390.

CHURCH BELLS IN THE DESERT

"THE sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me, he shone before; and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after awhile I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills. I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rung on, and not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing 'for church.' After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased."

Beneath the fervid eastern sky,
Far from his native land,
A way-worn man, at noon of day,
Lay dreaming on the sand :—
Around him, like a burning sea,
The trackless desert spread;
Beneath him was the torrid earth,
The brazen sky o'erhead.

Sweet visions of his island-home,
Beyond the distant main,
Like vernal landscapes, filled his soul,
And sooth'd his racking pain.

The green old hills—the pleasant fields,
The summer groves and streams,
'Neath fancy's sleepless eye were spread,
And flashed through all his dreams.

He wakes;—and on his waking ear,
What joyous music swells;
He hears the chimes—the glorious chimes,
Of his own parish bells.
Peal after peal, distinct and clear,
Through the hush'd air they roll,
Bringing home's thousand memories,
Afresh upon his soul.

They mind him of the Sunday groups,
Within the church-yard shade;
He sees again the pictured light
On aisle and transept laid;
The organ's soft prelusive strain
Floats on the desert air,
With solemn Eucharistic hymn,
And voice of holy prayer.

The sweet delusion lingers yet,
Though fiercely still on high
The fiery sun-heat, wave on wave,
Sweeps over all the sky:—
The sweet delusion lingers yet,
Though still the sand wastes glow
Beneath the scorching atmosphere
That withers all below.

O thus, amid the arid waste
Through which our journey lies,
When fiery streams of woe seem poured
From fierce, unkindly skies,

When o'er the desert-sands of time,
 In life's hot race we toil,
 And every footstep, track'd in blood,
 Seems burnt upon the soil;—

How sweet to catch the solemn chimes
 Of holy hope and cheer,
 Which oft from heav'n seem pealing down
 On faith's attentive ear;
 Echoes as 'twere of Sabbath bells
 Forever ringing on,
 Where saints and angels worship God,
 Around th' eternal throne.

Echoes of those sweet chimes that roll
 O'er all the heavenly plains,
 Responsive to the seraph's songs,
 And high angelic strains;
 Borne on—borne on unceasingly,
 Where life's immortal streams,
 'Mid the green pastures of the Lord,
 Roll in love's noonday beams.

—*The Protestant Churchman,*

Reproduced in April Issue of *Littell's Living Age*, 1845.

THE CARILLON OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

In the pleasant land of Belgium,
Where the Scheldt first seeks the main,
Stands a quaint, old, gabled city,
Fashioned like a town of Spain.

Through that grand old town of Antwerp,
Rich in the shows of bygone time,
As on eyesight falls the sunshine,
Bursts the bright cathedral chime.

On the sultry air of summer—
On December's chilling blast—
On the dull blank ear of midnight—
Is that carillon sweetly cast.

Like the golden grain in seed-time,
Scattered with a hopeful care,
That the genial after-season
May produce some harvest there.

Oft forgotten, oft remembered,
Startling, strange, and silent soon,
Lovely even though neglected,
Like the light of crescent moon.

Where the reveller's song is loudest—
Where dim tapers light the dead—
Where the stranger seeks his chamber—
Steals that cadence overhead.

Where the monk is at his vigil,
 Where the air is foul with sin—
 Where the lonely sick one waketh—
 That old chime strays softly in.

To the vile, in notes of warning—
 Chiding tones that seldom cease—
 To the sad, in words of solace,
 To the pure, in thoughts of peace.

O'er the city—o'er the river—
 Through each quarter of the town,
 Through each day and through each season,
 Rains that frequent music down

Even across the parting ocean,
 In still chambers of the brain,
 At this moment, through the silence,
 Breaks that magic sound again.

Like the carillon, softly chiming,
 Soothing, gentle as its fall,
 Is the ceaseless dole of mercy,
 Unperceived, that comes to all.

And our nobler life is nourished,
 As we count the beads of time,
 By pure hopes and aspirations,
 Sweeter than that minster chime.

O, 'tis well to pause and listen,
 To those benisons in the air,
 As we tread life's busy pathway,
 That salute us everywhere.

CHAPTER XIX

ENGLISH BELFRIES AND BELGIAN CARILLONS

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M. A.

OUR BELFRIES

THE foot sinks into black dust at least an inch thick. A startled owl sweeps out of the old belfry window; the shutters are broken, and let in some light, and plenty of wind and rain in winter. The cement inside the steeple has rotted away, and the soft stone is crumbling unheeded. Some day the noble old tower will be proclaimed unsafe, and if no funds are forthcoming, twenty feet will be taken off it, and the peal of bells will have to come down. It requires no prophet to foretell this—one glance is sufficient. Everything is already rotting and rusting. The inscriptions on the six or eight great bells are almost illegible; the beams which support them have lost their rivets' heads, and are all loose, probably unsafe; the unpainted wheels are cracked, and every time the bells ring the friction from mere rust and decay is very great.

We may as well ask Builders, Architects, Deans and Chapters in general, in these days of church restoration, how they can account for such a state of things in so many otherwise well-restored churches? Why are mighty dust-heaps and vagrant owls almost invariably to be found in the belfry? Alas! because the belfry is the one spot in the church which is hardly ever visited. When a rope breaks or a wheel gets out of order, someone climbs up and mends it. When an an-

tiquarian wishes to see some famous peal, or copy the legend upon some bell, he gets permission to ascend the tower—perhaps this may happen once a year. Yet the bells are often the most interesting things about the church. They have their histories, and the few words inscribed upon them are not unfrequently very quaint and suggestive. But who is to stumble up the old decayed stairs, or plunge into the dust and filth of centuries, at the risk of breaking his neck? Only a few enthusiasts, who are powerless to help the poor bells in their rust, and the poor towers in their rottenness.

The notion that there is nothing to do up in the belfry after the bells are hung, but to let them swing and everything else rot, seems to be a very prevalent one. This natural process is at all events going on in most cathedral towers in England at this moment. Thousands are spent annually upon the outward decorations; every Gothic detail is carefully replaced, every mullion repaired; the interior is rehabilitated by the best architects; all is scrupulously clean about the nave and chancel, and the side aisles and sacristy, and not even an organ pipe is allowed to get out of tune; but there is nevertheless a skeleton in the house—we need not descend into the vaults to find it—our skeleton is in the belfry. His bones are the rotten timbers, his dust is the indescribable accumulation of ages—the vaults are clean in comparison with the belfry. Open yonder little door at the corner of the nave, and begin the dark ascent; before you have gone far you will sigh for the trim staircase that leads down to the vaults. Enter the windy, dirty, rotten room where the poor bells that cannot die are allowed to mildew and crack for want of a little attention, until they ring the tower down in the angry resonance of their revenge. You will think of the well-kept monuments in the quiet vaults below, where the dead lie decently covered in,

and where the carefully-swept floor (a trifle damp, maybe) reveals many a well-worn, but still legible epitaph or funereal symbol.

If the care of belfries and tower walls were a mere affair of sentiment, there might be room for regret, but hardly matter for protest. But, indeed, thousands of pounds might be saved if the anything but silent ruin going on inside our church towers all over the land were occasionally arrested by a few pounds' worth of timely cement, or a new beam or rivet, just enough to check the tremendously increased friction caused by loose bell machinery. Every antiquarian has had to mourn the loss of church towers that have literally been rung to pieces by the bells. The great Bell of Time will no doubt ring down every tower in the land sooner or later; but at present, instead of arresting his action, we assist him as much as possible, by pretending not to see the ravages he is making in our old belfries.

The other day we ascended the tower of one of the most beautifully restored cathedrals in England. It was by no means as badly kept as many; we therefore select it as a good average specimen to describe.

The tower and spire of red sandstone, massive, but soft, and therefore specially dependent upon good cement and protection from the weather. The shutters were, as usual, old and rotting; large gaps admitted the rain and wind, whose action was abundantly manifest upon the flakes of soft stone which lined the interior of the spire; in places the old cement had completely fallen out, but the spire may still stand for another hundred years or more, after which it will have to be taken down or replaced at enormous cost. The bell machinery, like every machinery intended for mere peals (not carillons) was of course of the roughest kind—the old primitive wheel, and nothing more. This simple, and at the same time cumbrous apparatus,

never can work smoothly on a large scale, and more complicated works, which would save half the friction, might easily be devised; but then, who cares what the works up in the belfry are like? The wretched man who pulls the rope may sweat and fume, but nobody sees him, and besides, he is paid for it. The tower may indeed come down by-and-by, but it will last our time, and the piety of posterity will doubtless build another.

There are ten bells in L.—— Cathedral, of which I am speaking, the largest weighing $1\frac{3}{4}$ tons. These bells are in pretty constant use. On examining the wheels, I found them all to be more or less rough, rotten, and split. Each wheel, of course, swung between two stout beams. There was a rest for the axle of the wheel provided upon the surface of each beam, whilst a piece of wood kept fast by a movable rivet was fitted over the indentation in which the axle-tree worked, so as to prevent the wheel from rising and jolting in the beams when swung. I had the curiosity to go round and examine each socket. In every case the rivet was out, lying on the beam or on the floor, or lost; consequently, whenever the peal is rung, the jolting and creaking alone must in the long run, injure the tower greatly. Indeed, I feel convinced that, in nine cases out of ten, it is not the sound of the bells so much as the unnecessary friction of the neglected bell machinery which ruins our towers and shakes down our church spires.

But, it may be fairly asked, what ought to be done? We profess no deep architectural knowledge; but a few obvious improvements will, no doubt, have already suggested themselves to the reader's mind.

First, let architects remember that the towers are not only good for bells, but also for lovers of scenery; and let them repair the staircases. Unless the staircase is decent, safe, and clean, the neighboring panorama of hill and dale, land and water, will be lost to

all but a few adventurous climbers. Then, the better the ascent, the more chance there is of the belfry being visited and cared for. And lastly, if the stairs are mended, perhaps the walls of the staircases—in other words, the fabric of the tower itself—might claim a little more attention. But here are the bells: why should they be covered with rust? The Belgian bell-founders take a pride in sending out their bells smooth and clean. The English bell-founders send them out sometimes with bits of iron and rough metal sticking to them from the mould, and full of pits and flaws. Well, they know that none will care for the bells, or notice their condition, until they finally crack or tumble down. Why turn them out clean, when they are never to be clean again?

But the bells should have their official, like the clock. He should be called the Bell-stoker. He should rub his bells at least once a week; then they would never rust, the inscriptions would be preserved, and the surface of the bells being protected from disintegration, the sound would be improved, and the bells would be less liable to crack. The stoker should keep every rivet in its place; the wheels and beams should all be varnished or painted regularly. I have visited many belfries at home and abroad, but never have I seen a bit of paint or varnish in one yet. The shutters should be kept from swinging, with their flanges sloping downward, so as to keep the wet from driving in, whilst allowing the sound to float freely out and down upon the town. But a far more radical change is required in the machinery of bells. In these days of advanced mechanical appliances, it is disgraceful to reflect that exactly the same machinery is now used to swing bells as was used in China a thousand years ago. A wheel with a rope around it—that and nothing more. The bell-works might occupy much less room, and the friction, by some of the simplest mechanical appli-

ances, might be reduced to almost nothing. An eye for the belfry is a thing to be cultivated. The belfry should be cultivated. The belfry should look like a fine engine-room in a first-class factory. It should be a pleasure, as well as an instructive lesson, to go into it. When all was in motion, everything should be so neatly fitted and thoroughly oiled that we should hear no sound save the melodious booming of the bells themselves. At present, when the bells are rung the belfry appears to go into several violent convulsions, corresponding to the herculeanean efforts of the poor ringers below. At last the wheel is induced to move enough for the clapper to hit the bell an indefinite kind of a bang—an arduous operation, which may or may not be repeated in some kind of rhythm, according as the ringer may or may not succeed in hitting it off with the eccentric machinery up aloft. We shall have to return to this subject at the close of our article.

Bells were not made for towers, but towers for bells. Towers were originally nothing but low lanterns, but when bells came into common use the lantern was hoisted up and grew into a spire supported by the bell-room or tower. One would have thought that this fact alone, that so many noble structures owe their existence to bells, might have invested bells with a superior dignity, and given them an honorable claim to the reverence and affection of a church-and-chapel-going nation like our own. But probably the only influence which will ever be searching and powerful enough to get the wrongs of our bells and belfries righted, is the influence of a more diffused musical taste. No one in England really associates the bells in our towers with musical progressions and musical notation. The roughest possible attempt at an octave is thought sufficient, and the most discordant sequences are considered sweet and lovely. The English people do not seem to be aware that a bell is, or ought to be, a musical note; that

consequently a peal of bells is, under any circumstances, a kind of musical instrument, and under some circumstances, a very fine kind. With all the musical agencies, and the concerts, and the money, and the enthusiasm which are annually devoted to music in England, we have yet much to learn—so much that at times the prospect seems hopeless. What shall we say to a nation that tolerates, with scarcely a protest, German bands in every possible state of decay? Bands made out of a sort of Ginx's Babies, with bugles, horrid clarionets, and battered brass tubes blown by asthmatic refugees. We are not alluding to some really good German bands which condescend to the use of music desks and the kettle-drum; but to those fiendish nomads who congregate together in our streets, without any other principle of cohesion except what may be found in a dogged conviction that although each one is incapable of playing alone, yet all together have the power of creating such a brazen pandemonium that sooner or later men must pay them to leave off. What shall we say to a people who will hear without remorse their favorite tunes on the barrel-organs of the period? Legislation has indeed been directed against every form of street music because it is *noisy*, but never because it is *un-musical*. In Italy the government stops street organs which are out of tune. In England no distinction whatever is drawn between street noise and street music. As long as multitudes are content to have pianofortes without having them in tune, as long as clergy and congregations are content to put up with the most squeaky form of the harmonium, as long as organists can be found to play upon organs as much out of tune as those portable barrels of madness and distraction carried in by the wandering minstrels of Italy, as long as tunes are allowed to be performed for Punch and Judy upon the discordant pipe of Pan, whilst negro melodists thrum the parchment and scratch the violin with more

than demoniac energy, so long is it unreasonable to expect people to care for the tonal properties of their bells.

Great bells in London are generally considered an insufferable nuisance. One church with daily service materially injures house property in the adjoining streets. But if, instead of one or two bells cracked or false, or at any rate representing no true melodic progression, there were a dozen musically tuned and musically played, the public ear would soon appreciate the sound as an agreeable strain of serial music, instead of being driven mad with the hoarse gong-like roar of some incurably sick bell. We question whether there is a musically true chime of bells in the whole of England; and if it exists, we question whether any one knows or cares for its musical superiority. Many chimes are respectable, with the exception of one or two bells, which, being flat or sharp, completely destroy every change that is rung upon them, yet it never occurs to anybody to have the offenders down, and either made right or recast. The Romsey Abbey bells, for instance, an octave peal of eight, are respectably in tune with the exception of the seventh, which is too sharp, but which has hung there and been rung there ever since 1791, without (as far as we are aware) creating any unpleasant sensation in the neighborhood. Similar charges might be brought against most of our cathedral and metropolitan chimes. This being the case, it can hardly be wondered at if our clock-chimes are found equally out of tune. We venture to say that Big Ben with his four quarter-bells and the Westminster Abbey chimes would not be tolerated for twenty-four hours by any town in Belgium. As bells individually they may be good, bad, or indifferent; but as musical notes combined for musical purposes they are simply abominable. Yet the British citizen knows it not; nay, he prides himself upon the colossal Ben,

though cracked; he plumes himself upon the romantic chimes in the gray towers of the old Abbey, whereof the explanation is that the bells are to him as Time and Noise. But they are something worse than mere noise, they are rank discords and corrupters of the public ear. To hear a dozen or so of quarters struck out of tune every day must have a disastrous effect upon musical taste. It makes people indifferent to tune, which is the first essential of music. We have heard the street boys whistling Big Ben's quarters deliberately out of tune. The government would no doubt smile at the notion that it ought to prohibit such chimes and all such public discords as public offences against taste. Can there be any more lamentable proof of the truth of our much-contested sentence, "the English are not a musical people," than the fact that of all the lords and commons, the *elite* of the land, who sit at Westminster, not a stone's throw from Big Ben, perhaps not a dozen are aware that Big Ben and his four attendant quarter-bells are hideously out of tune?

THE BELLS OF BELGIUM

Willingly do I escape from the din and discord of English belfries to Belgium, loving and beloved of bells.

The wind that sweeps over her campagnas and fertile levels is full of broken but melodious whispers.

In Belgium, day and night are set to music—music on a scale more colossal than that of the largest orchestra ever yet heard; music more penetrating than the loudest trumpet or organ blast. For however large the chorus and orchestra, it would scarcely be possible in the east end of London to hear a concert at Westminster; yet on still nights, with a gentle wind blowing, we have often at that distance distinctly heard Big Ben. Well, in Belgium every seven minutes there is bell-music, not only for the whole town, but for the country

miles around. Those carillons playing the same cheerful air every hour throughout the year, at last acquire a strange fascination over one who lives within sight and hearing of some such gray old church as St. Rombaud, at Mechlin. The listener has heard them at moments when, elated with hope, he was looking forward to the almost immediate realization of some long-desired joy, and the melody of the bells has filled him with exultation. He has heard the same strain rung out in seasons of depression, and his heart has leaped up at the sound so filled with memories. The bells may have again smitten upon his ear at the moment when some tragic news has reached him; or out in the fields, steeped in yellow sunshine, above the hum of insect life, the same tune has come to him between the pauses of the summer wind; or deep in his dreams through sleep, without awakening him, the bells have somehow mingled their old rhythm with his dormant fancies, until at last the sound becomes so charged with the incidents and emotions of his life, that they are almost as much parts of him as his memory. When he comes to leave a town where he has dwelt for some time, he feels as if he had lost a whole side of his life; he misses the sound of the friendly bells, which always had the power by force of association to call up some emotion congenial to the moment,—the sympathetic bells which seemed always equally ready to weep or to rejoice with him—the unobtrusive bells so familiar as never to be a disturbance—the gentle bells that could, as it were, ring aside to themselves when not wanted, and yet never failed to minister to the listening spirit whenever it stood in need of their solace, sympathy, or recreation.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that bell-music every seven minutes is an unpleasant disturbance or interruption; its very frequency enables it to become completely assimilated to our every-day life. Are we not surrounded by natural changes and effects

quite as marked in their way as bell-music, and yet which have no tendency to unsettle, distract, or weary us? How loud at times does the wind blow; how suddenly on a dark day will the sun burst into our room; how shrill is the voice of our canary, which at last we hardly heed at all; how often does a rumbling vehicle pass along in the streets, and yet we cease neither reading nor writing for any of these.

The bells musically arranged never irritate or annoy any one in Belgium. Instead of time floating by in blank or melancholy silence, or being marked by harsh and brazen clashes, time floats on there upon the pulses of sweet and solemn music. To return from a town like Mechlin to chimeless and gong-like England, is like coming from a festival to a funeral.

M. Victor Hugo stayed at Mechlin in 1837, and the novelty of the almost incessant carillon chimes in the neighboring tower of St. Rombaud appears, not unnaturally, to have driven sleep from his eyelids; yet he was not irritated or angry so much as fascinated, and at last the creative instinct awoke in the poet, and rising from his bed he inscribed by moonlight the following charming lines, with a diamond ring, upon the window-pane:—

“J’aime le carillon dans tes cités antiques,
O vieux pays, gardien de tes mœurs domestiques,
Noble Flandre, où le Nord se réchauffe engourdi
Au soleil de Castille et s’accouple au Midi!
Le carillon, c’est l’heure in attendue et folle
Que l’oeil croit voir, vêtue en danseuse espagnole
Apparaître soudain par le trou vif et clair
Que ferait, en s’ouvrant, une porte de l’air.
Elle vient, secouant sur les toits léthargiques
Son tablier d’argent, plein de notes magiques
Réveillant sans pitié les dormeurs ennuyeux,
Sautant à petits pas comme un oiseau joyeux,

Vibrant, ainsi qu'un dard qui tremble dans la cible;
 Par un frêle escalier de cristal invisible,
 Effaree et dansante, elle descend des cieux;
 Et l'esprit, ce veilleur, fait d'oreilles et d'yeux,
 Tandis qu'elle va, vient, monte et descend encore,
 Entend de marche en marche error son pied sonore!"

THE CARILLON

To Belgium belongs the honor of having first understood and felt bells as musical notes, and devised that serial and colossal musical instrument known as the carillon.

"Carillon" is derived from the Italian word *quadriglio* or *quadrille*. A dreary kind of dance music, of which many specimens still survive, seems under this name to have come from Italy, and been widely popular throughout Europe in the sixteenth century. People hummed the *quadriglio* in the streets, and as town bells, whether in the cathedral or the town belfry, were regarded as popular institutions, it is not to be wondered at that the *quadriglio* was the first kind of musical tune ever arranged for a peal of bells, and that these peals of time-playing bells became widely famous under the name of Carillons.

The rise of bell-music in Belgium, like the rise of sculpture in Greece, or painting in Italy, and we may add the famous art of violin-making at Cremona, was sudden and rapid. In the sixteenth century the use of several bells in connection with town clocks was common enough. Even little tunes were played at the quarters and half hours. The addition of a second octave was clearly only a matter of time. In the seventeenth century carillons were found in all the principal towns of Belgium, and between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the finest carillons now in use, including those of Malines, Antwerp,

Bruges, Ghent, and Louvain, were set up. There seems to have been no limit to the number of bells, except the space and strength of the belfry. Antwerp cathedral has sixty-five bells; St. Rombaud, Mechlin, forty-four bells; Bruges, forty bells and one bourdon, or heavy bass bell; Ghent, thirty-nine; Tournay, forty; Ste. Gertrude, at Louvain, forty.

The great passion and genius for bells which called these noble carillons into existence can no longer be said to be at its height. The Van Aerschodts, descendants of the great bell-founding family of the Ven den Gheyns, probably make as good bells as their forefathers, or better ones; and certainly the younger brother, Severin van Aerschodt, retains much of the artistic feeling and genuine pride in his bells so distinctive of the old founders. M. Severin is a good sculptor, and works easily and with real enthusiasm both in marble and bronze. All bell machinery can be infinitely better made now than ever; but, notwithstanding the love of the Belgians for their chimes and carillons, and the many modern improvements that have recently been made, we cannot help feeling that the great bell period ended in 1785 with the death of the greatest organist and carillonneur Belgium has ever produced, Matthias van den Gheyn.

No one who has taken the trouble to examine the machinery used for ringing these enormous suites of bells, many of them weighing singly several tons, can well appreciate all that is implied in the words, "*Carillons aux clavecins et aux tambours*," or, in plain English, musical machines played by a barrel, and played from a key-board.

Up in every well-stored belfry in Belgium there is a small room devoted to a large revolving barrel, exactly similar in principle to that of a musical-box. It is fitted all over with little spikes, each of which in its turn lifts a tongue, the extremity of which pulls a wire,

which raises a hammer, which, lastly, falls upon a bell and strikes the required note of a tune. We have only to imagine a barrel-organ of the period, in which the revolving barrel, instead of opening a succession of tubes, pulls a succession of wires communicating with bell-hammers, and we have roughly the conception of the "carillon aux tambours."

But up in that windy quarter there is another far more important chamber, the room of the *clavecin*, or keyboard. We found even in Belgium that these rooms, once the constant resort of choice musical spirits, and a great center of interest to the whole town, were now but seldom visited. Some of the *clavecins*, like that in Tournay belfry, for instance, we regret to say, are shockingly out of repair; we could not ascertain that there was any one in the town capable of playing it, or that it had been played upon recently at all. Imagine, instead of spikes on a revolving barrel being set to lift wire-pulling tongues, the hand of man performing this operation by simply striking the wire-pulling key, or tongue, and we have the rough conception of the *carillon-clavecin*, or bells played from a key-board. The usual apparatus of the *carillon-clavecin* in Belgium, we are bound to say, is extremely rough. It presents the simple spectacle of a number of jutting handles, of about the size of small rolling-pins, each of which communicates most obviously and directly with a wire which pulls the bell-smiting hammer overhead. The performer has this rough key-board arranged before him in semitones, and can play upon it just as a piano, or an organ is played upon, only that instead of striking the keys or pegs with his finger, he has to administer a sharp blow to each with his gloved fist.

How, with such a machine, intricate pieces of music, and even organ voluntaries, were played, as we know they were, is a mystery to us. The best living carilloneurs sometimes attempt a rough outline of some

Italian overture, or a tune with variations, which is, after all, played more accurately by the barrel; but the greatest masterpieces of Matthias van den Gheyn, which have lately been unearthed from their long repose, are declared to be quite beyond the skill of any player now living. The inference we must draw is sad and obvious. The age of carillons is past, and the art of playing them is rapidly becoming a lost art, and the love and popular passion that once was lavished upon them has died out, and left but a pale flame in the breasts of the worthy citizens who are still proud of their traditions, but vastly prefer the mechanical performance of the tambour to the skill of any carillonneur now living.

The supply of high-class carillonneur ceased with the demand; but why did the demand cease? The only explanation which occurs to us is this:—the carillonneur was once the popular music-maker of the people, at a time when good music was scarce, just as the preacher was once the popular instructor of the people when good books were scarce. Now the people can get music, and good music, in a hundred other forms. It is the bands, and pianos, and the immense multiplication of cheap editions of music, and the generally increased facilities of making music, which have combined to kill the carillonneurs and depose carillons from their once lofty position of popular favor to the subordinate office of playing tunes to the clock.

When Peter van den Gheyn, the bell-founder, put up his modest octave of bells in 1562, at Louvain, his carillon was, doubtless, thought a miracle of tune-playing. But at that time German music did not exist. Palestrina, then just emerging from obscurity, was hardly understood outside Italy. Monteverde and Lulli were not yet born. But Matthias van den Gheyn, the carillonneur died, Handel and Bach had already passed away, Haydn was still living, Mozart was at

his zenith, Beethoven was fifteen years old, and every form of modern music was created, and already widely spread throughout Europe. These facts seem to us to explain the decreasing attention paid to carillon music in Belgium. The public ear has now become glutted with every possible form of music. People have also become fastidious about tune and harmony, and many fine carillons which satisfied our forefathers are now voted well-enough for clock chimes, but not for serious musical performances.

There is no reason whatever why the taste for carillon music should not be revived. Bells can be cast in perfect tune, and the exquisite English machinery for playing them ought to tempt our bell-founders to emulate their Belgian brothers in the fine-toned quality of their bells.

MATTHIAS VAN DEN GHEYN

Let us now try and form some conception of what has actually been realized by skilled players on the carillon-board, by glancing at some of the carillon music still extant, and assisting in imagination at one of those famous carillon seances which were once looked forward to by Belgians as our Handel festivals are now looked forward to by lovers of music in England.

In the middle of the last century there was probably no town in Belgium more frequented than the ancient and honorable collegiate town of Louvain. Its university has always had a splendid reputation, and at this day can boast of some of the most learned men in Europe. Its town-hall, a miracle of thirteenth-century Gothic, is one of the most remarkable buildings of that age. The oak carving in its churches, especially that of Ste. Gertrude, is of unsurpassed richness, and attests the enormous wealth formerly lavished by the

Louvainiers upon their churches. The library is the best kept and most interesting in Belgium, and the set of bells in St. Peter's Church, if not the finest, can at least boast of having for many years been presided over by the greatest carillonneur and one of the most truly illustrious composers of the eighteenth century, Matthias van den Gheyn.

On the 1st of July, 1745, the town of Louvain was astir at an early hour: the worthy citizens might be seen chatting eagerly at their shop doors, and the crowds of visitors who had been pouring into the town the day before were gathering in busy groups in the great square of Louvain, which is bounded on one side by the town-hall, and on the other by the church of St. Peter's. Amongst the crowd might be observed not only many of the most eminent musicians in Belgium, but nobles, connoisseurs, and musical amateurs, who had assembled from all parts of the country to hear the great competition for the important post of carillonneur to the town of Louvain.

All the principal organists of the place were to compete: and amongst them a young man, aged twenty-four, the organist of St. Peter's who was descended from the great family of bell-founders in Belgium, and whose name was already well known throughout the country—Matthias van den Gheyn.

The nobility, the clergy, the magistrates, the burgo-masters, in short, the powers civil and ecclesiastical, had assembled in force to give weight to the proceedings. As the hour approached, not only the great square but all the streets leading to it became densely thronged, and no doubt the demand for windows at Louvain, over and against St. Peter's tower, was as great as the demand for balconies in the city of London on Lord Mayor's day.

Each competitor was to play at sight the airs which were to be given to him at the time, and the same

pieces were to be given to each in turn. To prevent all possible collusion between the jury and the players, no preludes whatever were to be permitted before the performance of the pieces, nor were the judges to know who was playing at any given moment. Lots were to be cast in the strictest secrecy, and the players were to take their seats as the lots fell upon them. The names of the trial pieces have been preserved, and the curiosity of posterity may derive some satisfaction from the perusal of the following list, highly characteristic of the musical taste of that period (1745) in Belgium. "La Folie d'Hispanie," "La Bergerie," "Caprice," and one "Andante."

M. Loret got through his task very creditably. Next to him came M. Leblancq, who completely broke down in "La Bergerie," being unable to read the music. M. van Driessche came third, and gave general satisfaction. M. de Laet was fourth, but he too found "La Bergerie" insuperable, and gave it up in despair. Lastly came Matthias van den Gheyn, but before he got through his task the judges and the great assembly had probably made up their minds; there was no comparison between him and his predecessors. Loret and Van Driessche, both eminent professors, were indeed placed second, and the rest were not worth placing; but beyond all shadow of doubt the last competitor was the only man worthy to make carillon music for the town and neighborhood of Louvain, and accordingly Van den Gheyn was duly installed in the honorable position of carillonneur, which he held conjointly with that of organist at the church of St. Peter's. His duties consisted in playing the bells every Sunday for the people, also on all the regular festivals of the Church, on the municipal feast-days, besides a variety of special occasions, in short whenever the town thought fit. He was bound to have his bells in tune, and forbidden to allow any one to take his place as deputy on the great occasions.

His salary was small, but there were extra fees awarded him upon great occasions, and on the whole he doubtless found his post tolerably lucrative, without being by any means a sinecure.

It is a comfort to think that this great genius was not destined always to spend himself upon the trivially popular airs of the period, such as appear to have been chosen for his ordeal.

The indefatigable efforts of the Chevalier van Elewyck have resulted in the discovery and restoration to the world of more than fifty compositions belonging to this great master, who has indeed had a narrow escape of being lost to posterity. We quite agree with MM. Lemmens and Fétis that some of the "*Morceaux Fugues*" (now for the first time published by Schott et Cie., Brussels, and Regent Street, London) are quite equal, as far as they go, to similar compositions by Handel and Bach; at the same time they have a striking individuality and almost wild tenderness and poetry peculiarly their own. As there is no reason why these splendid compositions should any longer be forgotten, we shall make no apology for alluding to some of their prominent characteristics. And, in the first place, let us say that they are wonderful examples of what may be inspired by bells, and of the kind of music which is alone capable of making an effect upon the carillon.

The "*Morceaux Fugues*," though quite elaborate enough for the piano and organ, were actually played by Van den Gheyn upon the bells. They are bell-like in the extreme, full of the most plaintive melody, and marked by peculiar effects which nothing but bells can render adequately. If ever we are to have effective carillon music, these compositions and their general laws must be closely studied. The difficulty of arranging and harmonizing tunes for bells seems to baffle all attempts hitherto made in England. The resonance of the bell renders so much impracticable that upon piano or organ

is highly effective. The sounds run into each other, and horrid discords result unless the harmonies are skillfully adapted to the peculiarities of bell sound.

In this adaptation Van den Gheyn, as we might suppose, is a master, but such a master as it is quite impossible for any one to conceive who has not closely studied his carillon music. One great secret of bell-playing, overlooked in the setting of all our barrels, is to avoid ever striking even the two notes of a simple third quite simultaneously. Let any one take two small bells, or even two wine-glasses tuned to a third. Let him strike them at exactly the same time, and he will hardly get the sound of a third at all; he will only get a confused medley of vibrations: but let him strike one ever so little before or after the other, and the ear will instantly receive so definite an impression of a third, that however the sounds may mix afterwards, the musical sense will rest satisfied. We are not now concerned with the reasons for this, it is simply a fact; and of course the same rule holds good in a still greater degree with reference to sixths and chords of three or more notes, when struck upon bells. The simultaneous striking, and hence confusion of vibrations, cannot of course be always avoided; but whenever it can be, we shall find that it is avoided by Van den Gheyn. It is true he is not always at the pains of writing his thirds with a quaver and a crotchet, to indicate the non-simultaneity of the stroke; but we are more and more convinced that whenever it was possible, his bells were struck, often with great rapidity, no doubt, but one after the other. Indeed, any one who has sat and played, as the writer of this article has done, upon Van den Gheyn's own carillon in St. Peter's belfry, will see how next to impossible it would be, with the rough and heavy machinery there provided, to strike three notes simultaneously in a passage of considerable length, such as the brilliant passage, for instance, in sixths,

with a pedal bass, which occurs at the close of the first *Morceau Fugue*.

Again, the use of one long pedal note running through three or four bars in harmony with a running treble, may have been suggested originally by bells. It is a well known favorite effect of S. Bach, in his great pedal fugues, and has been transferred to the orchestral and chamber music by Mendelssohn conspicuously in one of his violincello sonatas; but it is the peculiar property of the carillonneur, and has been used over and over again by Van den Gheyn with thrilling emphasis.

In the second *Morceau Fugue* we see how magnificently deep bells may be made to take the place of pedal pipes. In this massive and solemn movement, a subject of remarkable breadth and power, a truly colossal subject, suitable to its colossal instrument, is given out and carried through with bass pedal bells, and a running accompaniment in the treble. The use of smaller shrill bells, to pick out what we may call little definite sound specks, is a pleasant relief to the ear towards the close, and prevents our experiencing the slightest effect of monotonous din throughout this wonderfully sustained and majestic piece. The way in which the final cadenza is led up to is masterly. That cadenza is, in fact, a bravoura passage of great rapidity, the treble part of which it might tax a respectable violinist to get through creditably, and how it was ever played on a Belgian clavecin passes our comprehension.

The whole of this second *Morceau* is so fresh and so prophetic in its anticipation of modern musical effects, that it might have been written by Mendelssohn; indeed in many places, it forcibly reminds us of passages in his organ sonatas.

But we must not be tempted any longer to discourse upon what baffles all description; let us turn for a moment from the music to the man, and see him as he

lived and moved a hundred years ago before the eyes of the worthy Louvainiers.

Old men at Louvain well remember the descriptions of him still current in the days of their youth.

It is Sunday afternoon, the great square of Louvain is full of gay loungers. The citizens, who have hardly had time to speak to each other during the week, now meet and discuss the latest news from France, the market prices, the state of trade. There are plenty of young students there from the university, and as they promenade up and down the Grand Place, we may well believe that they are not wholly insensible to the charms of the wealthy burgher's daughters, who then (and now throughout Belgium) considered Sunday as their especial fete-day. We cannot do better than enter the place and mingle in the crowd. Presently there is a sudden movement in the little knot of stragglers just where the Rue de Bruxelles leads into the Grande Place. People turn round to look, and the crowd makes way, as an elderly-looking man, wearing a three-cornered hat, and carrying a heavy stick with a large wooden knob at the top, comes smiling towards us. On all sides he is greeted with friendly and respectful recognition, and presently he stops to chat with one of the town council, and, taking a pinch of snuff, inquires if any important persons have newly arrived in town.

The appearance of Matthias van den Gheyn, for that is our elderly gentleman, is altogether distinguished. He wears a warm and glossy black coat of the period, his voluminous white cravat is fastidiously clean, his waistcoat and knee-breeches are of the finest black silk, and his shoes are set off with handsome gold buckles. His deportment is that of a man of the world, accustomed to good society; and there is a certain good-natured, but self-reliant, *aplomb* about him which seems to indicate that he is quite aware of his own

importance, and expects as a matter of course, the consideration which he receives.

After chatting for twenty minutes or so, during which time his quick eye has discovered most of the strangers in the crowd who may have come to Louvain to hear him play, he turns into the church of St. Peter's, and having doffed his holiday costume and dressed himself in light flannels, ascends the winding staircase, and is soon seated at his clavecin. His performances, almost always improvisations on those Sunday afternoons, are said to have been quite unique. Fantasies, airs variées, fugues in four parts, were tossed about on the bells, and streamed out in truly wild and magic music over the town. The sound was audible far out in the fields of Louvain; and people at the Everley might stand still to listen as the music rose and fell between the pauses of the wind.

The performances usually lasted about half an hour, after which time Van den Gheyn would resume his best suit, three-cornered hat, and massive walking-stick, and come down to mingle freely in the throng and receive the hearty congratulations and compliments of his friends and admirers.

Matthias van den Gheyn married young, and had a numerous family. His wife was a sensible woman, and did a thriving business in the cloth trade. Madame van den Gheyn had many customers, and her husband had many pupils, and thus this worthy couple supported themselves and their children in comfort and prosperity, deserving and receiving the respect and friendship of the good Louvainiers.

Matthias van den Gheyn was born in 1721; at the age of twenty-four (the same year that he was appointed carillonneur of Louvain) he married Marie Catherine Lintz, a Louvain girl aged twenty-one, by whom he had seventeen children. He died at the age of sixty-four, in 1785.

The present famous Belgian bell-founders, André Louis van Aerschodt and Severin van Aerschodt, are the sons of Maximiliane, the grand-daughter of the great carillonneur, Matthias van den Gheyn.

These gentlemen cast nearly all the good bells that are made in Belgium.

ENGLISH BELL WORKS

And now, in conclusion, let us speak a good word for the English.

The English bell-founders, it is true, do not at present seem to have the right feeling about bells, or any great sense of the importance of tune; but the English bell mechanism is beyond comparison the first in the world.

We should order our bells in Belgium and get them fitted with clavecin and carillon machinery in England.

The new carillon machinery invented by Gillett and Bland, and applied to a set of Belgian bells at Boston, Lincolnshire, occupies about a third of the room used by the Belgian works, and does away with the immense strain upon the barrel, and the immense resistance offered by the clavecin keys to the performer under the old system. In the old system the little spikes on the revolving barrel had to lift tongues communicating by wires *directly* with the heavy hammers, which had thus to be raised and let fall on the outside of the bell. In the new system the spikes have nothing to do with lifting the hammers. The hammers are always kept *lifted* by a system of machinery devised specially for this heavy work. All the little spikes have to do is to lift tongues communicating with wires which have no longer the heavy task of raising the hammers, but merely of letting them slide off on to the bells.

The force required for this is comparatively slight; and if we substitute for the barrel with spikes a key-

board played by human fingers, thus making the fingers through pressure on the keys, perform the task of the barrel-spike in letting off the hammer, any lady acquainted with the nature of a piano-forte or organ key-board will be found equal to the task of playing on the carillon. This was a result probably never contemplated by the old carilloneurs, who used to strip and go in for a sort of pugilistic encounter with a vast row of obdurate pegs in front of them. The pegs have vanished, and in their place we have a small and tempting row of keys, which occupies about the same space, and is almost as easy to play upon, as a small organ key-board.

The Croydon carillon machine which we have lately examined plays hymn-tunes on eight bells. The largest of these bells weighs 31 cwt., and the others are in proportion. Yet the machine (which stands under a glass case) is only 3 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 3 feet 9 inches in height. The musical barrel, made of hazel-wood (there is no key-board), is 10 inches in diameter and 14 inches long; the spikes on the barrel for letting off the heavy hammers are only $1/16$ of an inch square. When we compare the delicacy of this machinery, which looks like the magnified works of a musical box, with the prodigious effects it is calculated to produce, one cannot help feeling convinced that the time is at hand when every tuneful peal in the kingdom will be fitted with this beautiful apparatus.

Meanwhile we cannot help repeating in more detail a suggestion made at the commencement of this article, and which occurs to us whenever we enter a dilapidated belfry full of creaking wheels and rotten timbers. Before we think of key-boards and barrels, let us supply some simple machinery for the common ringing of the bells. We hear about towers being run down by the vibrations of the bells; but it would be truer to say that they are rocked down by the friction of coarse machin-

ery. If all the bellowing of the Prussian guns failed to make any material impression upon the fragile stone filigree work of the Strasburg tower, it is not likely that the sound of bells has much to do with the ruin of brick-work and masonry.

In connection with the swinging of a heavy bell there must always be considerable strain upon the tower. But the friction might be indefinitely diminished if the bell machinery worked smoothly, and the labor, at present herculean, of the poor bell-ringer might be reduced to almost zero were that machinery a little more scientific. When it is once understood that an improved system of tolling the bells would save Deans and Chapters all over the country enormous sums of money, by suspending the wear and tear which now goes on in all our cathedral towers, we cannot help thinking that little opposition will be raised by those who have to pay the damages. Bell-ringers are doubtless the most obstinate set of men; but if they were paid the same for working machinery which produced twice as much effect with less than half the labor, they too would soon give in to a better system. That ungrateful and barbarous rope and wheel, whose action upon the bell is now so uncertain, would probably disappear, and give place to something like a handle, a piston, or even a key-board and a set of wheels and pulleys. There is no reason whatever why, with a better tolling mechanism, one man might not ring half a dozen bells. instead of, as at present, half a dozen men being often set to ring a single big bell. We make these suggestions with the more confidence because they have been favorably entertained by the heads of one of the most eminent firms of horology in England. We are glad to say that in accordance with our suggestions these gentlemen have promised to give their attention to the development of a better mechanism for the tolling of bells.

In conclusion, let the reader try and remember the

mechanical improvements which have been already realized, and let him by a stretch of imagination realize those which have in the foregoing pages been suggested. We shall then, indeed, pity him if he is able to read the following affective narration without emotion.

When Big Tom at York has to perform the arduous operation of striking the hour, a truly heart-rending spectacle is said to occur. A strong man, who has, doubtless, long since grown insensible to the sufferings of his victim, ascends the tower, and advancing towards a mighty hammer, raises it often to a most cruel height above the bell, and bangs out the hour with a ferocity more than enough to shatter the constitution of even Tom.

We are credibly informed that the bronze fragments of this doomed bell lie thickly scattered beneath him. An old bell which has gone cracked or out of tune has no real objection to be melted or recast—nay, it often bears the fact proudly inscribed upon its regenerated front; but to be deliberately pulverized by the brutal and irregular assaults of a remorseless destroyer, that is indeed too much for any bell to bear. We say it with shame and sorrow, Poor Tom of York, formerly called Great Peter, and weighing ten tons, 15 cwt., is being literally beaten to death.

—*Eclectic Magazine*, Vol. 13-14, p. 658. 1871.

A PRAYER

By GRACE H. BOUTELLE

Teach us the meaning of familiar words
 Blunted by thoughtless use from year to year—
Faith, courage, loyalty, unselfishness,
 Patience and purity; for they appear
To float, thin, radiant bubbles, from our lips,
 Shiver, collapse, and vanish, each by each;
And we blow other bubbles till we tire,
 Perverting action into idle speech.

Grant us to hear and see,
To feel and do and be!

Teach us the prayer that God made men should pray—
 A supplication blossoming to deeds;
No supine clinging, but a pledge to use
 All we receive to meet life's varied needs—
Muscle and sinew, nerve and heart and brain,
 Each fibre braced to its proportionate power,
Each faculty alive and glad to be free
 To fight and grow and conquer hour by hour.

Grant that to trust and dare
And love shall be our prayer.

—*Munsey's Magazine*, Vol. 27, p. 397.

CHAPTER XX
THE SONG OF THE TRINITY BELLS

By J. W. WATSON

I am the D of Trinity chime,
 Tol lol, tol de rol, lol;
Swinging, and singing forever in rhyme,
 Tol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol, lol;
Swinging and ringing in steeple high,
A hundred feet toward the sky;
I and my brothers, nine are we,
What is worth seeing be sure we see;
 A hundred feet
 Above the street
Swing we merrily, watching the crowd,
Watching—and telling our thoughts aloud.
 Speak, brother E,
 Nearest to me,
Tell us whate'er you hear or you see.

E

A hundred years I have watched the street,
 The crowd that saunters idly by,
The marts where men of money meet,
 The spots where golden treasures lie;
They stand beneath our steeple's shade
With grasping hands of every grade,
And as our chimes swell on the wind,
Their stolid hearts must grow more kind;
For bells, while ringing on the air,
Bring with themselves a thought of prayer;
What have you rung in music sweet
Along that stately throbbing street?

The bells for a newly-wedded pair
 As they swept the aisles in their flush of pride;
 The diamonds glistened in the hair
 Of the wondrous wealthy bride.

The bells for the early summoned dead,
 As they carry her up to the altar side;
 No diamonds glisten on the head,
 No smiles to hail the coming bride.

The bells for the old year going out,
 For the new year coming grandly in;
 The bells for the bannered hosts that flout
 The air with shout and martial din.

The bells for the tidings of great woes,
 And the bells for the joyful strains of mirth,
 For the tribute that a people owes
 To great and glorious names of earth.

Where falls the sun in mid-day glare,
 Beside this tower of stone,
 The hearts of patriots moulder there
 In silence, all alone.

The dust of good and gracious men
 Was placed beside the portals when
 The god of gain, with clutching hand,
 Ran not so madly through the land.
 Look, brothers, where yon knavish crew
 Would cut their cursed pathway through,
 Would toss the bones from yonder mould,
 Of beauty young, and patriot old,
 To gain a trifle more of GOLD.

CHIME

Sing merrily, swing merrily,
Here in the steeple high;
Whatever passes along the street
We will ring it out in the sky.

Listen, brothers, one and all,
To the song of the middle F bell;
Sing ye cheerily all your chimes
For the tale he has to tell.

Sing merrily, swing merrily,
Here in the steeple high;
Whatever passes along the street,
We will ring it out in the sky.

F

A blind man sits on the railing stone
From the morn to the setting sun,
I hear his pipes with their hollow drone,
All day, as the blind man sits alone,
With a task that is never done.

I see a few of a thoughtful mien
Stand silently by, with a vacant stare;
A few that are neither clad nor clean,
Stand still to gaze on the solemn scene,
By this stately house of prayer.

I see the thousands every day
Pass by in their pompous wealth;
But I saw a beggar, lame and gray,
Stop twice by his side, on his daily way,
To drop him a coin by stealth.

Shut out from the light of the morning sun,
 Shut out from the glare of day,
 Unloving himself, and loved by none,
 The blind man stays till his work is done
 And the Lord shall call him away.

CHIME

Ring a peal of a glorious chime,
 Ring while the crowd goes by;
 Listen to sin, to shame, and crime,
 And ring it out in the sky.

Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!
 A peal of a wondrous change;
 Sing! Sing! brother G,
 Whatever is new or strange.

G

It was more than a score of years ago
 That a beautiful dark-haired bride
 Came timidly home with a working man
 To labor through life at his side.
 At the window of yonder garret floor
 I have watched her many a day,
 Busily plying her needle and thread,
 Stitching and singing away.

Stitching and singing till nightfall came
 In all the wealth of her charms,
 Hoarding her love for that working ma
 And pouring it out in his arms.
 Many and many a summer night,
 Too late for the patter of feet,
 I have heard the musical sound of their laugh
 Ring happily over the street.

And so he lived, this sun-browned man,
Working away through life,
And never a sound there came to me
Of a single word of strife.
And so they lived for many a year,
And so they live till now;
And just as loud their laughter rings,
And just as smooth her brow.

She never has worn a silken gown,
This lady fair of mine;
But the dress she wears, of a snowy white,
Is rich with a silken shine.
She never has worn a jeweled ring,
But the simple golden band
Remains as bright as the day it clasped
Her trusting, girlish hand.

CHIME

Swing merrily, swing merrily,
Here in the steeple high;
The love and the truth in a woman's heart,
We will ring it out in the sky.

A

Well!
I am A, the elder bell,
Hear the story I shall tell.
Wall Street lies before my sight,
Wrapped in night—
Scheming brains no longer there.
Where?
In palaces gay with damask and gold,
In hovels and holes, both dirty and old;
Sipping the flavor of dainty wine,
Sleeping on linen, rich and fine;
Gnawing the crust of mouldy bread,
Sleeping on straw, for want of a bed.

There,
 Every day, in his carriage and pair,
 Spotlessly gloved, with jeweled hand,
 Comes a banker of talent rare,
 One of the paragons of the land.
 This banker of fame
 Has a wonderful name.
 Widow and child with confidence trust
 This banker who floats in a sea of gold,
 Who spurns the metal as though it were dust,
 And gains by his ventures a hundred-fold.

 Why?
 The fame of his gold is a terrible lie;
 The hour will come, like the crash of a storm,
 When the frantic crowd will cry
 Like wolves for his heart-blood, rich and warm,
 To have and to hold,
 Instead of his gold.
 Guilty, and followed by curses and jeers,
 The wonderful banker retires
 With the gold he has coined from death and from tears,
 And the world in secret admires.

CHIME

Ring! ring! swing! swing!
 If we had but the banker swinging on high,
 How welcome he should be;
 Let it be tolled along the sky
 We would keep his company.

B

Dead! beneath the morning sun,
 With the work of life undone;
 Dead! in woeful, desperate want,
 Swoolen lips, and features gaunt,
 Clothed in filth, a woman lies,

Staring upward to the skies
From her open, filmy eyes;
Young she is, and fair has been,
As yon gazing crowd has seen,
When, in days now passed away,
She has flashed upon Broadway.

CHIME

Ring solemnly, over the dead!
Why is this woman here
With never a hand to hold her head,
And never an eye a tear.

Not an eye shall shed a tear,
She is dead this many a year;
In her stay of guilty shame
She has even lost her name.
That infernal demon, DRINK,
Rots out every human link;
She has ceased for years to think;
All as pure as flying snow
Till she knew its fiend-like glow.
Stood her mother at this place
She would cease to know her face.

CHIME

Ring a dirge for a human soul,
A curse for the human lie
That holds the brain in its damned control
Till its victims wither and die.

C

'Tis the holy Sabbath-day,
Bells are chiming on the air,
Christian folks are on their way
To the many spots of prayer.

Christian people, rich in grace,
 When you bend the willing knee,
 Think you of some pleading face,
 Looking, "Will you pray for me?"

Think of sin, of shame, and death,
 Think of sorrow, ever nigh;
 You but waste your Christian breath
 When you pass them lightly by.
 God, who hears the lowest moan
 Which the outcast sighs or swears,
 Dying, in the street alone,
 Also hears your studied prayers.

Which His mercy pardons first
 You or I will never know;
 Which shall be the most accursed,
 Studied prayer or desperate woe.
 Christian people, save a soul—
 This shall be a double prayer—
 When the Judgment books unroll
 You will find it entered there.

CHIME

Sing merrily, swing merrily,
 Here in the steeple high;
 Find the love of a Christian heart,
 And ring it out in the sky.

—*Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 18, p. 642, 1859.

CHAPTER XXI

A CHAT ON BELLS

By SCHELE DE VERE

"Why ring not out the bells?"—*Shakespeare.*

Much as we know of the public and domestic life of the ancients, there is one point on which we are still almost entirely ignorant, and that is the manner in which they announced the time of the day and the beginning of ceremonies or public exhibitions. Various instruments, it is true, have been found which it is supposed were used for the purpose, but whether they had bells like those of our day has never yet been satisfactorily decided. An epigram of Martial speaks of the *oes thermarum*, which may have been a bell announcing the opening of public baths at the ninth hour in winter and at the eighth in summer; and Pliny speaks in like manner of the hour for baths being "announced." But that is all we know of it; and the use of bells becomes all the more doubtful from the fact that the early Christians had none, even long after their meetings had become sufficiently public to require some kind of public announcement. It was not until the fourth century that the tuba was used in Egyptian convents for the purpose of summoning the inmates to their stated assemblies; and this method, evidently borrowed from the directions given by Moses, remained for some time in force. The nuns managed it much more simply; in the convents of Bethlehem, at least, the first sister who awoke in the morning sang aloud hallelujah! and at once all the others were required to rise and pray. Gradually, however, mechan-

ical means were preferred; and in the eighth century a few bells are mentioned, by the side of the almost universal sonorous boards, which were struck for the purpose of giving the desired signals. It is well known that these sacred boards are still exclusively used in the East. They consist of a long, thin plank, which the priest balances before him with his left arm, while he strikes it with a hammer in a certain rhythm, producing higher and lower sounds, according to the place where the instrument falls. The same quaint device is mentioned by Marco Polo as in common use among the Chinese to announce the hours of the day and the occurrence of fires, and has since been found, either of wood or of iron, in almost every Eastern country.

St. Gregory of Tours is probably the first author who speaks, in the sixth century of a *signum* or a bell, which was struck at the beginning of Divine service and to announce the canonical hours. Later authors inform us, at great length, that bells are an Italian invention, having been first made in the town of Nola, in Campania, and that they obtained from this circumstance the names of Campana, when of large size, and of Nola, when smaller. This derivation is, however, more than doubtful, although Campania was famous in times of antiquity already for the perfection to which the two arts most needed in casting bells were carried there—the art of making all kinds of copper utensils, and that of making large vessels of burned clay. At all events, bells must have been of early use in the Christian Church, for they are frequently mentioned by French ecclesiastic writers toward the end of the sixth century; and St. Colomba had one as early as 599 in his famous convent, on the remote Scottish island of Iona.

How rare they must, nevertheless, have been for some time, appears from the use made of one belonging to St. Stephen's, in the city of Sens, in Burgundy. When the town was besieged by King Clotharius, we are told,

the bishop went to his church and rang the bell, whereupon the enemy, terribly frightened, ran away and abandoned the siege. England, also, had bells very early; at least St. Cuthbert, one of the pupils of the Venerable Bede, sent a bell to a Bishop Lullus in Germany, and uses in his letter of explanation for the first time the Latin word *clocca*, which has survived in all languages except our own.

In Spain, bells had the rare good fortune of becoming martyrs. The Christians enjoyed, even under the Moorish yoke, the right of worshipping God after their own manner, but this did not exempt them from much obloquy, and the faithful followers of Mohammed ridiculed their method of summoning the devout to church by the ringing of bells; and when the excessive zeal of some Christian fanatics provoked the wrath of the calif, he ordered the bells, together with the roofs of the churches, to be taken down. For there, as in Germany, and in some cases in England, the single bell of which a church boasted, was suspended between two pillars, built in the western gable-end, and running up some little height above the roof. When several bells became desirable, special belfries began to be built, first, merely above the crest of the roof, and, finally, as separate structures, either quite apart from the holy edifice, as in Italy, or in the Gothic style, forming part of the church itself.

In Spain the love of solemn ceremonies first led to the regular appointment of godfathers and godmothers on such occasions; witnesses also were invited, and guests requested to attend the solemnity—frequently only in order to defray the heavy expenses of feasts celebrated at the christening.

This christening is, however, by no means the only superstition connected with bells. On the contrary, the Christians of the early Middle Ages were almost universally disposed to look upon them as endowed in

some mysterious manner with supernatural powers. Their lofty position, high in the air, amidst the clouds of heaven, and far from the din and turmoil of the earth beneath, gave them a strange charm in the eyes of the credulous; and as the state of the atmosphere and a thousand then unknown influences affected the sound of their vast masses of metal, the excited mind of the listener was prone to believe that they spoke in sympathy with men, now rejoicing and exulting, now plaintively and sadly, and ever and anon even foretelling some dire calamity. The very fact that they had received holy baptism and bore Christian names endowed them in the popular mind with a life of their own.

It was considered certain that bells disliked to leave the church to whose patron saint they had been dedicated, and the congregation to whom they had spoken on all solemn occasions for many generations. It was difficult, therefore, to move them, and they were known to have resisted all efforts to transport them in various ways. At one time a large number of horses could not move one inch, and when they at last succeeded in starting, they only reached a swamp, into which the bell sank hopelessly, or a bridge which broke under the heavy weight and allowed it to be buried forever in its watery grave. Even the mere intention of moving a bell made its sound dim and faint, or silenced it altogether; and if the bell was removed against its will, and all resistance had been overcome, little was gained by the triumph, for the exile rang henceforth so piteously, or obstinately refused to give any sound at all, that it had to be quickly sent back to its former home, if it was not to perish of homesickness at the strange place by cracking to pieces. Ducange tells us of such a bell at Leinster, in Ireland, which had been carried there from a distant parish church, and had to be exorcised every night and fastened to its belfry, or it would, as it fre-

quently did, return overnight to its former place of residence. If a bell had been buried underground it found no rest in the earth or the water; pious ears heard it ring from time to time, and thus led to their happy return to the light of heaven and a useful career. Thus it happened in Valencia in 1499: an old woman, who piously came every evening to say her prayers in a chapel of the Virgin, repeatedly heard the ringing of a bell beneath her knees. She was so urgent in her demand to have the matter investigated that at last the pavement was taken up, and search made, and a few feet below a large bell and an image of the Virgin were found, where they had probably been hid by early Christians in time of war.

* * * * *

Other bells, it is firmly believed, have a mysterious power of ringing by their own volition, generally for the purpose of announcing some public calamity or sudden death, and of thus warning men to prepare their minds. It is surprising to learn how general this superstition is on the continent of Europe, and even in England, and how firmly this faith seems to be established in the minds of otherwise enlightened men. Benedictine and Dominican convents especially used to boast, in former days, of bells which would unfailingly announce by their spontaneous ringing the impending death of one of their brethren. The most famous bell of this kind is one belonging to the church of St. Nicholas, at Velilla, in Aragon; it measures ten yards around, and bears two crosses on the outside, one toward the west and the other toward the east. Whenever a great public calamity impends on the land it begins to ring by itself a few months before, and the records of the town state repeatedly that careful search has been made in many cases to ascertain if sudden gusts of wind, mischievous men, or earthquakes might not have caused the phenomenon, but invariably in vain. At least nine

great calamities were thus announced beforehand, of each of which careful entries were made at the time in the records of the town and of the kingdom of Aragon, and countless explanations were given by priests and prelates. The last remnant of such superstitions is probably the Lying Bell, in High Street, in Ghent, which still bears that name because, as the people firmly believe, it still continues, as of old, to summon the nuns of the convent to which it belongs, invariably too soon or too late for their devotions.

The Far East has been far in advance in the use of bells; we are told that small bells and large bells have been at home there from time immemorial. In old Sanscrit writings, like the *Hitopadesa* of the fifth century, bells are mentioned, although they were probably only quite small, as one could be stolen by a thief and fall into the hands of a monkey, who was discovered in a lady's apartment by its treacherous tinkling. The huge bells of the Chinese are not rung like ours, but beaten with wooden clubs, and they utter a dismal, dull sound, owing mainly to their cylindrical shape. Marco Polo relates that Peking had its curfew, like the Norman evening bell established after the Conquest; for a large bell on a central tower was struck at night, and everybody had instantly to return to his house; while the hours of the day were marked by watchmen, who beat upon a plank of well-seasoned wood. The French Jesuits, who were connected with the famous missions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, mention large bells in all the great cities of the empire, by the side of huge drums, both of which instruments were uninterruptedly beaten during the night, although in a variety of ways, so as to enable the people to know at all times what hour it was.

* * * * * *

The bell most frequently heard in Catholic countries is that which is rung in the morning, at noon, and in the

evening, especially since these sounds, originally intended as an admonition to prayers, have become signals for the beginning of school hours and the return home of the weary laborer in the fields from his day's work. The evening bell is by far the oldest, as we may judge from the severity with which the curfew was enforced by the Norman masters of England, who prohibited the burning of any fire or light after this bell had been rung at seven or eight o'clock. This was, however, by no means an evidence of Norman tyranny, for the same regulations prevailed nearly throughout Christendom, in order to protect the houses, which were almost universally of wood, from being burned and robbed by evil-doers. It was only under Pope John XXII., in 1330, that the three recitals of the Ave Maria, which are now customary in Catholic countries, were required during the ringing of this evening bell. These prayers were originally prescribed as a protection against the infidels, and an intercession for the souls of the slain crusaders; now they are not unfairly suggestive of a blessing invoked upon the finished labors of the day. Travelers give most impressive descriptions of the deep and touching impression produced by the instantaneous effect of this custom, when the first sound of the bell produces in the home and on the high-road, on the public promenade and in the crowded assembly, an immediate cessation of work or movement—all doff their hats, the devout sink to their knees, and a whole population invokes in silence the aid of heaven.

* * * * *

Really useful bells are, on the other hand, the huge instruments suspended on exposed rocks on dangerous coasts, like that on Bell Rock, on the eastern coast of Scotland, where already the old monks of Aberbrothock used to ring a bell in foul weather, in order to warn vessels off the treacherous rock. Other localities on

the English and French coasts have even two or more bells for similar purposes. Nor are they wanting on the high mountain passes, as on the Great Veen and near the famous convent of St. Bernard; while in Russia the village-bells are rung during heavy snow storms for the benefit of bewildered travelers.

As every good ear instinctively loves to hear harmonious sounds in the ringing of bells, the latter have from time immemorial been subjected to various processes in order to make them musical. In a MS. which is ascribed to the sixth century, a monk is already seen busily engaged in striking five little bells which are suspended on an iron rod, and the probability is that such miniature chimes were used to direct and accompany the chanting of psalms and hymns. England has always been renowned for successful efforts of this kind. A Cambridge printer, Fabian Stedman, published already in the seventeenth century a book on "Changeringing in regular peals;" and a famous society of college youths, presided over by warners, used to travel about the country practicing on all church steeples to which they could obtain access, and amusing the people by their strange performances. England became known abroad as the Ringing Island, and the art was reduced to strict and useful rules. The Netherlands are, however, now the real home of chimes, of which the first was there made in 1487 by an artist of Alost. Nearly every church steeple and tower there has its set of bells, which are nowadays rarely played by hand, but by means of a regular mechanism, performing after the manner of clock-work, and yet allowing a musical artist free access to the key-board. The larger cities can by no means boast of the finest chimes, for the finest and fullest are often found in smaller towns, and the comparatively insignificant town of Delft boasts of the largest and most costly chimes in the world.

Miniature chimes of the simplest kind are finally

found in districts where the grazing of cattle is practiced by a people naturally endowed with a keen appreciation of musical sounds, as in Thuringia and Switzerland. In these regions the bells with which the herds are provided are so attuned that their sounds harmonize, and under all circumstances produce pleasing accords. This has led to the well-known *Ranz des Vaches*, a kind of national song of the Swiss, which was said to exercise such irresistible effects on the minds of the people, especially when away from their native mountains, that the French kings had to prohibit its being played by regimental bands, lest their faithful Swiss guards should sicken and die of homesickness!

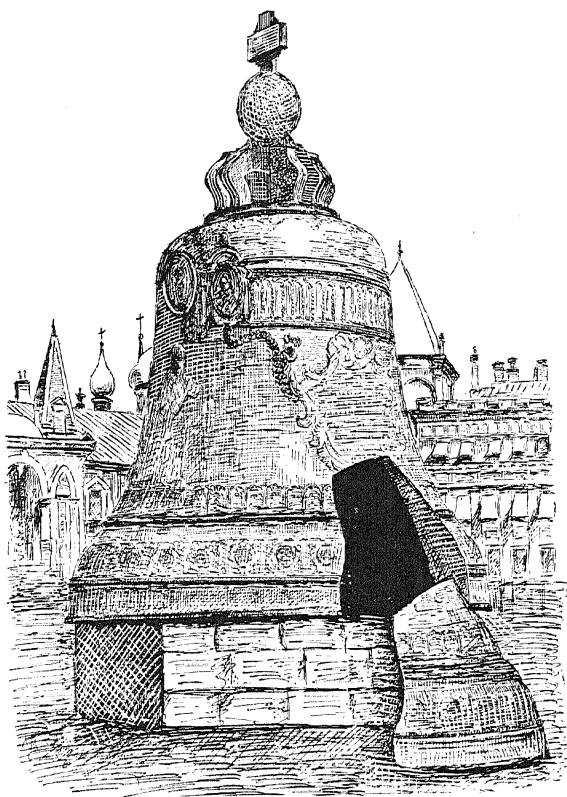
Russia holds the foremost rank with regard to the number and size of her bells. Every church has its complete set, and Moscow alone is said to possess seventeen hundred of them; while a single steeple boasts of four stories, with thirty-seven large bells. Hence the noise is almost appalling, especially on holidays, and most especially on Easter Sunday, when everybody, from the highest to the lowest, has the right to mount a steeple and strike the bells as long and as hard as he chooses. The Church of St. John, in the ancient city, claims the precedence over all others in point of number and fabulous size of its bells, although the accounts are so extraordinary in some cases as to make it difficult to ascertain the truth. It is certain, however, that, after the city had been burned to make it useless to the French invaders, one of the bells, called the Big, and weighing 124,000 pounds, which had fallen to the ground, was recast at the Emperor's bidding, and then weighed—thanks to considerable additions of superior bell-metal—144,000 pounds. It is twenty-one feet high, and measures eighteen feet in diameter, while its outside is ornamented with the images of the Imperial family, and with *haut-relief* groups of the Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John. This is in all probability the largest bell in

use; but its size is surpassed by one which seems never to have been hung. It is called *Tzar Kolokol*, the "Emperor of Bells," weighs 400,000 pounds, and measures twenty-two feet and a half in diameter. Cast in the days of Empress Ann, it was for some unaccountable reason left in the cavity in the ground in which it had been formed, till the Emperor Nicholas ordered it to be taken out, and had it placed on a brick foundation at the foot of the great Joan.

*"The story of the raising of this bell—the largest in the world—is not without interest, and is best told in the words of the *Magazine of Popular Science* of 1839:

'In the month of July, 1836, a successful attempt was made to raise the enormous bell which had been so long buried in the earth, in the Kremlin, at Moscow . . . M. Montferrand, a gentleman greatly distinguished in Petersburg by the numerous works he has executed, was instructed with the direction of the operations. As the bell was lying in a cavity in the ground, and more than thirty feet below the surface, a large excavation was made to clear it. Over this was constructed a strong and lofty scaffold for the attachment of the blocks, and for the temporary suspension of the bell at a proper height. At half-past five in the morning, the authorities of Moscow and a large number of spectators being assembled on the spot, prayers were offered up for the success of the attempt, and the operations commenced on a signal given by M. Montferrand. Six hundred soldiers instantaneously set to at a large number of capstans. The enormous weight was mastered, and the bell was soon seen to rise slowly in the pit. Forty-two minutes elapsed during the elevation to the necessary height. No accident occurred. The first operation being finished, the next was to build a platform beneath the suspended bell. This was completed in eight hours, and the bell lowered upon it. On the following day, it was placed on a sledge, and drawn by means of an incline plane, up to the pedestal intended to support it, and there finally left, on the 26th of the same month. This colossal work of art is, after all, but a mere curiosity. Its use as a bell is impossible, from a fracture, about seven feet high and two feet wide, in the lower part, where it is 23 inches thick. The cause of the gigantic injury rests entirely upon conjecture.'

England also used to be particularly rich in bells till



TZAR KOLOKOL, THE "EMPEROR OF BELLS."

Weights 400,000 pounds, and measures twenty-two and a half feet in diameter.

the days when the convents were destroyed; they were then recklessly disposed of, and scattered all over the world. It is reported that Henry VIII once wagered a hundred pounds and one of the belfries of London with four of the largest bells in the city, and that Sir Michael Partridge, who won the bet, had them melted down and sold the valuable bell-metal. Others were sent to Russia, and many found on their way a watery grave. There are, however, numerous bells and sets of bells still in existence of great size and beauty; as the ten bells of the cathedral at Exeter; the twelve bells of Southwark, nine of which are over four hundred years old; and the famous chime of St. Leonard, in Shoreditch, which Queen Elizabeth enjoyed so much that she always stopped to listen to their merry ringing when they welcomed her on her return to London. University Church in Cambridge, has a set which Handel spoke of admiringly; and Great Tom, of Christchurch College, Oxford, is known all over England. The largest bells are of recent origin, and foremost among them are those of St. Peter's, in York Minster, and the famous hour-bell of the new Houses of Parliament—Big Ben of Westminster. The fondness of the common people for their bells is well illustrated by the popular song about London bells.

In France the vandal destruction of bells at the time of the great Revolution was even more fatal than in England, and yet here also a few remarkable chimes have been happily preserved. The most famous of all French bells is the great bourdon of Notre Dame, in Paris, which dates from the year 1400, when it received the name of the donor's wife, Jacqueline. It was, however, repeatedly recast, and at last with such success that its sound is now as magnificent as melodious, producing a perfect accord. In 1794 it was taken down, lest it should be used as an alarm-bell, and was not rehung till the celebration of the Concordat, in 1802,

since which it is only rarely used, except on great holidays, when it requires sixteen men for its ringing. Other countries can boast likewise of fine bells, and Germany has especially some of the most musical; but many can, unfortunately, no longer be used, because their ringing might endanger the steeples in which they are suspended. It is claimed for the bell of the Strasbourg Cathedral that it surpasses all the bells of the world in beauty of form and richness of ornamentation.

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XL, p. 450, 1870.

*—*Nichols "Bells Throughout the Ages."*

CHAPTER XXII

THE CAMPANILE OF VENICE

By SALVATORE CORTESI

ALTHO the Italians have often been accused of not appreciating the antiquities with which their land is so greatly blessed, and while custom has undoubtedly staled the keen edge of their appreciation, it would be difficult for any American to understand what all Venetians felt when they entered the Piazzzo San Marco the day after the collapse of the Campanile and realized that it had disappeared. It was to them not a tower to be criticised or praised, and visited as a "sight", but an intimate part of their daily life, which habit had made as necessary as a bed to sleep in, or clothes to wear.

But altho it was all this, it was also something more; it symbolized the greatness of the Venetian Republic. At first, in those dim ages before the world panic in which people thought the end of all things was upon them, it was a watch tower, half the height to which it later attained, where the fierce guardians of Venetian independence kept watch seaward for an insidious enemy, sticking to their posts when the rest of the world went mad and scattered its property wildly in the year 1000, and even committed suicide not to be a witness to the end of the world. Those were the days in which physical prowess was worshiped; thus the tower was strong, an emblem of Venice and the Venetians; and so faithful was it to the designs of its builders that hostile ships never got a footing in the lagoons. By the year 1170 it had become a third taller, to match the buildings growing up about it; in the

twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was already a bell-tower, more of a safeguard than before, since, while the piercing eyes of the sturdy sailors still swept the sea from its summit, its bells rang at the first hint of danger to warn the citizens.

In the beginning the belfry was a replica of the one now surmounting the San Nicolo dei Mendicoli tower, but was replaced later by the elegant roof so distinctly seen in Bellini's picture, to find itself toward the end of the cinque-cento with the form of a small temple, rich in marble, bronze, columns and sculpture, which adorned it from that time on. During these passing centuries the bells, the "Marangona" and its companions, rang out their messages to the Venetians, on successful occasions as well as in times of stress, until the sad days of the foreign invasion. They announced the taking of Constantinople by Dandolo to a waiting and expectant crowd; they clanged when the victory of Lepanto made Venice master of the East; they sang when she established her rights of sovereignty against Rome; they tolled when the Dogetrailor, Martin Faliero, lost his head; they played a dirge when the peace of Campoformio put an end forever to the Venetian Republic; they boomed when in 1866 the lagoons were united to the Italian Fatherland, and so expressive was their music that the first note was sufficient to inform the citizens of the tenor of their message. Was the tower beautiful? Was it esthetically in the right place? Those were the questions for the outsiders; the Campanile just as it was had grown in the hearts of the people, and deprived of it, their lives were crippled.

Thus are hoary buildings a part of the national life, and thus do the people read their own history and glory in them.

The first shock of the loss over, discussions as to the artistic value of the vanished Campanile arose, and as to whether the piazza and the surrounding buildings

did not gain by its absence, and thus whether it should not stand in another place, but there was never any question or difference of opinion about the rebuilding of it. From the very first moment the majority of Italians, absent or at home, were determined that it should rise again, with either a new or old face. It was soon discovered that matters might have been much worse than they were; the Campanile, when its strength gave way, gallant gentleman as it was, collapsed in the very smallest space possible, and toward the north and the open piazza. Had it fallen backward, the Library of Sansovino, of 1537, the "superior to all envy," as Aretino says of it, would have been destroyed while, as it was, a great rent was torn out of the side; had it inclined to the east, the glorious Doge's Palace and sumptuous St. Mark's Cathedral would have been defaced; and toward the west the royal palace would have suffered. So near did the debris, full as it was of great blocks of marble, come to St. Mark's that it rippled about the columns like foam, but did not even chip or disfigure their seasoned whiteness.

The Campanile fell on the morning of July 14, 1902. Somewhat less than a year later, in the spring of 1903, work on the old-new foundations was begun. In 1906 the building of the tower, which had risen 18 feet above the piazza, was suspended for over twelve months, while now, in the beginning of 1910, it has reached 195 feet, and on April 25, 1911, the fete day of St. Mark, the whole will be completed, nine years after the fall.

The first year was absorbed in technical discussions about the shape the new tower should take, the advisability of it being the best that modern architects could produce, or a reproduction of the old, whether to use the ancient foundations, how to raise money, etc. These points settled, the Count of Turin, cousin of the King of Italy, in the presence of Pius X, then Patriarch of Venice, and state and ecclesiastical and municipal au-

thorities, laid the cornerstone of the reincarnation, in the center of the original foundations. At first it had been suggested to remove the old foundations, which were obviously too small for so heavy a structure, and had never been intended to carry such a weight. However, as they were seen to be absolutely perfect, as far as they went, they were used as a nucleus for the new. Round them were driven, over a surface of four yards, 3,076 fresh larchwood piles, from Cadore, the mountainous region below the Alps, the piles being about nine inches in diameter and $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. Oak was spoken of, but larch trees have the two superior qualities of being straight, and tending to harden, not decay, in the damp clay of Venice, into which they are driven. They averaged twelve to every three square feet, touching at the corners, making a total enlargement of 300 square yards. They were driven in by a 570-pound weight, raised 4 feet 6 inches, and were pounded down to absolute resistance.

While the driving was going on, the northwest angle showed a depression of half a foot, due to a sandy bed, which ran down for a considerable distance, but was eventually obviated by using longer and thinner piles, placed in greater proximity to each other, thru the sand to the clay below. On this old, renewed foundation a platform of large blocks of stone, cemented together, was carefully laid, and on this firm base, estimated capable of bearing a weight of 90,000 tons, will stand the completed Campanile, which will weigh 20,000 tons.

The most interesting controversy raged about the question of the number of steps from the piazza to the entrance of the tower, as the disputants were divided into two parties, each having precedent to back them up. At the time of the collapse the Campanile apparently had three steps, while, during the excavations about the foundations, two others came to light, covered with the various changes of level in the piazza in

the course of a thousand years, due to repaving. These steps had already disappeared in the sixteenth century, when the great palaces of the Procuratie Vecchie and Nuove were erected, proved by the fact that these buildings are at the present level of the piazza. The party favorable to the five steps gained the day, putting them, however, into the same space as before occupied by the three, so that, after all, they are less a replica of the old than the lesser number would have been.

The shaft outside is a perfect model of the old, but the inside has been so modified as to reduce the weight by some 20,000 tons. A feature of the work has been the completion of each detail as it came up. The only scaffolding was four slender but immensely strong steel rods, which ran to the top at the four corners, and supported a kind of platform, on which the men worked, and on which the building material necessary for the day's construction was put, carried aloft by an inside elevator, which will ultimately be used by visitors to the belfry. The shaft is of copper colored bricks, each of which is hand made over a wood fire, according to ancient measurements, taken from bricks in the debris, and which bore the names of all the Emperors from Nero to Theodosius. Each of the 1,200,000 new bricks was tested before being put in place, and if it proved to have even a small defect was rejected.

With the belfry at the top and the loggia of Sansovino at the bottom began the use of the ancient material, rescued with infinite patience from the chaotic mound of what appeared to be useless rubbish. And it is just here that the wonders of this reincarnation show. The belfry is entirely of the old stone, the bells have been recast, with the exception of the "Marangona", which was uninjured in spite of its fall, and the guardian angel of the tower, which crowned the summit and spread her copper wings, alighting so gently that she was practically unharmed, will return

to her lofty position, and again point the wind to the Venetians, and be the first sign of welcome to incoming sailors.

The part, however, which suffered most, and which was the most artistically precious, was the loggia of Sansovino, supposed at first to be hopelessly gone. Could that dust heap contain anything which would give the faintest idea of the lost gems of art? The pessimists said no, the optimists yes, and the latter have come out triumphantly in the struggle with terrible odds. The four historic bronze statues which stood in the niches, have returned to their ancient perfect form; the famous gates have been put together, piece by piece, a work which required untold patience, and would have been absolutely impossible had it not been for the photographs and old prints available; the pillars are partly the old, and where pieces were actually missing, the required marble to mend them was taken from the inside of the larger blocks of the pillars; the doors are of wood, and are new, on the old model, but the most wonderful reconstruction of what is all wonderful is the terra-cotta Madonna, with Christ and St. John, which stood inside. It has been estimated that the Madonna and Child alone were broken into nearly two thousand pieces, which now joined make so perfect a whole that the fact that it is a mosaic, so to speak, has to be pointed out. To give an idea of the ruin, the St. John was so reduced to dust that not one piece was found which could be recognized, and the group must remain without this figure.

Thus the Queen of the Adriatic has again her symbolical and gigantic flagpole; showing in her new dress, that what has been can be, and that Venice may rise from the ashes of the past to be again a power on the seas.

THE FALL OF THE CAMPANILE

As Seen by an American Girl

YES, we are all safe. The tower did not fall on any of us, although I suppose we shall never be much nearer being buried alive than we were this morning.

It came without any warning. We were on our way to Cook's, which is on the side where the crack first appeared. As we came down from the hotel we noticed a small crowd of people watching the tower, and some of the Piazza officials had placed a few boards around it to keep people from going up to it; but the crack was so slight that we asked where it was. We walked to the other side under the Clock-tower, and as we stood there bricks began to fall out of the crack, which grew wider every minute.

Some of the people thought that a corner of the tower might go, but no one was really there but a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We, having lots to do, went to Cook's, where we could see if anything really did happen, and still attend to our business. Cook's men smiled at the Americans who thought that a tower which had seen eleven hundred years could fall without any warning. Suddenly as we stood there, a huge gap appeared from top to bottom, and then the whole thing seemed to groan and tremble, and, with apparently no sound, sunk in a heap where it stood; only the top . . . poised itself a minute in mid-air, tipped, and fell crashing toward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt angel were picked up on the church steps; otherwise nothing but a pile of bricks and mortar was to be seen.

We all stood in the doorway, too stunned to move. The people in the square fled panic-stricken in every direction. Instantly (what appeared) a solid wall of dirt and plaster rose from the mass as high as the tower had been and spread in every direction. I thought

of course we would be suffocated, and a rush followed for the back of Cook's office. Every one screamed to shut the doors, but there were none at hand, being separate and kept packed away all day. The dirt entered like a thick fog, and you could not distinguish your best friend. Fortunately it cleared away in a minute or so, enough to see where we were, and all were safe. Not even one woman fainted where we were, although the Italians were calling on heaven and earth. . . . The dust was about two inches deep, huge rocks were against Cook's building, and I picked up a piece of one of the bronze bells on the other side of the square. Venice went wild, of course, and the square was soon crowded by hundreds of mourning people. It was a very sad sight. All shops closed at once, and everyone waited.

(We are permitted to print the above from a letter from Venice, written to her family by a young lady of New York who saw the fall of the Campanile.—Editor.)

—*Century Magazine*, Vol. 43, p. 162. 1902-3.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FAMOUS LEANING TOWER OF PISA

(A Venerable Cathedral, eight hundred years old)

THE distinctive feature of Pisa to the world at large does not lie in its historical greatness, nor in its former supremacy in the world of art, nor even in the grandeur and beauty of its cluster of marvelous buildings; but in the fact that one of them, the marble tower . . . leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. Even as we gaze upon it, it seems to be in the very act of falling; and this sensation would be intensified, in fact it would amount to a positive conviction, if you could do as I did, lie upon the ground beneath it and look up at the flying clouds and the apparently swaying tower, which, as it hung over me in the air, had every appearance of being about to fall upon me and crush me to the earth. The sensation that one experiences standing upon the top of the tower and looking down from the lower side is somewhat similar, only you feel that you are falling with the tower, and you instinctively grasp the railing in front of you in a desperate effort to save yourself.

The interior of the tower is hollow, and one can look down into it as into a gigantic tube. The structure is 180 feet high and is crowned by a belfry, which contains a string of seven bells, the heaviest of which weighs six tons and hangs on the side opposite the overhanging wall. There has been considerable controversy as to what is the cause of this strange phenomenon that has existed for five hundred and fifty years, having been built in 1350. Some maintain that it was built in this

way as an architectural novelty, but the best explanation is that the ground has settled in the course of its construction, and the upper stories were added in a curved line, the wall on the leaning side being strengthened to bear the greater strain. It is fortunate that the settling process stopped when it did, otherwise we should have lost this extraordinary building. It has eight stories, and is encircled by six exquisite columns, on the topmost of which is a gallery surrounded by an iron railing to prevent sight-seers from falling over in their nervousness and fear. By looking over the railing and into the arch of the belfry, you can see one of the bells. An upper gallery is seen on the top of the belfry, but the lower one will supply shivers enough if you are liable to be at all affected by the height and peculiar position of the building. The ascent is made by means of two hundred and ninety-four steps, and no one is permitted to ascend alone, as the tower used to be a favorite place for suicides, a leap from either of its galleries meaning instant death. If a visitor arrives at the tower alone, he must hire one of the natives to make the ascent with him. Beautiful as this structure certainly is, it yet impresses you as having something abnormal about it, and you turn away from it almost with a shudder, as one might from a fascinating yet appalling monstrosity.

To the right of the Campanile is the grand old cathedral, one of the finest in the world. It was constructed after the great victory of the Pisans, near Palermo, in the middle of the eleventh century, and was consecrated in 1118. In the dim light of its vast and splendid interior, I looked upon the altar lamp, which is still hanging there, whose oscillations suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. Our position gives us a rear view of the building, but from every point of observation it is a striking and imposing structure, being a basilica with rear and double aisles, and with a transept

flanked with aisles. It is 312 feet long and 107 feet in breadth, and, like the bell-tower, is constructed entirely of marble. Its fine elliptical dome surmounted by a small cupola, over which is a bronze ball and weather vane, gives a majestic and stately appearance to the whole. Just over the roof of the cathedral, near the left side of the dome, may be seen the statue surmounting the Baptistery.

Contemplating this company of Pisans whom we see here before us leads me to remark that to the tourist, meeting such local types of citizens as these people represent, the illustrious history of many an Italian city would seem fabulous were it not that just before his eyes, there rises some substantial token of past achievements whose immortal glory is not yet dimmed to mortal eyes.

We have been looking toward the east. We shall go now beyond the Cathedral and the Baptistery hidden behind the Cathedral, and look back in this direction, that is, toward the west. Then we shall realize again that the glory of Pisan architecture is only seen in the trinity of its excellence.

In all the world there is not another group of buildings that can at all be compared with this. The possession of any one of these structures would insure for a city world-wide fame. And, while they would form a magnificent architectural center for some great city, here, strange to say, all three stand together almost in the open fields, and a city's life and bustle are far away. These structures are the crown and glory of that beautiful Tuscan-Romanesque architecture which is less successful in the octagonal Baptistery at Florence.

Nearest us you behold the beautiful Baptistery, of which we saw only the topmost pinnacle from our last position. It was begun in 1153, completed in 1278, and was still further embellished a century later. As you

see, the structure is a circular one, being 100 feet in diameter, having the first story surrounded by columns, and a beautiful colonnade above, and over all a dome in the shape of a cone, 191 feet high, surmounted by a statue. At the extreme left may be seen the main entrance to the structure with elegantly adorned columns and bas-reliefs. One can scarcely conceive anything more elegant than this superbly ornamented marble Baptistery, which is fashioned with all the delicacy and skill that might be displayed in the carving of some rare and precious cameo. The interior contains a fine octagonal font of Carrara marble; and also the celebrated pulpit by Niccolo Pisano, which rests upon seven columns. It is beautifully carved in bas-reliefs representing scriptural scenes, and is, without doubt, the most beautiful pulpit in all Italy.

From our present position we can see the grand and stately cathedral to the best advantage. It is constructed of white marble, whose monotony is relieved by bands of variegated stone. Beautiful as the rest of the structure is, it cannot equal the facade, which is of extraordinary magnificence, the lower story being surrounded by columns and arches built against the wall, and above are four beautiful open galleries which diminish in length as they approach the peak of the roof. The doors of the Cathedral are of bronze. In the interior are sixty-eight ancient marble columns of Roman and Greek origin, taken by the Pisans as spoils of war. The ceiling is gorgeous, and is finished in gold. The high altar is impressive, being constructed of marble and lapis lazuli, and the interior of the dome is covered with rich mosaics.

Although the plan of these buildings differ, the method of ornamentation is similar, as are the surroundings, so that they form a harmonious whole, a trinity in unity. In each one the lower part of the structure is surrounded by columns and arches, and above by

one or more colonnades or galleries. While the domes of the Cathedral and Baptistery differ as to their form, and from the fact that the dome of the Baptistery rests upon a drum, yet the ornamentation beneath the drum is the same as that below the drum of the Cathedral.

Near these three peerless gems of architecture is the Campa Santo of Pisa, which was founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century. It contains 53 shiploads of earth from Palestine, supposed to have come from Mount Calvary. This was procured at great labor and expense in order that the faithful, when they died, might rest in holy ground. The quadrangle of the cemetery is surrounded by a Gothic-Tuscan structure dating from the middle of the thirteenth century. It is 414 feet long, 171 feet wide, and 50 feet high, with 43 flat arches resting upon pilasters.

—*Italy Through the Stereoscope*, by D. J. ELLISON, D. D., p. 409.

UNDER BIG BEN

By ALICE D'ALCHO

Boom-boom!

Solemn, and deep and clear
The tones of the monster bell ring out
The knell of the dying year.
Trembling the air vibrates,
And each measured stroke awaits,
Like one in mortal fear.

Boom-boom!

Solemn, and deep and slow,
Over the mighty city
And the river dark below.
Over the homes of the rich and great,
Over the homes where Death holds state,
In the haunts of want and woe.

Boom-boom!

Slowly the last strokes fall,
While some who hear rejoice in hope,
And some the lost recall
Lord of the years that so swiftly fly,
Guard us, and guide us through all.

—*New England Magazine*, Vol. Jan.-June, p. 527. 1897.

CHAPTER XXIV

FAMOUS LIGHTHOUSES

By GUSTAV KOBBE

“ 'Tis like a patient, faithful soul
That, having reached its saintly goal
And seeing others far astray
In storms of darkness and dismay,
Shines out o'er life's tempestuous sea,
A beacon to some sheltered lee—
The haven of eternity.”

As a good Samaritan to the stricken traveler, as a helping hand to the fallen, as a pathway to one lost in the forest, even as sudden sight to the blind, is a beacon to the doubting seafarer. He has been peering through the night, uncertain of his course. Suddenly the lookout cries: “Light dead ahead, sir!” In the twinkling of an eye new life has been put into the ship. She has been plunging along in an indefinite way, as if doubting whither to head. A twirl of the wheel—her sails fill, she leans gracefully over and, “with a bone in her teeth,” buoyantly rides the waves toward that long-sought harbor.

Who, knowing all that the beacon means to the mariner, can doubt that lighthouses date from the beginning of seafaring itself? Is there any wonder that the Greeks attributed the first lighthouses to so remote a character as Hercules? The lofty tower overlooking the sea at Corunna, Spain, and probably an ancient lighthouse, is called to this day, the “Pillar of Hercules.” The legend of the massacre of the Cyclops by

the arrows of Apollo has been explained to mean the extinguishing of the lights in the "one-eyed" towers on the coasts of Sicily by the rays of the rising sun. There are other legends, besides records of fact, which prove lighthouses to have been in use in ancient times.

* * * * * *

A lighthouse which is well known through the fame of its builder, and with which the names of two poets are associated, is the Bell Rock, built on a dangerous sunken reef on the northern side of the entrance of the Firth of Forth, Scotland. This was built by Robert Stevenson, the father of Alan Stevenson, also a lighthouse-builder, and the grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist.

Aberbrothok, the nearest land to Bell Rock, is eleven miles distant. Whether the rock derived its name from its shape or from the legend that the abbot of Aberbrothok caused a float, with a bell which was rung by the motion of the waves, to be moored to the rock, is uncertain. According to the legend the bell was carried off by pirates. On old charts the ledge is called Inchcape, and the name is retained in Southey's famous ballad of Sir Ralph the Rover, which was founded on the legend that the pirate cut the bell from the float and is afterwards himself wrecked upon the rock.

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a quivering shock:
"O Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!"

On a visit to the rock in 1803, the boatmen who ferried Stevenson were able, during the short time the

tide allowed the party to remain on the rock, to collect over two hundred pounds of old metal, relics of shipwrecks. During the first season of construction the weather was so stormy that the actual working time was only thirteen and a half days. On the first stone which was landed, Stevenson pronounced a benediction: "May the Great Architect of the universe complete and bless this building." The tower is of the Eddystone type. The light was first shown February 1, 1811.

In July, 1814, Sir Walter Scott, who was a friend of Stevenson, visited the lighthouse in his company. In the visitor's book the famous author wrote the following verse:

PHAROS LOQUITUR

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of Night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

—*The Chautauquan*, Vol. 31, p. 461.

THE BIRD OF THE TOLLING BELL

AMONG the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil, a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the Arawongo. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and, though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming to follow wherever you go. The Arawongo is white, with a circle of red around its eyes—its size is about that of a small pigeon.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 51, p. 636.

CHAPTER XXV

THE STORY OF A CLOCK

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS

(Written and published when she was twelve years of age.)

"One of Amelia's earliest literary efforts I am able to give here; it will be printed directly following this article. It is a story for children, written by a child; originally published in a cheap weekly. Long out of print it has been, but it was fortunately preserved by a friend of her mother's, and the number containing the story has been most kindly lent me by the author's early friend, Miss F. M. Sweeting of Clifton. The correctness of grammatical construction, the evident pains taken with punctuation, the conciseness of narrative, are very striking when we remember the author's age."—Editor.

I am a sound-going, sturdy clock. I have no pretensions to beauty, I despise gilding, and I have nothing to do with chimes. I am no flaunting, shallow-pated, cheap Dutch clock, with gaudy tulips painted on my case, or a wooden canary bird forever popping in and out of my head. Neither am I an American imposition, with unnatural landscape daubed on glass attached to my case. I have no connection with the family of French clocks, with their ormolu, their affected gilt images, their open-worked pendulums and their trumpery glass shades. Indeed, if there is one thing in the world I detest more heartily than another it is a French time-piece. But, alas! there is a cause for my dislike. You will hear it in time. Pray do not suppose either that I am one of those melancholy objects, a skeleton clock. Heaven be praised, I am not. I often lament that the mortality of my race should be so exposed by unfeeling manufacturers to the vulgar gaze.

No, my dear little reader, I am an English clock. I wear a substantial mahogany case, with good solid weights,

a bright brass pendulum, and a round, jolly countenance. I am rather pale, to be sure; but I am as truthful as the day, and possess the most striking voice in the world. My earliest recollections are of a manufactory somewhere in a dark, dismal street of London, where I found myself in company with hundreds of my own species. This was before I was wound up, so I did not even know that I had a voice. But we were all dumb together, and having no speech, could only look upon each other with blank, unmeaning faces. Really, life is very dull without some conversation; and when once a clock has learnt the pleasure of listening to the tones of his own voice, there is no music on earth so agreeable in his ears. At last I was packed up and transported to a mansion in Harley street. I was rather disgusted, to be sure, when I found that I was only intended for a kitchen clock; but this feeling in time wore away, for I soon discovered that I was the most important article in the house. The master was a very worthy but an excessively particular gentleman. He came home every day at four o'clock; and if the dinner (which is the great event of every English day) were not on the table by five minutes to five, to a second, woe to the mistress, to his daughters, and to the cook herself! Thus I found myself the object of the most devoted attention from every member of the family, from the lady to the scullery maid. I had a pleasant life there while it lasted. What glorious dinners I saw cooked! What sly dishes laid aside for the servants' table! Ah! there were many little strokes of artful policy in that world downstairs! I suffered by them, too, occasionally. Many a time has the housemaid put me back full half an hour when she went out for a holiday—and the cook when dinner was delayed. At the same time I must confess that the cat was even a greater victim than myself. The crockery which that devoted animal was popularly supposed to smash, and the cold meat that she was said

to devour, would have been enough to break the heart and back of a dromedary—much less of a cat. I had not been in Harley street longer than a year when the family went away to live in a foreign country, so everything was sold at a great auction mart.

Then I was purchased by a young man, newly married, who had taken a shop in Tottenham Court Road, and meant to be a baker. It was a quiet, neat little shop, with rows of nice white loaves, hot rolls, tops and bottoms, plain buns and crusty twists ranged along the walls and temptingly displayed in the windows. There were play-bills outside pasted on boards; the pretty young wife stood behind the counter, and I was installed over the little glass door with a bright green blind that led to the sitting-room within. Here I dwelt contented and happy for a long time. The business prospered; the young baker was fond of his wife, and in time, of his little rosy-cheeked baby; and the poor blessed his name, for our friend never raised the price of his loaves till he was compelled.

"I must live," he used to say, "but so must the hungry!" and this was very charitable and good of him, indeed.

Bye and bye there came a change that troubled me. My master talked more of his prosperity and his money than of the poor people and of his domestic happiness. His wife began to dress more showily, a servant was hired to wait on the customers; the children wore feathers and silks, and their parents were always thinking how they might astonish and outshine their neighbors. Then there was a great confusion in the place; carpenters and glaziers came crowding the shop, and I was removed into the back parlor and laid upon a side-board near a very elegant and glittering French clock.

It is a painful subject, but my story would be incomplete without it. Nothing could be more fascinating than this French clock. Her face was all engraved with

the most bewitching silver flowers: she had four of the sweetest little bell-shaped feet that clock ever beheld; a mount of rock-work, all of ormolu, enclosed her face; and on the top of the rock there sat an elegant Swiss Shepherdess, with a Spanish Nobleman playing the guitar and reclining at her feet.

Alas! clocks are but mortal, and have hearts—I should say bells—like the rest of the world. I fell desperately in love, and after gazing at her in respectful admiration for three hours and twenty-five seconds, I made a formal declaration.

“I am a plain clock,” said I, “but I am an English one, and I know how to love. Believe me, I am as true as the sun.”

“I am very sorry for you, Monsieur,” replied she, “but I am engaged to a very distinguished time-piece in my native country. I must decline your offer.”

“But,” said I, “you will never return to France, and consequently, never meet again with your lover. Be prudent and accept me.”

“Monsieur,” said she, coldly, “*c’est impossible*. My works may be here; but my affections are in Paris.”

I covered my face with my hands and said no more, but I felt as if someone had taken out my wheels, for very grief.

The French clock, who was the very type of levity, and had no idea of punctuality, sang little twinkling heartless *chansons* every quarter of an hour on purpose to show me how little she felt for my despair. At last I could endure it no longer; I ran down with wild desperation, and my bell cracked forever; which, as of course you are aware, is the same as having one’s heart broken, only that broken hearts mend again very easily, and bells once cracked can never be restored.

The next day I was brought back to my old place over the glass door. A fine new shop-front of plate glass had

replaced the window, and a row of cut-glass lamps blazed out upon the street.

Everybody said how my master must be getting rich; but the poor people no longer thronged his doorway at night, and called down blessings on his name. His prices became the highest in the row; his voice grew harsher, and his manner, not only to the poor but to his pretty wife, less kind. Money seemed scarcer than before; the tax-gatherer came repeatedly, complaining that he could not get paid; duns were frequent, and happiness no more made beautiful the home.

But, it will be asked, did none remark the alteration which sorrow had worked in my voice? Yes, once my master had exclaimed testily, "What's the matter with the clock? Surely it sounds cracked!" and my mistress said she supposed it was done in taking me down while the repairs were being carried on. So he muttered an oath, and called her a hard name for her carelessness.

"I would buy a better," said he, "if money were only more plentiful. But it goes well—that's one comfort."

And so I stayed in my place; but not for long. Prosperity had ruined the baker, as it has ruined a great many other people. It began by hardening his heart, and ended in extravagance and poverty. So the bailiff came one fine morning and everything was sold off to pay his debts.

This time I was bought by a furniture broker, together with a "lot" of other things; and among them, my old flame, the French clock.

"Ah *quel malheur!*" she sighed with a coquettish air; "would, my friend, that I had accepted your proposal! We should never have come to this pass."

But I felt my pride wounded as well as my heart; so I pretended not to hear her.

I stood on a dingy sofa at the back of the broker's shop in Aldersgate Street, amidst a heap of old china, fire-irons, bird-cages, looking-glasses, bed furniture,

saws, book-shelves, work-boxes, flower-stands, hearth-rugs, tea-kettles, and all kinds of second-hand lumber. Moreover, I was half concealed by an old cabinet piano-forte and the corner of a painted screen; so I almost despaired of ever being rescued by a purchaser from that dismal company. I was bought at last, though, by an old woman late one Saturday night, just as the broker was going to close his shop: and she carried me home in her arms.

I stared at her very earnestly all the way, and as we passed the gas-lamps I thought what a kindly old face hers was!

She had grey hair and twinkling blue eyes, and a pleasant smile upon her lips; so I hoped she was herself to be my mistress.

After going straight along Aldersgate Street for what appeared to me a considerable distance, we turned down a gloomy narrow court, lit by a single gas-lamp. The houses were close and squalid and the air thick with fog and unwholesome vapor. The panes of glass in most of the windows were broken, and the crevices patched up with rags and paper. The pavement was dirty, and the rain had made great pools in places; a heap of refuse was piled up at one end, and a drunken man came staggering out of one doorway as we passed. "And must I live in a place like this?" I asked myself, and shuddered; for I had never been in such a locality before. However, I soon reflected that it was worse still for human beings to inhabit filthy dens like these; for their machinery is put out of working order much sooner than ours, and cannot be so readily set right again. But these gloomy reflections were speedily sent out of my head by an entrance into the very last house in the court. The old lady, first setting me gently on the ground, opened the door with her key, and we then found ourselves in a dark passage. Through this she felt her way, and down a steep flight of stairs.

"Is that you, grandmother?" asked a feeble voice.

"Yes, darling, yes! Not asleep yet, eh?" replied my mistress as she opened a door, and we found ourselves in a sort of kitchen.

"See, I've brought the clock."

I inspected my new home very curiously as you will readily believe. I saw at a glance that I was a lodger, and not, as before, belonging to folks with a house all to themselves. This room was their bed-room, kitchen and parlor in one. There was an old sofa in one corner, a dresser, with a few clean implements for kitchen use; a Pembroke table; two or three little faded pictures in black frames; a cheerful fire with a singing kettle; an old French bedstead, and beside it, a child's crib; a cat, a few books, and a shelf of clean china.

"I've been listening for you so, grandmother," said the plaintive voice again.

I looked and saw a pale child lying in the crib, and watching us both with his great bright eyes that looked too big for his little anxious face.

"Yet I was not long, darling."

"It seemed long," replied the little boy; "and my back ached so, and I was so thirsty," he added.

I don't know how or why it was, but the tones of his voice went quite through me, and I felt so sorry for him as he lay there, more sorry than I can tell you.

I soon found out that the poor little fellow was very sickly and dreadfully deformed—so much so, indeed, that he could not rise without help, and had lost all power in his limbs, so that it was impossible for him to walk at all. But he was active enough for all that, as much as his poor frame would let him be. He used to lie all day long on the sofa, and read the old books over and over again, though he knew every word in them by heart. But they were fine old story-books, too, that one may read many times for the matter of that. There was

"Robinson Crusoe" (always new to young and old), "Peter Wilkins," the "Arabian Nights," and the story of the "Swiss Family Robinson." Nor were these all. There was an "Abridgement of Captain Cook's Voyages," an odd volume of "Natural History," and the "Life of Henry, Earl of Moreland." And these he used to read and think over with tears of thankfulness and delight. Besides, he was very skillful with the scissors, and loved to cut from cardboard little churches and palaces with delicate tracery, and steps, and intricate open-work in steeples and turrets, with the utmost precision and rapidity. Indeed, many persons who saw them said that he might have been educated to make a wonderful architect; but this, you know, was not to be thought of; and they were so very poor that the old grandmother, though she often cried to do it, was obliged to sell his pretty houses to people who sold what are called "fancy goods" in shops. But his greatest pleasure of all was in his garden. He called it his garden—poor fellow! But it consisted of nothing but an old green-painted mignonette box and a couple of flower pots. When I arrived it was in January, and he had little shoots of crocuses just peeping above the level of the mould. There he would sit and watch for hours, till he fancied that he could almost see their growth.

We got to be great friends in time. The old lady used to go out to work every day almost, and little Peter and I were left alone together. She used to run home, however, about one o'clock, to see that all was right, and dine with him, and then we were in each other's company for six or seven hours more. Little Peter, lying there upon the sofa, reading his old books, or cutting out his paper buildings, became at last quite fond of what he pleased to call my "dear old face;" and for want of other company often talked to me about his books, and his houses, and the sweet green fields. Poor little Peter! he had once been for three days in the country, and he

never forgot it or tired of speaking of it. He talked and I ticked, and we agreed remarkably well.

"You are the best company in the world, Old Clock," said he to me one day; and I felt quite flattered and happy. "Your voice is a little cracked, to be sure," said he, smiling kindly; "and well it may be, in this dark old court! Ah! if we could only get out together into the green fields, where the birds sing and the buttercups grow, how happy we should be! But it will be summer again in a month or two, Old Clock, and then perhaps—who knows—grandmother says she will try to take me away for a week; and if I go, you shall go with me!" I felt immensely grateful, I assure you. "There will be roses there, and stocks, and honeysuckle in the garden, prettier and sweeter than you, my tiny crocuses" (and sure enough the poor little things looked stunted and sickly); "but I love you dearly, for all that. Ah! wait till the roses come, and then I shall get well again!"

Alas! alas! the roses came, but little Peter never saw them again upon earth. One morning, when the sun of early spring was shining down upon the gloomy court—when the crocuses were beginning to unfold their yellow and amber blossoms, and the first hum of summer life stirred the warm air—little Peter, paler and sicker than ever, stretched his arms to the stray sunbeams from his weary bed.

"Summer is coming," he cried faintly, "but not for me. Good-bye, grandmother; good-bye, Old Clock. I smell the roses now."

And so he folded his little hands and died.

The old grandmother never smiled again, and she and I sit looking in each other's faces in silent grief. I still point to the hour when he died, and I have not spoken since. But little Peter is among the roses in God's Paradise.

THE POET'S GRAVE

By A. T. L.

I stood beside the grave of one who wore
The laurel in his life; on whom the world
Had rained sweet homage, and for him unfurled
Its roll of song and praise, and ever bore
Breath of perpetual incense him before.

They, even they, that once in scorn had curled
The lip, came afterward unto his door,
Where Fame, he sought not, knocking evermore,
Had entered. Even to his grave what sounds!
Strains like to anthems, chanted not to words,
But echoing to the vaulted arch that bounds
The blue empyrean—Spring's sweetest birds!
They found the grave of song, and haunt the spot,
For could our poet sleep where song was not?

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. 65, p. 276.

CHAPTER XXVI

VILLAGE CHURCH IN THE VALLEY

By N. O. DELTA

ONLY night before last a pale, care-worn young man sat down upon one of the benches in Lafayette Square. His clothes were by no means new—his beaver had “gone to seed,” and his shoes, like those of Julian St. Pierre, were “minus half their soles.” As the breeze swept through the trees in the square, a shudder ran through the heart of the lonely man. He saw the yellow leaves drop from their boughs, and after being twirled and twirled around and around by the tiny currents of air, would at last be whirled away, Heaven only knows whither. He thought those leaves were like his hopes, and that he was like the trees that parted with them. In the green spring-time of life his heart had put forth its blossoms and its branches, and many a bird of love trilled its sweet song amidst the dark green foliage of his mind. But now all seemed gone, and thought by thought, and memory by memory seemed dropping from the boughs of life. He heard the autumn wind sighing through his bosom, and clasping his hands over his eyes he shut out the gleams of the pale stars, and wept to himself. He thought of his youth, the golden visions that his mind had woven then, and how, like the diamond frost-work that is melted by the sun, they had all melted into thin air. He thought of the struggles that he had gone through—the perils that he had passed—how from morn till morn he had labored, not for himself, but for others,

and, more than all, how his proud heart had been obliged to bow to the

"Spurns that patient merit
From the unworthy takes."

It was a deep and bitter thought that then ran through his heart, but he pressed his hand upon his breast and said—"It is well." Gathering his scanty garments around him, he wended his way to his home, and after a long and weary walk, at last reached his humble place of abode. His wife ran out to meet him, and his children clasped him, one around the knees, while the other flung her little thin white arms around his neck. He thought of the morrow—he had not a dollar to give them, and though his heart was dropping tears of blood, still his lips wore a smile, and he cheered his family with words of hope and love. Kissing his children, he bade them good night, and slept and dreamed those cold grey dreams allotted to the children of poverty. The next morning, after he had eaten his humble breakfast, he came down town to earn the pittance of those who are doomed to labor. His heart hung in his bosom like a load of lead, and he bit his lips in order to suppress his agony. His rent was due, and every farthing that he had on earth was gone. He thought of his pale-faced wife and little children, and imagined that he saw them shivering in the cold air, houseless and defenceless. His face was bent towards the ground, and walking along with a heart brim full of agony, he suddenly saw a little piece of paper that looked like a bank note, lying on the pavement. He grasped it like a miser—but alas! it was only a ticket in a Havana lottery! He took it down town, however, and in a cabaret in the Third Municipality, asked what No. 33,661 had drawn.

"Have you that number?" asked the bar-keeper with surprise.

"Yes—here it is," was the answer.

"That ticket, sir, has drawn \$8000, and you have only to go to the firm of——, to get your money."

Who could tell the thoughts that ran like rainbow meteors through the poor man's bosom! He was as wealthy as he wished to be, and could fling back with scorn the taunts in the teeth of those who had oppressed him. He hastened to his home, and the very ground seemed to fly beneath his feet. His wife's face grew livid at his approach, but when he told her of his fortune, she burst into tears. She could not speak for joy, but throwing herself down on her knees, she clasped her thin white hands and thanked her God for his blessings. She did not speak a word, but the mute heart's prayer rose upwards, as full of silence and fragrance as the incense from the holy censer! The husband could not even smile, but for once in his sad life his eye was lighted up with the brilliant gleams of hope and joy.

In a day the happy family were on their way to a home in the West. The husband clasped the waist of his wife, as they sat on the hurricane deck, and as the distance grew greater, saw the outlines of the buildings of New Orleans fade into the clouds, and the spires of her churches look like the masts of ships seen afar off. He thought of those who had died of the yellow fever—of those to whom he had been a friend, and who had treated his friendship with unthankfulness—and ah! how merrily rang the supper bell on board the boat—and how savory was the smell of the food upon the table. The wife, whose cheeks were no longer pale, and the husband, whose heart was no longer sad, went down and enjoyed their repast. And so it was from day to day for a week, until at last they reached their place of destination. An old Englishman, who longed to return to his native land, sold out to the lucky finder of the lottery ticket, his farm, consisting of nearly four hun-

dred acres of the richest land, together with stock, farming utensils, and everything else pertaining to the place.

It was only a day or two before the young couple were safely installed in their new residence, and they were happy, perfectly happy. On the balcony of this little house, on the first night of their arrival, the husband sat smoking his pipe, and gazing on the beautiful scene that was spread before his view. The tall green trees around his dwelling seemed to bow to him as their master. He heard the lowing of his kine in the cattle yard, and saw the broad fields that were teeming with the richest produce of the West. They were all his now! He heard the sweet evening bells in the country church tower. He saw the brook that, like a vein of silver, ran in the moonlight as softly as a dream. He thought how, on the morrow, he would take his gun and shoot some of the game that he heard chirping almost up to the very door-sill of his house. He went to bed with a heart as light as a feather, and dreamed pleasant dreams. The next morning, just as the sun was tinging with gold the summits of the hills, and the birds were singing their early songs to the light of day—he awoke—yes, to find himself still in Lafayette Square!

He had been sleeping all the while, and the lottery ticket was but a portion of his dream. His hat, which had fallen off his head, was nearly full of dead autumn leaves. Amongst the yellow leaves there was a piece of paper. It was the fragment of a kite that had been caught in the trees and blown to pieces. On this piece of paper was written, in a bold, round hand, "*Patience and Perseverance will accomplish every—*" and here the sentence broke off. It was evidently a leaf torn from the copy-book of a schoolboy; but the dreamer gave it a long, wistful look, and resolved to be a *man* in the future.

—*Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 15, p. 592.

THE BELLS

By EDGAR ALLEN POE (1848-49)

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!—
 From the molten-golden notes
 And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!

How it dwells
 On the Future!—how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-face moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple
 All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls:—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
 With the paean of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the paeon of the bells:—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells:—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells:—
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—*American Poetry and Prose*, p. 228.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

By M. A. KIDDER

*There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaieth.*

*Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted!
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.*

*There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,
For a cup of water given.*

*Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.*

NEW CARILLON DEDICATED

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Bells, the nighest music bordering upon heaven"—so Charles Lamb in his *Essays of Elia* described the pealing music of the bells. And the words read years ago sprang into life from some hidden recess of the mind as one listened Thanksgiving morning to the first playing of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller memorial carillon in the tower of the University of Chicago chapel. If there be heavenly music, it must be the music of bells. One had expected chimes of unusual sweetness and power, but when the soft, sweet, blended music of these 72 bells began, now rippling in the upper notes, now rich and mellow, now deep and solemn, and all together like a mighty organ with harps, a music almost too lovely to endure, one was caught by swift and glad surprise. What a memorial of a devoted son to a gracious mother!

Not only was the chapel crowded for the union Thanksgiving service of the Hyde Park-Kenwood churches, in connection with which this carillon recital was given, but not less than 50,000 people gathered on the Midway plaisance, and the surrounding lawns and streets, and the streets for blocks around were jammed with such a mass of cars that the movement of traffic was impossible. The guest carillonneur for the dedication, which will include a series of six recitals, as M. Kamiel Lafevre, the carillonneur of Riverside church in New York City, who is without question the most distinguished artist in his field on this side of the Atlantic. He was formerly assistant to M. Jef. Denyn of St. Rombold's, Cardinal Mercier's cathedral church at Malines, Belgium, which possesses the finest of all the ancient carillons.

—*Christian Century*, December 7, 1932.

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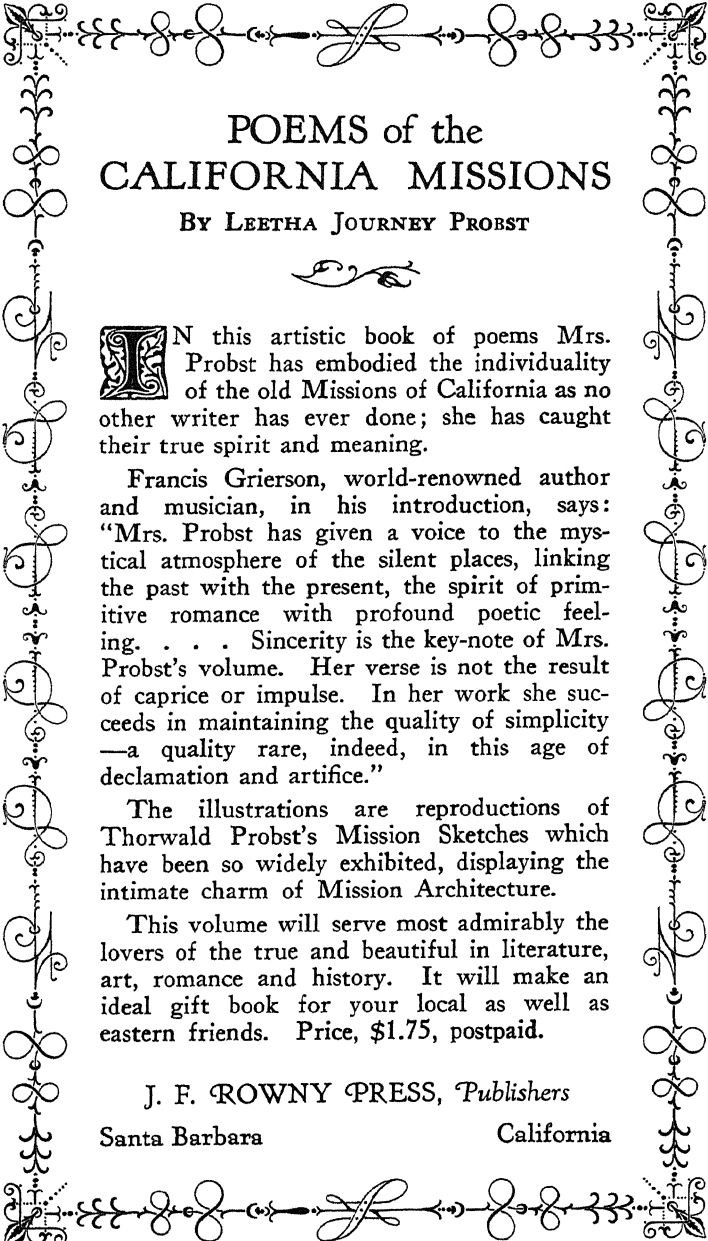
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